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THE TWENTY-SECOND YEARBOOK

OF THE
NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY
OF EDUCATION

PART I ENGLISH COMPOSITION ITS AIMS, METHODS, AND MEASUREMENT

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NOTICE

For the Constitution of the National Society for the Study of Education, the List of Active Members, the Minutes of the Chicago Meeting, and the Financial Report of the Secretary-Treasurer, see Part II of the Twenty-Second Yearbook.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION, ITS AIMS, METHODS,
AND MEASUREMENT

Earl Hudelson

EDITOR'S PREFACE

The measurement movement in education has been furthered by this Society in two important Yearbooks, the Seventeenth Yearbook Part II, in 1918, dealing with "Measurements of Educational Products" and the Twenty-First Yearbook, Parts I and II, in 1922, dealing with Intelligence Tests.

The present Yearbook is another contribution of a more detailed and specific sort to the measurement of educational products. Professor Hudelson's contribution has been accepted gladly because it deals with a school subject of general interest, because it includes samples of material, scales for measurement, and directions for their use that will help the classroom teacher, and because it exhibits a plan of investigation that will command the interest and respect of other investigators—in short, because it embodies that combination of scholarly investigation and practical serviceability that the Society's Yearbooks have sought to secure at all times.

The inclusion in this Yearbook of advance abstracts of the addresses to be made when the Yearbook is discussed is an innovation that we trust will meet with approval from the members of the Society.

G. M. W.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Whatever merit this study may possess is due primarily to the inspiration and counsel of Dr. Thomas H. Briggs, Professor of Secondary Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. Grateful acknowledgments are due also to Professor Allan Abbott, Teachers College, for his suggestions and assistance; to Professor M. R. Trabue, formerly of Teachers College, for his advice; to the hundreds of high-school English teachers over the country, especially those in West Virginia and in Bloomington, Indiana, for the many hours they devoted to the scoring of compositions; and, finally, to my wife, whose material assistance was considerable, but whose patience and encouragement were inestimable.

INTRODUCTION

The author was prompted to make this series of studies by the beliefs (1) that a knowledge of what teachers of English composition consider to be their aims and by what methods and how well they succeed in realizing those aims will enable prospective and beginning English teachers to prepare more economically and to plan their courses more confidently; (2) that a knowledge of the importance attached by experienced teachers to the various elements of composition will expedite the training of inexperienced teachers in scoring compositions reliably; (3) that the comparatively new field of objective measurement of composition needs to be explained, reviewed, and justified to uninitiated teachers; and (4) that devices for measuring composition ability are needed for the reliable classification and grading of pupils. He has, accordingly, (1) ascertained and presented the aims which prevail among teachers of composition, the methods employed in realizing those aims, and the degree to which the aims are being realized; (2) revealed the relative weights which composition teachers assign to various elements of composition; (3) explained the need for scientific means of measuring composition objectively and reviewed the development of devices for measuring composition achievement; and (4) defended the measurement of composition ability and furnished objective scales for measuring maximal and typical composition abilities.

CHAPTER I

THE AIMS AND METHODS OF TEACHING COMPOSITION

The purpose of this portion of the study is to learn (1) what objectives high-school composition teachers, the country over, profess to be striving for; (2) what methods they claim to employ in attaining these objectives; and (3) to what degree they actually practise their precepts. In order to obtain unprejudiced reactions, the prevailing practices of composition teachers were investigated first.

PRACTICES

The following request was sent to the English departments of 240 high schools selected as follows: one University High School, or high school located in a university or college town, in each state; one high school located in the largest city in each state that is not the seat of a university or large college; one high school in a small city in each state; one village or rural high school in each state; a high school in Washington, D. C.; eleven large high schools in or near New York City; and thirty-six other high schools chosen at random from twenty-nine states. In compiling the results the first four kinds of high schools were designated as Class I, Class II, Class III, and Class IV schools, respectively, and the returns from each of the other forty-eight high schools that responded were tabulated under the appropriate one of these four classes.

1. Will you be good enough to select two typical compositions from each year of English in your high school and after you and your pupils have finished with them, send them to me in the accompanying envelope? Please do not select either exceptionally poor or exceptionally good themes. Send those which will best show what you and your pupils ordinarily do with the compositions that they write. Denote on each theme the year it represents.
2. I am sending you three typewritten compositions.¹ Will

¹The three typewritten compositions mentioned in Paragraph 2 of this letter are quoted in Section III of the Appendix to this volume and are discussed in Chapter II, pp. 17-20. They were designed to discover what weight teachers assign to thought, structure, and mechanics.

you first assume that these three themes were written by ninth-grade pupils, and score them on the percentile basis (0% to 100%)? Next, will you please score them on the percentile basis, assuming that they were written by twelfth-grade pupils? Finally, will you kindly score the three themes, regardless of who wrote them, on the basis of the Nassau County Composition Scale, a copy of which I have already sent you? Give them the Scale value which they most nearly represent. Do not interpolate values: that is, do not give the three themes any values that do not appear on the Nassau Scale.

One hundred sixty-five responses were received to this request, divided as follows: twenty from Class I schools, fifty-five from Class II schools, sixty-five from Class III schools, and twenty-five from Class IV schools. The replies are tabulated for each class separately and for all schools combined.

An average of two compositions from each year of the high school, or eight in all, was received from each of the one hundred and sixty-five high schools which responded. Evidences indicated that the teachers had followed instructions faithfully by sending original drafts of actual themes which had been read and graded, returned to the pupils, and then recalled by the teachers. Two sets of themes were discarded, and do not, therefore, figure in the results, because they were typewritten revisions and were not accompanied by their original drafts.

PRECEPTS

After all responses to the above request had been received, the following questionnaire was mailed to the same teachers:

Will you kindly explain your usual manner of handling composition work by answering briefly the following questions or by writing your explanations on the back of this sheet?

1. According to what time scheme do you divide composition and literature?
2. Do the same teachers teach both composition and literature?
3. How often do you have compositions written?
4. How are your theme subjects chosen?

5. Were the themes which you sent me written in or out of class?
6. Do you mark your pupils' mechanical errors?
7. Do you correct your pupils' mechanical errors?
8. What other qualities do you look for?
9. How do you handle these other qualities?
10. Do you base your theme grades upon general merit, or do you stress one merit at a time?
11. What are your pupils expected to do with their returned themes?
12. Do you have themes rewritten?
13. Which themes, if any, do you have rewritten?
14. Which themes, if any, are handed in a second time?
15. What relation, if any, does your oral composition bear to your written composition?
16. Do your aims in the teaching of composition differ significantly from those expressed in the U. S. Bureau of Education Bulletin No. 2, 1917? (*Report² of the Committee on the Reorganization of English*, the relevant portion of which has been extracted, reproduced, and enclosed herewith.)
17. If so, wherein do they differ?

Interpretations of the Results of the Questionnaire³

If the schools which responded are typical of conditions generally, the following conclusions seem justified:

I. The majority of high schools affiliated with, or under the influence of, universities or colleges teach composition and literature alternately by semesters. In all of them English teachers teach both composition and literature. No definite schedule is followed for theme-writing, though "a definite number" of compositions is required, frequently two per week. In such high schools literature is the chief source of composition topics, though some are based upon pupils' interests, experiences, and observations. The teacher frequently imposes the topic, especially when literature is the basis

²The excerpt from U. S. Bureau of Ed. Bul. No. 2, 1917, referred to in question 16, is quoted in Section I of the Appendix, with the permission of the Chairman of the Committee which drafted the Report.

³For the tabulated results of this questionnaire the reader is referred to the Appendix, Section II.

of composition. All of the English teachers in these schools call the attention of their pupils to mechanical errors, but only one-fourth of these teachers actually correct such errors. Thought and originality are the other qualities considered of most importance by the teachers, with rhetorical principles, neatness, fidelity to assignment, and "style" receiving considerable attention. Suitable assignments, revision, admonition, and praise are the methods used equally often in realizing these four qualities. In one-half of these high schools general merit is striven for in composition work; one-fourth of the pupils are taught one merit at a time; while in the rest of the schools the procedure varies depending upon the topic and the class. All of the pupils in these schools are expected to note and correct their mistakes and weaknesses and to file their themes either in their own notebooks or in their classrooms. The pupils are required to rewrite carelessly written original drafts; faulty portions of otherwise good compositions must frequently be revised, and sometimes all efforts must be rewritten. The vague standard of "too many mistakes" regulates the verdict of one-third of the teachers in these schools, while another third follows the personal standard of requiring second drafts of "all themes which need it." Carelessly written compositions, rewritten ones, and sometimes all themes of whatever quality must be handed in a second time. In these schools the only relation which oral composition bears to written seems to be in cases where the written production is based upon oral fore-exercises. The aims of composition teaching in these schools differ from those expressed in the "Report on the Reorganization of English" only in that they pay more attention to weak pupils than the Report seems to these teachers to recommend.

II. In the large city high schools of this country composition and literature are divided according to various time schemes; the two are assigned an equal or nearly equal amount of time in most of the schools. All of these teachers likewise teach both composition and literature. Themes are assigned weekly in most cases, though two compositions per week are frequently called for, besides informal class exercises. In this type of high school, though a third of the teachers dictate theme topics in whole or in part,

nearly half of the pupils may base their writing upon readings, current events, interests, experiences, and observations. In the few cases where teachers do not designate pupils' mechanical errors the pupils are charged with the responsibility of doing it for each other. Nearly half of these teachers to some extent correct their pupils' errors; about one-third profess to do it regularly. Rhetorical principles receive first consideration, with thought and originality combined barely holding their own. Interest receives scant attention. These qualities are taught chiefly by means of models, supplemented by class discussions, suggestions, and conferences. An equal number of these teachers strive for general merit and one proficiency at a time, but the majority of teachers who vary in their emphases favor general merit. Here, again, the usual procedure is for pupils to note and correct the errors which have been denoted but not corrected, and file their themes either in the classroom or in their own notebooks. The pupils, however, are frequently cautioned against repeating their mistakes. They are sometimes required to rewrite their illegible, careless, and very inferior themes and hand in these second drafts. The relation between oral and written expression seems to be closer in this case, though the only connection definitely stated is the one mentioned in Class I schools. Teachers in the large city high schools almost unanimously accept, and profess to act upon, the aims set forth in Bulletin No. 2, 1917. A small minority claim to stress mechanics and structure more.

III. Among the high schools located in small cities a third of the teachers devote an equal amount of time to composition and literature, one-fourth give two days per week to composition and three to literature, while one-fourth alternate by semesters. The rest observe various time schemes. They all teach both composition and literature. The prevailing composition program calls for one theme a week, selected by the teacher, and based upon pupil interests, experiences, observations, and readings, or related to "topics in the text." All mechanical errors are denoted by these teachers but seldom corrected by them. Rhetorical niceties decidedly dominate instruction in these composition classes, though

originality, thought, and interest receive some consideration. Models, again, are the chief means of attaining these qualities, supplemented, as before, by discussions and suggestions. General merit is almost unanimously sought by these teachers. Here, again, the pupils are expected to observe, correct, and profit by their mistakes, then file their themes in their own repositories. They are sometimes required to rewrite careless or otherwise inferior productions and hand in these second attempts. Written themes are often based upon previous oral composition, with identical or closely related aims actuating both. In the few cases where exception is taken to the aims established in the Report, thought, individual conferences, and "decent English" are given more emphasis.

IV. Forty percent of the English teachers in the village or rural high schools devote approximately equal time to composition and literature. A significant number, however, alternate, refusing to allow composition to interrupt a classic until they have finished with it. All of these teachers likewise teach both composition and literature. One, two, or three themes are required each week by some of them, but bi-weekly compositions prevail. The few theme assignments that are not dictated by the teachers are virtually controlled by them, in that the themes must be based upon either readings, experience, or "topics in the text." Practically all teachers in these schools denote their pupils' mechanical errors, and the majority of them correct such errors. Rhetorical principles, originality, neatness, interest, and thought constitute the other qualities striven for, with rhetorical excellencies far the favorite. These are taught by means of class discussions chiefly, supplemented by conferences and outlines. General merit is the usual objective, though in some schools emphasis is occasionally put upon one quality at a time, and a few teachers endeavor to maintain all old standards while introducing a new one in each written exercise. In these schools the pupils are also expected to note and correct their errors, but in this case they are to file their themes in the classroom after rewriting the careless and inferior ones and those in which a particular point has been stressed by the teacher. In the few schools

which recognize a relation between oral and written composition the latter is based upon the former because the teachers accept an identity of aims. The few who modify the aims published in Bulletin No. 2, 1917, pay more attention to originality and employ projects in their teaching.

V. Taken all together, regardless of size or location, most of the high schools of this country follow one of these schemes in distributing instruction between composition and literature: composition two-fifths, literature three-fifths; half and half; composition three-fifths, literature two-fifths; and alternating by semesters. Every teacher who replied to the questionnaire teaches both subjects—several of them complained in letters that a passing or failing grade in one subject necessitated the same grade in the other. Weekly themes are the standard, with two per week ranking second. Composition topics arise from the teacher more often than from any other source, though pupil interests, experiences, and observations are frequently the basis of written work, and assignments are sometimes related to literary readings. Practically all teachers designate their pupils' mechanical errors but do not correct them if the pupils themselves are able to do so. Emphasis in teaching composition is decidedly upon rhetoric, with considerable attention, however, paid to originality and with some stress laid upon thought, interest, style, and neatness. Models, class discussions, and conferences are the main devices used in attaining the desired accomplishments. General merit is commonly striven for in composition teaching. Pupils who write carelessly, illegibly, or poorly are ordinarily required to note and correct their errors or rewrite their themes, file the first drafts either in their notebooks or in the classroom, and hand in their improved versions. The only significant, functioning way in which oral and written composition are related is by having written work based upon oral prevision. The few teachers who depart at all from the composition aims established by the Committee on the Reorganization of English lay an equal amount of added emphasis upon mechanics, originality, "decent English," individual conferences, structural accuracy, thought, and inferior pupils.

RECAPITULATION

A comparison, by questions, of the modes of the various Classes of high schools with each other and with all schools can probably be more expeditiously made by means of the following scheme. When two or more tendencies are equally, or nearly equally, distinct, they are listed coordinately.

Question 1

According to what time scheme do you divide composition and literature?

Class I. Alternate by semesters; comp. 1 day per week, lit. 4.

Class II. Comp. 2 days per week, lit. 3; comp. 3 days per week, lit. 2; half and half.

Class III. Comp. 2 days per week, lit. 3; half and half; alternate by semesters.

Class IV. Comp. 2 days per week, lit. 3.

All. Comp. 2 days per week, lit. 3; half and half; alternate by semesters.

Question 2

Do the same teachers teach both composition and literature?

I. Yes. II. Yes. III. Yes. IV. Yes. All. Yes.

Question 3

How often do you have compositions written?

I. No definite schedule. II. Weekly. III. Weekly. IV. Bi-weekly. All. Weekly.

Question 4

How are your theme subjects chosen?

I. From literature.

II. From pupil interests, observations, and experiences.

III. By teacher; from pupil interests, observations, and experiences.

IV. By teacher.

All. By teacher; from pupil interests, observations, and experiences.

Question 6

Do you mark your pupils' mechanical errors?

I. Yes. II. Yes. III. Yes. IV. Yes. All. Yes.

Question 7

Do you correct your pupils' mechanical errors?

I. No. II. No. III. No. IV. No. All. No.

Question 8

What other qualities do you look for?

- I. Thought and originality. II, III, IV, and All. Rhetorical principles.

Question 9

How do you handle these other qualities?

- I. By suitable assignments, revision, warning, and commendation.
- II. By use of models.
- III. By use of models.
- IV. Through class discussions.
- All. By use of models.

Question 10

Do you base your theme grades upon general merit, or do you stress one merit at a time?

- I. General merit. II. Equal emphasis upon both. III. General merit. IV. Varies. All. General merit.

Question 11

What are your pupils expected to do with their returned themes?

- I. Note and correct errors.
- II. Note and correct errors; avoid repeating them; file themes either in individual notebooks or in classroom.
- III. Note and correct errors; file themes in notebooks.
- IV. Note and correct errors; file themes in classroom.
- All. Note and correct errors.

Question 12

Do you have themes rewritten?

- I, II, and III. Sometimes. IV. Yes. All. Sometimes.

Question 13

Which themes, if any, are rewritten?

- I. Careless ones and all others which, because of errors, need it.
- II. Careless, illegible, and inferior themes.
- III. Careless themes.
- IV. Careless themes.
- All. Careless themes.

Question 14

Which themes, if any, are handed in a second time?

- I. All rewritten ones; poor ones; careless ones. II, III, IV, and All. All rewritten ones.

Question 15

What relation, if any, does your oral composition bear to your written composition?

- I. None; oral exercises sometimes turned into written.
- II. Very little.
- III. Oral exercises frequently turned into written.
- IV. Very little.
- All. Oral exercises sometimes turned into written.

Question 16

Do your aims in the teaching of composition differ significantly from those expressed in U. S. Bureau of Education Bulletin No. 2, 1917?

- I, II, III, IV, and All. No.

Question 17

If so, wherein do they differ?

- I. Stress poor pupils more.
- II. Stress mechanics and structural accuracy more.
- III. Stress "decent English," thought, and individual conferences more.
- IV. Stress projects and originality more.
- All. More emphasis upon mechanics, originality, "decent English," individual conferences, projects, structural accuracy, thought, and inferior pupils.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE

The results of a comparison of the claims made by composition teachers and their actual practices are complimentary to the teaching profession. The compositions which were submitted, the answers to the questionnaire, and the voluntary letters or comments which accompanied nearly every reply show that teachers of composition not only practise what they preach, but believe what they preach and practise. However sound their precepts and effective their methods, they are conscientious and sincere. Not a single answer seemed affected, not an attitude feigned. Quantities of extra-curricular material were received which indicated clearly that the principles which these teachers profess to be inculcating, however idealistic they seem, are, on the whole, actually functioning.

To show how closely the teachers' claims agree with their practices, four comparisons are here made. Before the filled-out ques-

tionnaires were returned, every composition which had been received was reviewed carefully and reactions to it recorded. Four typical reactions, one from each class of schools, are given below, together with the questionnaire replies which were later received from the teachers whose pupils wrote the themes. The numbering follows that of the questions in the questionnaire.

From a Class I School

Reactions of reviewer: "Eight themes. Graded on percentage basis. Average quality. Chief emphasis apparently on mechanics. Every error or weakness denoted on margin, marked within the line, and then meticulously corrected by the teacher. Even omitted words are inserted by teacher, and whole paragraphs revised in margin or on back of sheet. Topics either stipulated by teacher or taken from some textbook list (*e. g.*, 'Biography of a Squirrel.') Terse and usually general comments at end of theme, such as 'Ideas good,' 'Composition careless in some places,' 'Good ideas; spelling poor.' "

Teacher's answers to questionnaire:

1. So many weeks of composition, so many weeks of literature during each semester.
2. Yes.
3. A certain definite number are required in each course.
4. By the teacher.
5. The assignments were made in class, the writing was done outside.
6. Yes.
7. Yes.
8. Neatness, understanding of assignment, etc.
9. Rewrite careless themes. Watch for similar errors in succeeding themes, and stress their correction.
10. General merit.
11. File them in classroom until end of semester.
12. Careless themes are rewritten at option of the teacher.
13. See above.
14. Those rewritten on account of carelessness.
15. None.
16. They exactly coincide.

From a Class II School

Reactions of reviewer: "Ten themes. Above standard in quality. Based upon pupil interest and experiences. Frequent references to literature and applications to literary characters. Teacher discriminating and just in admin-

istering favorable and unfavorable criticisms. In matters of taste corrections were made on theme by teacher. An occasional query as to choice of words. Errors in structure indicated but rarely corrected by teacher. Spelling, punctuation, and typographical slips usually actually corrected. Symbols frequently employed to designate type of error. Constructive comments at end of one theme. Pupils given conference appointments by notes at end of themes. On three themes attention called to literary models illustrating merits which the pupils have failed to achieve. One classmate's theme cited as a model to another pupil. One note refers pupil to exact reference in text to his weakness. A carelessly prepared theme asked to be returned. Misspelling of *perspiration* apparently unnoticed. An outline precedes one theme—a narration. This outline, the teacher explained to pupil, was demanded because of child's failure to observe proportion and because of his chronic lack of sequence sense. Themes scored on basis of 1 to 15. Reliably graded. Neat manuscripts, except in one case."

Teacher's answers to questionnaire:

1. Composition basis of first two years' work; literature basis of third and fourth years.
2. Yes.
3. Two formal themes a month, besides class exercises.
4. From life interests; from topics related to their school life.
5. Out of class.
6. Yes.
7. Yes, or require them to after theme conference.
8. References to literature we have read; development of topic sentence; some appreciation of style.
9. By reading to class the themes strong in these other qualities; by commenting on the beauty given by the literature, the adaptation of style to subject-matter, etc.
10. First semester, 'sentence feeling'; second semester, paragraph development. In lower semesters, progressive order of attack; in higher semesters, combined attack.
11. Ordinarily we have them filed. Lately, however, because we lost our building by fire, pupils have been asked to take charge of them.
12. Sometimes.
13. Those requiring special stress on fundamentals.
14. Those rewritten.
15. We have 'forums' and other projects to encourage easy, forceful speaking. Later these discussions are often written in the form of editorials, etc.
16. No.

From a Class III School

Reactions of reviewer: "Eight compositions. Vary widely in quality. Graded A, B, C, etc. Probably scored too high. Very few teacher's marks of any kind on themes. Numerous glaring errors ignored. Teacher commented on two themes, 'Watch for criticisms in class.' Themes based upon literature, newspaper articles, book reviews, letters to famous historical characters, and two human interest stories. All fairly well written, except one of the stories, which is very poor. Manuscripts well put up. Mechanics otherwise poor. Style fluent, original, and confident."

Teacher's answers to questionnaire:

1. About half and half; possibly a little more emphasis on literature.
2. Yes.
3. One per week.
4. From readings and from our everyday experiences.
5. Out of class.
6. As far as possible.
7. Not if pupil is able to do it.
8. Originality, style, rhetorical principles, etc.
9. Compare pupils' themes with each other and with masterpieces.
10. Usually general merit.
11. File in notebooks and keep.
12. Sometimes; usually corrected as they are being read and criticised by pupils and teacher in class.
13. Carelessly written ones; very poor ones.
14. Rewritten ones.
15. Same emphasis as far as possible. Sometimes we convert oral exercises into written and written into oral, the better to detect certain weaknesses.
16. Aims are essentially the same.

From a Class IV School

Reactions of reviewer: "Six themes. Expression unequivocal and vivid. Material well organized. Themes interesting. Of about average quality for the grades they represent. Themes based upon literature and upon pupil experiences and interests, such as 'Clean-Up Day,' 'The Need of a New High School,' human interest stories, and actual child experiences. All errors in thought, structure, and mechanics noted by teacher, but very few corrections suggested. Pupils have corrected their errors and remedied their other defects, and have listed their weaknesses on a separate sheet. All corrected themes have been returned to teacher for her O. K."

Teacher's answers to questionnaire:

1. About half time to each.
2. Yes.
3. Two each month.
4. Experiences, literature studied, and titles, etc., from text.
5. Out of class.
6. Yes.
7. No.
8. Good word usage, clearness, interest, and organization.
9. Oral discussions and outlines.
10. General merit.
11. Make a list of their mistakes and return both papers to me. They are expected to correct all errors marked on themes.
12. Yes.
13. Very poor ones.
14. All.
15. Practically none.
16. No.

A further comparison of these evidences with the teachers' scores on the three themes quoted in Section III of the Appendix merely emphasizes the consistency between the teachers' claims and their practices. The teacher, for example, from the Class I School, quoted above, laid chief stress upon mechanics in her eight reviewed themes, and acknowledged this fact in her questionnaire replies. Her scores on the three mimeographed themes were as follows:

Teacher from Class I School

	Percentage Score for 9th Grade	Percentage Score for 12th Grade	Nassau Scale Ratings
A. Commendable version	95	85	7.2
B. Structurally weak version	80	40	6.0
C. Mechanically weak version . . .	70	30	5.0

The teacher was obviously consistent in that she regularly penalized bad mechanics more than she did approximately equally bad structure. By comparing in the same way the data of the teachers from the other three classes of schools with their scores given below it will be seen that they are equally consistent.

Teacher from Class II School

	Percentage Score for 9th Grade	Percentage Score for 12th Grade	Nassau Scale Rating
A. Commendable version	98	80	7.2
B. Structurally weak version	60	40	3.8
C. Mechanically weak version . . .	70	50	5.0

Teacher from Class III School

	Percentage Score for 9th Grade	Percentage Score for 12th Grade	Nassau Scale Rating
A. Commendable version	94	82	7.2
B. Structurally weak version	62	48	3.8
C. Mechanically weak version . . .	85	80	6.0

Teacher from Class IV School

	Percentage Score for 9th Grade	Percentage Score for 12th Grade	Nassau Scale Rating
A. Commendable version	98	90	9.0
B. Structurally weak version	70	50	3.8
C. Mechanically weak version . . .	68	50	3.8

CONCLUSIONS

1. Apparently composition teachers the country over are acting upon the theories which they hold, are practising the methods which they profess to be employing, are doing, in short, what they claim to be doing.

2. The majority of high-school English teachers are striving to secure general merit in the compositions which their pupils produce.

3. Rhetorical principles receive most emphasis in composition teaching.

4. Composition and literature are taught by the same teachers.

5. Equal or nearly equal time is being spent upon composition and literature.

6. Most use is being made of, and best results are being obtained from, bi-weekly themes.

7. Practically all compositions are filed either in the classroom or in individual notebooks. These files are apparently not consulted afterwards.

8. Errors and weaknesses are seldom corrected by the teacher, except in matters of taste, questions demanding nice judgment, or cases involving unfamiliar principles.

9. Models, both pupil and literary, are widely employed in establishing habits of good writing.

10. English teachers recognize practically no fundamental, functioning relation between oral and written composition.

11. Carelessness is generally considered a capital offense, for which the customary penalty is revision.

12. The aims of composition teaching as set forth in *U. S. Bureau of Education Bulletin No. 2, 1917*, are widely known, generally accepted, and deliberately departed from only in few and comparatively minor details.

CHAPTER II

WHAT TEACHERS CONSIDER IN COMPOSITION

To discover what weight teachers assign to the various elements of composition, two studies were made, the second an elaboration of the first.

THE A-B-C STUDY

Three well-written themes, adjudged by eighty-eight scorers trained in the use of composition scales to be of practically equal merit,¹ were selected as a basis for this preliminary investigation.

These commendable versions, numbered 1A, 2A, and 3A, were rendered structurally faulty and numbered 1B, 2B, and 3B. Next the original versions were rendered mechanically weak and numbered 1C, 2C, and 3C. The three themes lettered A, then, represent good composition; the three B specimens are structurally faulty, but otherwise good; while the three C samples are commendable in all other respects, but weak mechanically. While no strictly scientific means were used, expert opinion was resorted to in an effort to have all faulty versions 'spoiled' equally.

The nine compositions were next arranged so that each judge scored a different version of each of the three original themes. That is, one-third of the judges scored specimens 1A, 2B, and 3C; one-third scored specimens 2A, 3B, and 1C; while the other one-third scored specimens 3A, 1B, and 2C. The nine themes, together with the letter which accompanied them, can be found in Section III of the Appendix, just as they were mailed to teachers. In this letter, it may be explained here, the recipient was asked to score the three themes: (1) on a percentage basis (0 to 100) with the assumption that they were written by ninth-grade pupils; (2) on a percentage basis with the assumption that they were written by twelfth-grade pupils; (3) on the basis of the Nassau County Composition Scale.

¹Their values were 7.4, 7.45, and 7.64, respectively, on the Hudelson Scale.

TABLE I—MEDIAN SCORES GIVEN BY COMPOSITION TEACHERS TO THE NINE THEMES USED IN THE A-B-C STUDY
(Showing Comparative Weights Assigned to Various Composition Elements)

Theme No.	9th Grade Percent Score	12th Grade Percent Score	Nassau Scale Score	Theme No.	9th Grade Percent Score	12th Grade Percent Score	Nassau Scale Score
1A	92	79.5	7.20	2A	92	80	7.3
1B	50	23	3.45	2B	53	26	4.2
1C	71	50	5.20	2C	58	37	4.4
				3A	95.0	86	7.9
				3B	62.5	34	4.4
				3C	64.5	45	4.9

A=commendable version; B=structurally weak; C=mechanically faulty

TABLE II—AVERAGE DEVIATIONS FOR TABLE I

Theme No.	9th Grade Percent	12th Grade Percent	Nassau Scale	Theme No.	9th Grade Percent	12th Grade Percent	Nassau Scale
1A	7.5	10.5	0.66	2A	8.5	9.7	1.1
1B	20.7	19.0	1.8	2B	17.0	17.5	1.2
1C	10.5	15.8	1.2	2C	18.8	19.8	1.4
				3A	6.7	7.1	0.67
				3B	14.1	17.2	1.2
				3C	15.5	17.2	1.3

In rotating order one of these three sets of three compositions each was sent to the English department in each of the 240 high schools referred to in Chapter I. Reactions to the 1A-2B-3C set were received from 76; to the 2A-3B-1C set from 72; and to the 3A-1B-2C set from 82 teachers. The median score for each version of each of the nine themes is given in Table I, while the average deviations are shown in Table II.

Interpretations

By the results these significant facts are revealed:

1. Though the teachers participating in this study were not all trained in the use of a composition scale, they were numerous enough and their judgments were reliable enough to warrant definite conclusions. Their median scale judgments on the commendable versions of the three themes were almost identical with those of the eighty-eight carefully trained judges who had previously scored them. It may be assumed, then, that the judgments in the percentage scorings, while probably less reliable, are reasonably dependable.

2. Teachers of composition attach more importance to structure than to mechanics. A heavier penalty was consistently inflicted upon the structurally weak themes than upon those mechanically faulty. While the correct versions may not have been equally mutilated in these two respects, in view of the care exercised in spoiling them it is improbable that this inequality could account for the marked difference in weight accorded the two doctored versions.

3. This condemnatory attitude toward structural violations is more marked in the twelfth-grade scorings than in the ninth. Teachers' comparatively increasing leniency toward mechanical errors in the upper years of the high school may account for the persistence of such weaknesses in the compositions of high-school graduates and college students.

4. While the same discrimination is made between structural and mechanical faults when scored by the use of a scale, the prejudice is not so marked.

5. Considered either vertically or horizontally, the results in Table I show teachers to be surprisingly consistent in their judgments of compositional merit, whether the compositions be scored on a percentage basis or by the use of an objective scale.

6. There is some evidence in Table I that a teacher's sense of relative values is disturbed by his having to consider these big aspects of composition separately. These teachers, at least, failed to maintain the relationship between the three samples of either spoiled version and the original series as unerringly as they did that between the correct specimens and the values which trained judges assigned to them. This may, as far as Table I indicates, have been due to unequal mutilations; but that explanation is refuted by the results shown in Table II. A comparison of the average deviations reveals that teachers are more sure of their judgments on all-round, typical pupil productions than they are when themes emphasize a few coarse, elemental divisions. It seems to be easier, in other words, for the rank and file of teachers to judge general merit than to evaluate such aspects as thought, structure, and mechanics. Teachers find it difficult to agree upon how much penalty to attach to these weaknesses. There is less agreement upon the seriousness of faulty mechanics than upon the enormity of structural weaknesses. Teachers are a little less sure of what relative weight to assign to structure and mechanics in the twelfth grade than they are in the ninth.

7. The use of an objective scale designed to measure general composition merit does not increase one's reliability in judging compositions semi-analytically. Such a scale is of distinct advantage, however, in estimating general merit.²

THE "91" STUDY

The "A-B-C" study observed only crude, general distinctions between composition elements. In order to discover in more detail what composition factors teachers consider and how much importance they attach to each factor, this further investigation was

²For indisputable evidence of this, consult Van Wagenen's admirable defence of objective composition scales in *School and Society*, Vol. XI, No. 276. April 10, 1920, pp. 441-450.

made. Thought, structure, and mechanics were subdivided into their several component elements, each element studied separately, and all elements compared. Seven original pupil themes of known value and of varying degrees of merit were 'spoiled' in twelve different ways, one way at a time. These spoiled versions, together with the seven original themes, were shuffled and then mimeographed. The ninety-one compositions were scored by 180 or more judges in the same ways explained in the A-B-C study. In the present case, however, each judge had been carefully trained in the use of objective measurements and was known to have an average deviation of not more than .5, or one step on the Hudelson Scale. The reliability of the judges was further established by comparing their median scores on the seven original themes with the median judgments on the same seven themes of the ninety-six trained judges whose scores were used in devising the Hudelson Scale. Though the median judgments of the two groups varied slightly on certain themes, the average scale score for the seven compositions was exactly the same for both groups—3.9.

One half of the judges scored the ninety-one themes in a given order, while the other half scored them in reverse order.

The following procedure was employed in devising the set of ninety-one themes. First, the seven original pupil compositions were selected and faithfully reproduced; then each of these seven themes was modified in one respect at a time, the other original qualities always remaining intact. For example, when the thought in the seven original productions was rendered obscure, the integrity of all the other qualities was maintained; then when the rules of unity were violated, the original degree of clearness was restored. The thirteen versions of each of the seven themes which composed the set of ninety-one were as follows:

1. Original versions.
2. Original versions, with clearness obscured.
3. Original versions, with unity violated.
4. Original versions, revamped into incomplete sentences.
5. Original versions, containing difficult words misspelled.
6. Original versions, expressed in "staccato" sentences.
7. Original versions, rendered grammatically faulty.
8. Original versions, "stepped up" into ornate diction.

9. Original versions, improved generally.
10. Original versions, containing easy words misspelled.
11. Original versions, expressed in run-on sentences.
12. Original versions, embodying words in their wrong forms.
13. Original versions, faulty as to punctuation and capitalization.

Scientific methods were employed in making all 'spoilings' equally serious. In the matter of misspelled words, for instance, an equal number of difficult words was misspelled in version five of each of the seven themes, and an equal number of easy words was misspelled in each case in version ten. Moreover, all of the misspelled words in version five were equally difficult, and all in version ten were equally easy.³ With respect to the rhetorical qualities, each was manipulated until, in the opinion of expert judges, equally serious damage was inflicted on each and all qualities. The same number of violations of one rule or another was committed in each theme. One of the seven original themes appears in its thirteen versions in Section IV of the Appendix. The reader may find it profitable to glance at these spoiled themes in order to gain a better idea of the nature of the material upon which the results of this investigation are based.

The Results

Table III gives for each version (1) the median percentage scores of the 186 judges who scored the ninety-one themes on the basis of ninth-grade productions; (2) the median percentage scores of 185 of the same judges who scored from the standpoint of twelfth-grade compositions; (3) the median judgments of 180 of the same judges who scored by the use of the Hudelson Scale; and (4) the average score and average deviation for each set of seven themes on each of the three scorings. Table IV shows the rank order of the averages of the various versions by each of the three methods of scoring. Table V shows similar rank order for the average deviations. The results of the scoring are also presented graphically in Figs. I to IV.

³For spelling difficulties, recourse was had to the Seven S Spelling Scales, *Teachers College Record*, September, 1920.

TABLE III—PERCENTAGE AND SCALE SCORES, AVERAGES, AND AVERAGE DEVIATIONS FOR THE NINETY-ONE THEMES, ARRANGED BY VERSIONS

	Theme No.	9th-Grade	12th-Grade	Hudel-son Scale Score		Theme No.	9th-Grade	12th-Grade	Hudel-son Scale Score
		Per-centage Score	Per-centage Score				Per-centage Score	Per-centage Score	
Version 1 (Original)	1	71	52	4.6	Version 6 ("Staccato" sentences)	32	83.5	73	6.0
	14	77	67	5.2		44	69	52	4.3
	27	68	46	4.0		55	73	58	4.7
	39	73	60	5.2		68	71	53	4.5
	50	66	47	3.6		83	68	43	4.0
	60	32	12	2.0		6	53	33	3.6
	66	40	19	2.5		19	70	56	4.9
	Aver.	61	43	3.9		Aver.	69.6	52.6	4.6
	A. D.	14.3	15.9	1.0		A. D.	5.4	8.5	0.5
Version 2 (Clearness obscured)	91	32	14	2.1	Version 7 (Gram- matically faulty)	20	66	41	4.0
	2	44	24	2.9		33	60	40	3.2
	15	45	23.5	2.4		45	55.5	35	3.6
	28	48	32	2.9		56	65	42	4.1
	40	47	23	2.7		70	60.5	41	3.4
	51	43	25	2.2		84	46	23.5	3.0
	61	32	13	2.2		7	55	37	3.9
	Aver.	41.6	22.1	2.5		Aver.	58.3	37.1	3.6
	A. D.	5.5	4.4	0.3		A. D.	5.2	4.6	0.3
Version 3 (Unity violated)	67	74	60	5.2	Version 8 (Ornate diction)	8	77	66	6.2
	76	63	45	4.1		21	75	62	5.7
	3	52	33	3.5		34	73	56	5.2
	16	85	74	6.7		46	79	68	5.9
	29	81	69	5.9		57	69	60	5.0
	41	46	30	2.6		71	71	57	5.0
	52	61	41	3.5		85	76	63	5.4
	Aver.	66	50.3	4.5		Aver.	74.3	61.7	5.5
	A. D.	12.0	14.8	1.2		A. D.	2.8	3.5	0.4
Version 4 (Incom- plete sen- tences)	53	61	43	3.6	Version 9 (Improved generally)	86	83	74	6.2
	65	59	34	3.4		9	86	75	6.2
	77	62	47	3.8		22	91	82	6.8
	4	68	44	4.5		35	92	83	7.0
	17	65	46	3.9		47	89.5	81	6.8
	30	57	36	3.2		58	85	76	6.2
	42	60	41	3.8		74	87	78.5	6.8
	Aver.	61.4	41.6	3.7		Aver.	87.6	78.5	6.6
	A. D.	2.9	3.9	0.3		A. D.	2.7	2.9	0.3
Version 5 (Difficult words mis- spelled)	43	75	61.5	5.0	Version 10 (Easy words misspelled)	79	73	62	5.0
	54	74	63	5.1		87	73	61	5.0
	64	72	61	5.0		10	78	67	5.3
	78	82	72	6.0		23	82	69	5.6
	5	76	63	5.3		36	75	60	4.6
	18	67	53	4.5		48	60	43	3.6
	31	81	69	6.1		59	74	64	5.9
	Aver.	75.3	63.2	5.3		Aver.	73.6	61	5.0
	A. D.	3.8	4.1	0.4		A. D.	4.3	4.9	0.5

TABLE III—Continued

	Theme No.	9th-Grade	12th-Grade	Hudelson Scale Score		Theme No.	9th-Grade	12th-Grade	Hudelson Scale Score
		Per-centage Score	Per-centage Score				Per-centage Score	Per-centage Score	
Version 11 (Run-on sentences)	72	78	69	5.3	Version 12 (Wrong forms)	82	60	34	3.8
	80	64	42	3.5		73	64	44	3.9
	88	75	58	4.8		81	63	45	3.9
	11	67	50	3.7		89	74	60	5.0
	24	73	56	5.0		12	70	54	4.3
	37	68.5	51	3.8		25	58	32	3.0
	49	60	40	3.6		38	68	54	4.2
	Aver.	69.3	52.3	4.2		Aver.	65.3	46	4.0
	A. D.	5.1	7.2	0.7		A. D.	4.6	8.4	0.4
Version 13 (Punctuation and capitalization)					Version 13 (Punctuation and capitalization)	62	39	23	2.6
						69	57	36	4.6
						75	64	43	3.6
						63	51	27	3.2
						90	49.5	24	3.1
						13	62	33.5	3.3
						26	52	23	3.1
						Aver.	53.5	29.9	3.3
						A. D.	6.4	6.6	0.4

TABLE IV—RANKINGS, FROM HIGHEST TO LOWEST, OF THE AVERAGE SCORES OF THE VARIOUS VERSIONS FOR EACH OF THE THREE SCORINGS

Versions	Ninth-Grade Percentage Ranking	Twelfth-Grade Percentage Ranking	Hudelson Scale Ranking
Original.....	10	9	9
Obscure.....	13	13	13
Unity violated.....	7	7	6
Incomplete sentences.....	9	10	10
Difficult words misspelled.....	2	2	3
"Staccato" sentences.....	5	5	5
Grammatically faulty.....	11	11	11
Ornate diction.....	3	3	2
Well-written.....	1	1	1
Easy words misspelled.....	4	4	4
Run-on sentences.....	6	6	7
Wrong forms.....	8	8	8
Punctuation and capitalization.....	12	12	12

TABLE V—RANKINGS, FROM LOWEST TO HIGHEST, OF THE AVERAGE DEVIATIONS ON THE VARIOUS VERSIONS FOR EACH OF THE THREE SCORINGS

Versions	Ninth-Grade Percentage Ranking	Twelfth-Grade Percentage Ranking	Hudelson Scale Ranking
Original.....	13	13	12
Obscure.....	10	5	1.5
Unity violated.....	12	12	13
Incomplete sentences.....	3	3	1.5
Difficult words misspelled.....	4	4	8
"Staccato" sentences.....	9	11	10
Grammatically faulty.....	8	6	4
Ornate diction.....	2	2	5
Well-written.....	1	1	3
Easy words misspelled.....	5	7	9
Run-on sentences.....	7	9	11
Wrong forms.....	6	10	6.5
Punctuation and capitalization.....	11	8	6.5

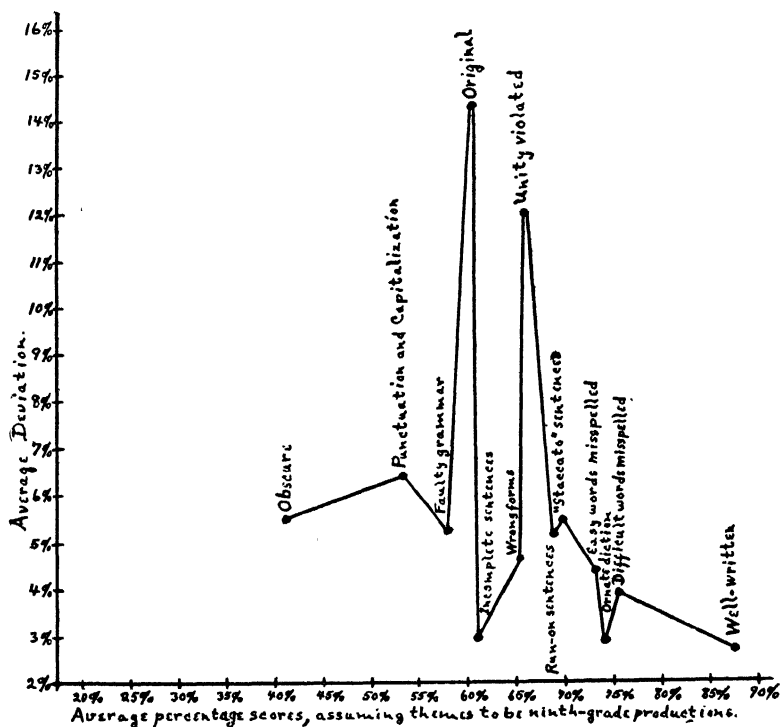


FIG. I.—RELATION BETWEEN AVERAGE AND AVERAGE DEVIATION IN "91" STUDY, NINTH-GRADE SCORING

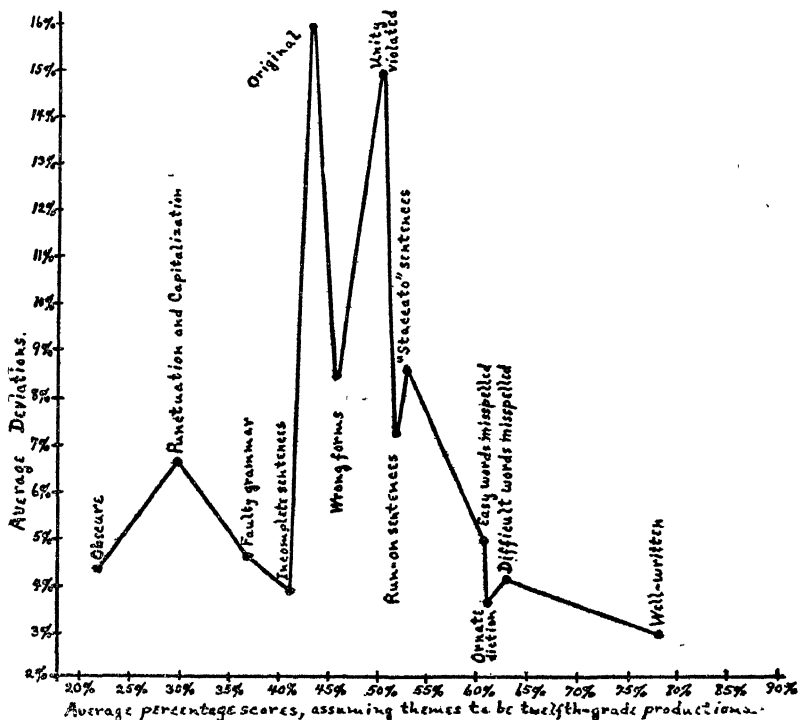


FIG. II.—RELATION BETWEEN AVERAGE AND AVERAGE DEVIATION IN "91" STUDY, TWELFTH-GRADE SCORING

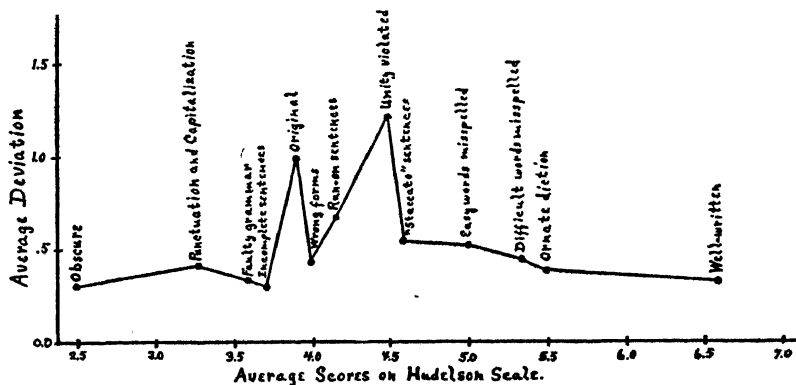


FIG. III.—RELATION BETWEEN AVERAGE SCORE AND AVERAGE DEVIATION IN "91" STUDY, SCORED ON HURDSON SCALE

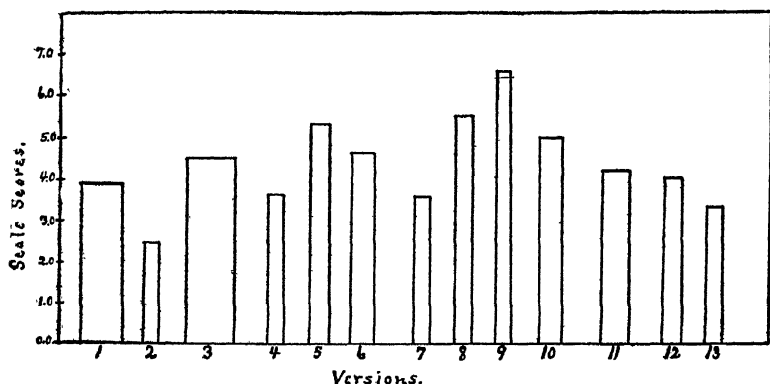


FIG. IV.—COMPARISON OF THE AVERAGE SCALE SCORES AND AVERAGE SCALE DEVIATIONS FOR THE THIRTEEN DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF SEVEN THEMES EACH

(Height shows average score; width, on same scale, shows average deviation)

Interpretations

1. As in the "A-B-C" study, the commendable version was appreciated in all three scorings and was ranked first without exception.

2. Teachers so generally yielded to the false allurements of the ornate version as to rank it second with the use of a scale and third without. Evidently the Hudelson Scale, at least, does not aid teachers in discriminating between affectation and sincerity in composition. This evidence is supported by an earlier study. A number of the judges who scored the compositions during the Virginia State Survey so misunderstood one sample⁴ of naive sincerity as to write on the margins of the mimeographed themes, "Oh slush!" "The poor, innocent thing!", "Simple, I'd say!", and other such expressions of a lack of appreciation.

3. The high rating given to the themes containing misspelled words is significant. More than half of the judges filed either written or verbal protests to the effect that a number of the ninety-one specimens were exact duplications. Frequently these repetitions were cited, and upon investigation (after the scoring had been completed) it was found that these citations invariably involved the

⁴This theme occurs as No. II J in the Practice Lists included in Hudelson's *English Composition Scale*, published by the World Book Company.

original versions and either those containing difficult words misspelled or those containing easy words misspelled. Apparently even trained, experienced English teachers frequently fail to detect misspelled words. A general composition scale is of little or no benefit in this respect.

4. In all three scorings the judges consistently assigned practically equal merit to the two versions containing misspelled words, regardless of the spelling difficulties. Most teachers obviously recognize no distinction between the misspelling of one word and that of another; all offences are equally negligible or equally serious; a misspelled word is a misspelled word.

5. As between school grades, spelling distinctions may possibly have been drawn; but since the differences between the percentage averages of the ninth and twelfth grades in the misspelled versions are practically equivalent to the differences between the percentage averages of these same two grades in the ornate and in the well-written versions, probably no distinction was consciously made.

6. Punctuation and capitalization are regarded more seriously than the tentative A-B-C study revealed. There mechanics in general were held to be of less consequence than structure; but apparently those judges were considering chiefly other mechanical features, for here a distinction is clearly drawn between the importance of punctuation and capitalization and of the other mechanical devices. While these others are here held to be less significant than structural matters, punctuation and capitalization are given more weight in all three scorings than any other quality save clearness.

7. The use of incomplete sentences is considered a worse offence than is the abrupt, jerky sentence habit or the run-on tendency. This distinction is doubtless due in part to English teachers' obvious demand for clearness, because, of the three kinds of sentences, incomplete ones certainly render meaning most obscure.

8. All other composition qualities are subordinated to clearness. Even unity is relatively unimportant. After all, this is probably a reasonable attitude, for while unity and the other attributes all make for clearness, an evaluation of these other qualities depends upon the author's intentions; so his purpose should first of all be made clear.

9. The use of an objective scale for measuring general merit has practically no effect upon the relative importance attached to the various qualities in composition.

10. It would seem from these results, from minor studies made previously, and from an inspection of several hundred compositions submitted from all parts of the country, that the most obvious qualities in theme-writing are the most influential. It is axiomatic, but none the less significant, that teachers of composition base their scores upon the presence or absence of qualities which they detect.

11. A natural but expressive conclusion to be drawn from Table II is the fact that teachers are less certain about the importance of those qualities which they place in the middle of the average rankings than they are about the importance of those qualities which rank at either extreme. Conversely, there is closest agreement upon those qualities which characterized the themes that were rated poorest or best. Well-written themes, for example, which were scored highest have generally the smallest deviations, while those themes which were rated mediocre because they violated the principle of unity show a wide disagreement. Figs. I, II, and III⁵ reveal this condition graphically. The fact that the loci at the extreme left and extreme right are, generally speaking, nearest the base line shows that, in the main, there is closest agreement upon the themes ranked best and poorest. This is even more marked with the use of a scale than by the percentage basis of scoring. Fig. IV expresses the same fact in scaled block form.

12. The most significant conclusion to be drawn from Table II is that an actual, typical pupil theme is the hardest kind of a composition to judge. There was a universal sentiment among the teachers who scored the ninety-one themes that they should not be expected to score reliably such unnatural, unsymmetrical, lop-sided productions as they found the spoiled versions to be; yet they agreed least upon the seven original compositions and most upon artificial samples! The results are virtually the same with or without the use of a scale for measuring general composition merit. This would seem to be an argument in favor of the use of analytical scales.

⁵These curves are static, in no sense indicating progress. The connecting lines are drawn merely to emphasize the positions of the loci.

SUMMARY

1. Objective scales for measuring general merit do not help teachers to discriminate between sincere and pretentious composition. Neither do they materially affect a teacher's estimate of the relative importance of the various elements in composition.

2. Teachers frequently fail to detect misspelled words.

3. Most teachers recognize no distinction between spelling difficulties. A misspelled word is a misspelled word.

4. Apparently a detected misspelling is an equally serious offence, whether committed by a freshman or a senior.

5. Lack of clearness is considered the most serious defect in composition. Other structural weaknesses and punctuation and capitalization errors are also considered major offences.

6. An incomplete sentence is considered the worst kind of a sentence.

7. The most obvious qualities in composition are the most influential determiners of theme scores.

8. Teachers agree upon the value of very good or very poor writing more closely than they do upon the value of mediocre composition.

9. Teachers agree more closely upon the general quality of actual, normal pupil compositions than they do upon the merits of writing which stresses a few big aspects, such as thought, structure, and mechanics; but when these aspects are further analyzed into their component elements and one element considered at a time, teachers are more reliable in their judgments than they are in estimating general composition merit.

The complexity of composition aims, the diversity of practices employed in the teaching of composition, and the lack of agreement upon the relative importance of the various elements in composition reveal a need for the use of scientific means of accurately measuring the degree to which the various methods are realizing their aims and of arriving at some conclusion as to the weight to be assigned to each composition element. The remaining chapters of this volume will be devoted, therefore, to a discussion and development of scientific objective instruments for measuring English composition.

CHAPTER III

THE NEED FOR SCIENTIFIC METHODS OF MEASURING COMPOSITION

“Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed, good lack!”

—Kipling: *Tomlinson*.

A southerner who was visiting a friend in Boston is said to have remarked to his host, “We guess, whereas you reckon”; to which the Yankee replied, “Yes, but we guess a great deal better than you’d reckon!”

Both of these men were revealing the most natural, most common, most convenient, but most wasteful tendency in the world. Moreover, they may have been school teachers, for they were displaying the most irresponsible, most hazardous, most uneconomical, but most prevalent practice in education.

Only by chance will one realize economically any aim, educational or otherwise, by the Yankee’s guessing or the southerner’s reckoning. In the long run, when one faces single options, he will guess rightly in half the cases; but when he is confronted by several alternatives, his chances of guessing correctly are considerably less than even. It is then that he needs to *know*. Education is one of these complex problems presenting many options; and educational progress is entirely too serious a responsibility to undertake by chance methods. We need to know; and this knowledge should be in such terms and in such form that it may be communicated to and be understood by others. Abilities and achievements should be measured from zero, and expressed in terms of comprehensible units. These things scientific, objective measurements attempt to do.

To the initiated, scientific measurements in education need no defence; their results justify their use. To those who for one reason or another are less fortunate it is the purpose of this chapter to justify the use of objective measurements in one field of education—namely, written composition—by (1) revealing conditions existing under unscientific control; (2) showing the results of the

use of objective composition scales; and (3) explaining the reasonable uses of such devices.

When three teachers of English composition rank ten anonymous themes in order of merit with the result shown in Fig. V, obviously something is wrong. When it is known that these three judges are teachers of long experience and high professional standing, who taught different sections of the same class in the same school, and who knew that all ten themes were written by eighth-grade pupils, it becomes still more apparent that something is the matter. When, thirty-one days later, these same teachers scored with the use of a scale the same ten themes distributed among 190 other anonymous compositions written by seventh-, eighth-, and ninth-grade children, and ranked the ten themes in the order shown in Fig. VI, it looks as if the use of a composition scale might be desirable. These second ratings were made during the first experience the three

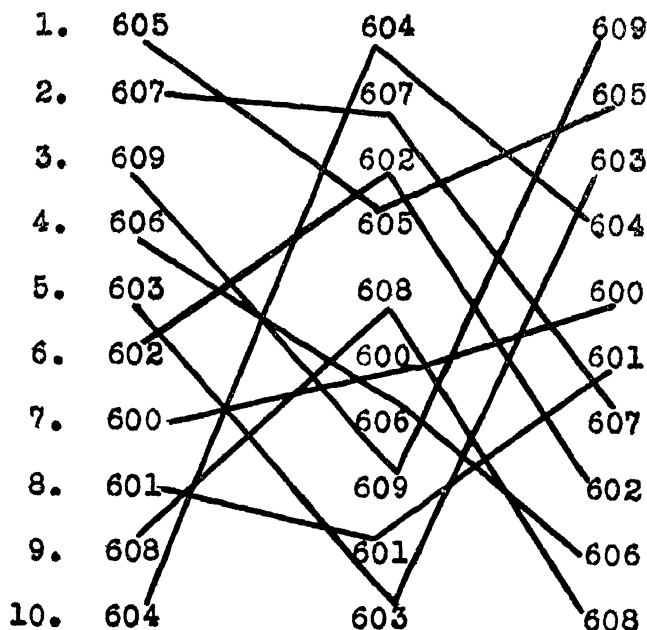


FIG. V.—RANKINGS OF TEN THEMES BY THREE TEACHERS WITHOUT THE USE OF A SCALE

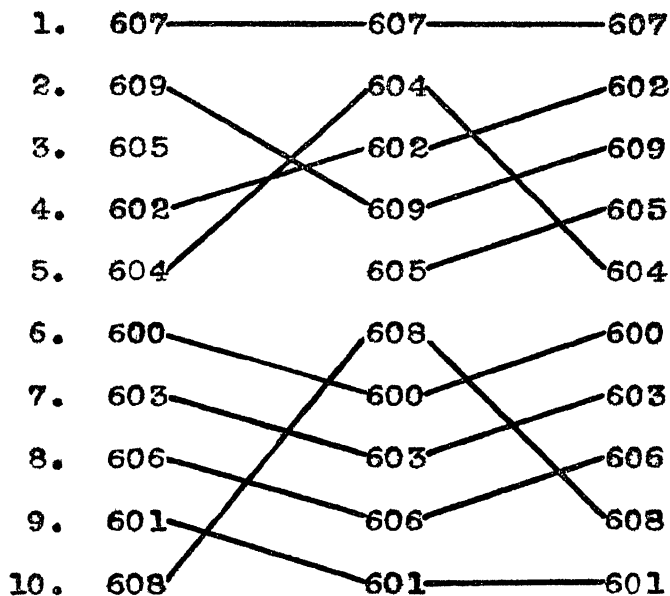


FIG. VI.—RANKINGS OF THE SAME TEN THEMES BY THE SAME THREE TEACHERS ONE MONTH LATER WITH THE USE OF A SCALE

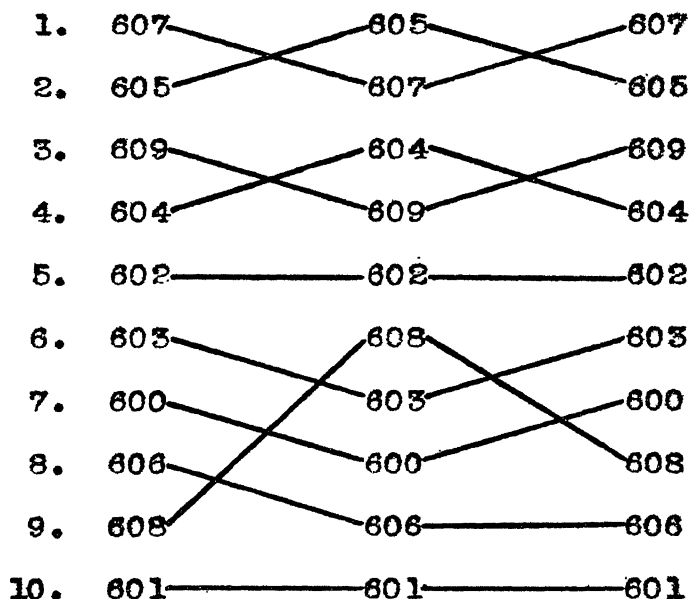


FIG. VII.—RANKINGS OF THE SAME TEN THEMES BY THE SAME THREE
TEACHERS FOURTEEN WEEKS LATER WITH THE USE OF
THE SAME SCALE

teachers had had with objective scales in composition. After fourteen weeks of practice with the scale and several conferences on their scorings, they again judged the same ten themes, concealed among 108 other anonymous compositions. This time, as Fig. VII shows, the rankings were practically identical except for the incorrigible theme No. 608 which was rated ninth, sixth, and eighth respectively.

In the first ranking (Fig. V) theme No. 600 alone received even approximate agreement. Moreover, the judgments showed no consistency: each reader was higher than the other two about as often as she was lower. Theme No. 604, it will be seen, was rated best by one scorer, poorest by another, and medium by the third. It is apparent in Fig. VI that the use of a scale produced more agreement and decidedly more uniformity. The second reader was low, but she was consistently low. She could correct her error on practically all themes by correcting it on one. That is just what she did during the fourteen weeks of practice and conferences. The disagreements shown in Fig. VII are insignificant, except on theme No. 608, in which the second reader still succumbed to a fanciful, flowery description, full of mechanical errors and blurred by lack of clearness.

To discover how much of this improvement was due to the use of a scale and how much to a better appreciation of the themes because of repeated applications to them, the same ten themes were ranked three times without the use of a scale by fourteen other experienced English teachers in twelve school systems. There were intervals of one and four months between their scorings, and in each case the ten anonymous themes were concealed among others and given new numbers. This study revealed no such improvement in either agreement or consistency. Closer familiarity accruing from repeated readings increases reliability somewhat, but affects consistency practically none. Though more fickle from day to day and more susceptible to varying temperaments, personal standards are less modified by deliberate influences than are objective standards. Facts yield to new facts, but opinions are stubborn.

These results were obtained from conscientious, experienced English instructors. Conditions among inexperienced teachers are

even more chaotic. In one study (Ref. 26)¹ eight compositions were scored on a percentage basis by ten inexperienced teachers with the result that one theme received a grade of 40 percent from one reader and 95 percent from another. One teacher 'passed' all eight of the pupils, while another passed only two of them. The pupil who was scored 40 percent and 95 percent was given, by the four teachers who failed him, an average score of 56 percent, while the other six readers gave him an average grade of 83 percent.

The significant fact about the results of both of these studies is not that those teachers were hopeless judges, for they were not; but that their pupils were not getting justice until a scale was employed, and that it took practice in the use of a scale to reveal the injustices. This is, indeed, one justification for using an objective measuring instrument. If a woman who has a poor conception of linear dimensions were to estimate by mere inspection the amount of wall paper needed for her house, and then just before mailing her order she were to use a yardstick and find that she had considerably underestimated, she would be shocked by this narrowly averted domestic tragedy, the mail-order house would be spared a vituperative letter, and, most important of all, she would have more respect for her yardstick. If, on the other hand, she were to discover that she had considerably overestimated the dimensions of her rooms, the revelation would be more gratifying, but none the less impressive. Yet this incident would be petty compared with the injustices heaped upon thousands of pupils every day and the calumnies they suffer through their teachers' ignorance of educational yardsticks. Under the conditions revealed by Fig. V it would have made a great deal of difference to each pupil under which of the three teachers he happened to be. Six months later it would have been relatively immaterial.

It does not follow that compositions should always be considered anonymously or that a pupil should be expected to do as well under one teacher as under another. The personalities of both pupil and teacher are mutual influences which should be recognized in daily instruction and in the weekly theme. But when

¹For numbered references, see the Bibliography at the end of the Appendix.

an unprejudiced estimate of a pupil's proficiency in writing is desired, that estimate can best be had by measuring his achievement upon an objective scale, regardless of his school grade and ignorant of his authorship. Such cold, impersonal tests should be made only after considerable intervals, for Van Wagenen and Haggerty (Ref. 23) have shown that, owing to the complexity of composition ability, progress is slow, and even a slight improvement represents a tremendous gain. Scientific tests should be given far enough apart to reveal progress. Between these tests the teacher should recognize such personal conditions as capacity, interests, and aptitudes.

This opportunity which objective measuring devices afford for tempering injustices within a department applies also to conditions existing between one school and another. To compare the achievement of pupils in one school with that of pupils in even the same grade in another school having different standards is unfair. Seventy, for example, may be the passing grade in one school, and 60 the deadline in the other. Even when the passing mark is the same for both schools the teachers' conceptions of it may differ; so that a 60 in one school may represent better composition work than 70 signifies in the other school. Before drawing conclusions from comparisons a teacher should know just how much merit any given symbol represents. By using an objective scale two teachers can be reasonably sure that when one mentions a score they will both know what he means by it.

This introduces a third justification for the use of scientific, objective scales. Every experienced English teacher has personal standards for the measurement of composition.² His very marks, be they A, B, C, D, and E, percentages, or some other scheme, imply a standard. But the trouble with these personal schemes is that they will not 'stay put.' Standards seen only in the mind's eye are subject to change. A belated salary check, a bolted supper last night, a dance to-morrow night, a stormy study-hall period, a tight shoe, a cold letter, or even more unrealized, surreptitious influences tend to upset subjective standards. Just as a wise child learns when to approach its father for money, so an observant

²For a record of one such set of standards, see Pafford, H. E. "Grading composition." *English Journal*, April, 1916. pp. 273-4.

pupil, if he could, would like to dictate when his teacher should mark his composition. Marks based upon a comparison of pupil achievement with printed samples spread out before one are less likely to vary from day to day.

Objective standards do not, however, render judgment infallible. There is still the possibility of evaluating concrete models inconsistently. Owing to some passing mood or other, sample 6.0 on the Nassau County Supplement, for instance, may seem to represent considerably higher composition merit on Tuesday than it did on Monday. But in the long run the use of an objective scale will reduce a teacher's fluctuations in standards, and so reduce the number and severity of the injustices done to his pupils.

Assuming that pupil achievement represents pupil ability, composition scales are valuable agencies in classifying children. If new pupils, or old pupils who seem to be out of their class in writing ability, are assigned even a single theme on the same topic and under conditions similar to those which prevailed when the compositions were written which form the scale and set the standards, and those themes are scored by, say, three trained judges and the median grade adopted, such pupils are more likely to be classified properly than they would be by the result of a theme, or even several themes, scored subjectively.

The value of objective composition scales to teachers themselves is becoming more and more recognized and may profitably become the chief function of such instruments. Without some such concrete, stable device it is difficult for a teacher to know what is being accomplished. Circumstances and personal relations so color the daily recitation that the teacher needs from time to time to employ a test which ignores these concomitant accretions and measures pure progress. The proof of instruction is its actual results. Objective measurements enable a teacher to test, unprejudiced, the efficacy of his various teaching methods.

Scientific instruments designed to test specific functions in composition, such as the Briggs Form Tests, and composition scales which resolve written expression into its several elements have the additional advantage of enabling their users to diagnose their pupils' writing abilities and thus adapt instruction to meet special

needs and to overcome particular weaknesses. Scales for measuring general merit are valuable mainly for classifying pupils and for testing general methods of instruction, while analytical scales are useful in applying proper treatment to specific conditions.

These uses of objective measurements in composition can be employed most effectively if the pupils themselves have access to and are familiar with the scales. A scale mark will mean more to a child if he can see exactly how much merit it represents. A knowledge on the part of the child of how much progress his last theme shows over the one previously scored by the use of the same scale is an incentive to still further improvement. It is advisable, therefore, either to put a copy of the scale into the hands of each pupil or to exhibit it where all may consult it, to study together the scale and the reasons for assigning the various samples their values, and so take the pupils into one's confidence to such a degree that they will not look upon teacher marks as mysterious symbols which they are not supposed to understand and which, if they knew the truth, the teacher herself can neither fully explain nor justify.

This practice has also a distinct social justification. Encouraging a pupil to attain higher and higher steps on the scale substitutes in part for the old and sometimes envious group rivalry a more salutary and progressive competition with himself. The unsocial feeling that one is succeeding at the expense of his fellows gives way more and more to a desire to better one's own record.

Objective devices for measuring composition merit are not, then, in spite of assumptions to the contrary,³ designed to improve writing directly. But their use is amply justified on other grounds. We do not condemn bookkeeping because it does not in itself add to our bank accounts. An itemized statement of our incomes and expenses enables us to discover our sources of waste and eliminate them. By reckoning our balances in dollars and cents we not only have a practicable conception of our financial status, but other people can also understand just how much we are worth. To employ an earlier (Ref. 4) and happier analogy, "No measuring device in itself does that [improves ability.] Solicitous parents who

³For example, see Ward, C. H. "The Scale Illusion." *English Journal*, April, 1917.

weigh and measure their baby every day do not suppose for a moment that such a practice will of itself add an ounce to the baby's weight or a cubit to his stature. They can, however, measure the baby's growth; and, by measuring before and after various diets, they can tell which kind of food best agrees with him. They can also compare their offspring with the progeny next door or with a baby in Hongkong; and, by consulting tables of weight and height for children of the same age, they can compare their baby's physical condition with the standard of many babies of his age.

"Composition scales are designed for similar uses. By scoring the compositions of a class on a scale, the teacher can learn the actual achievement in writing of that class. By measuring themes written by the same group of pupils at various times, he can discover what improvement the pupils have made in composition. By measuring them before and after they have been subjected to various methods of instruction, he can deduce which method produces best results, and can modify his teaching accordingly. Finally, by comparing the achievement of his pupils with standards based upon a large number of pupils of the same grade, he can tell

CHAPTER IV

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

It at least is within the bounds of conjecture to surmise that when the head of one of our paleolithic homes found that the stone which he had kept for years lying handy upon his cave-mantel because it had been his most successful food-getter and foe-slayer was also useful in helping him to judge the weight of objects of barter, he discovered the art of measurement. His good wife, too, may have one day observed that her lord's war-club was exactly the length required for a new Easter skin. Thus by slowly evolving standards of weight and dimension this observing family may have exercised improved methods of social control and thereby gained a neighborhood prestige and ascendancy.

The notion that these are mere fanciful indulgences may be dispelled by the assertion¹ that there lives to-day in the English Channel a people famous for its skill in cattle-raising whose instruments for measuring and weighing are so variable and individual that they are named for the families who employ them; so that it is important in close bargaining to know by whose crock the milk has been measured and by whose stone the butter has been weighed.

It is a far cry from such crude instruments to the devices which to-day record physical attributes in thousandths of a unit. It is a farther cry to refined means of measuring mental achievement and human capacity. As in every other form of social control, analysis of the higher processes has developed latest; so that it was only yesterday, comparatively, that man began to devise ways of measuring his aptitudes and abilities.

While, theoretically, any difference which can be detected can be measured, nevertheless the more tangible, objective, and constant a quality is, the more discernible and mensurable are its differences. Human expression, being, in some degree at least, a

¹Made in an address by Dean James E. Russell.

art, reluctantly adapts itself to concrete standards. Some of the more objective elements of written expression, such as handwriting, vocabulary, spelling, and punctuation, have, to be sure, been successfully scaled; but the more abstract, intangible qualities like clearness, style, personality, and sincerity are more difficult to capture. Yet these very qualities, because they constitute the fundamental elements of expression to which the more tangible attributes are mere incidental means, need most, in spite of their capricious natures, to be made to conform at times to scientific standards.

With three possible exceptions, to be discussed later, all significant attempts at measuring composition have dealt with general quality rather than with specific qualities. Indeed, this is the chief distinction between the two purposes of measuring composition—diagnostic and classificatory. There is need for both kinds of instruments; and the failure of existing devices to perform the diagnostic function does not justify the attitude which at least one recent writer² assumes toward scales for measuring general merit. Granting that the most urgent need in composition is for analytical tests and scales, the instruments which have already been devised for measuring general composition merit have nevertheless performed a service that amply justifies their present existence and future refinement.

PAST ACCOMPLISHMENTS REVIEWED

1. *Rice's Scale.* As early as 1903 Rice (12) was at work upon means of reducing variability in scoring the mechanical and structural aspects of composition. He had a story read to more than 8,300 pupils, in various schools, and they were asked to reproduce it in writing. They had had no intimation of the assignment, and only first drafts of their reproductions were considered. The themes were graded by placing them in five piles, known as Excellent, Good, Fair, Poor, and Failure. From this distribution class averages were computed and samples of the reproduced story selected as guides to further scoring.

²Ashbaugh, E. J. "The measurement of language: what is measured and its significance." *Jour. of Educ. Research.* June, 1921.

In two respects Rice's crude scale was diagnostic. Rice focused attention upon structure and mechanics, ignoring thought as far as possible, and he analyzed what he meant by Excellent, Good, Fair, Poor, and Failure. In doing the latter he defeated in some degree his original purpose, by interpreting his key words in terms of percentages. In what might be called a social sense he also attempted to diagnose the variations in scores within the same grade by allocating to them such influences as amount of time devoted to language study, and age, nationality, and environment of pupils. He went so far as to recommend a uniform allowance on the scores for children of foreign parentage.

While subsequent studies have thrown some light on the question, the soundness or unsoundness of Rice's procedure of putting equal emphasis upon the various mechanical elements of composition in all school grades has yet to be determined. Though a crude beginning, Rice's scale was a long step in the direction which scientific measurement of composition has since taken. Rice, himself, claimed that the personal equation influenced his scorers' judgments no more than it would have done in arithmetic. There is some support for his claim in the fact that he discovered the same decided overlapping between grades that has been found by the use of more precise instruments of measurement. In the light of later developments there is no doubt but that Rice's scheme provided a more reliable means of estimating the achievement of pupils than is possible without objective standards.

2. *The Hillegas Scale.* Hillegas (3) devised in 1912 the first really scientific instrument for measuring quality in English composition. He proceeded upon the assumption that differences equally often noticeable are equal, and adopted as a unit that difference which was detected by exactly seventy-five percent of the judges. The median deviation, in other words, was his unit of difference in quality. The composite judgment of the most competent scorers who could be secured was used in locating the zero point of merit; and two hundred two experienced judges rated the samples which form the scale. Extreme care was exercised at all times to secure only reliable results.

The Hillegas Scale consists of ten compositions arranged in ascending order of merit from an artificial sample representing zero quality to specimen No. 177 with the scale value 937 (or 93.7, or 9.37, according to the multiple of the original unit desired.) The scale specimens vary greatly in length and nature. No two deal with the same theme; the scale includes samples of all the discourses and of letter-writing; and the intervals are irregular. This unevenness of steps and the diversity of topics tend to make the use of the Hillegas Scale complicated. It has been contended³ upon questionable evidence that the variability in scoring is slightly greater with the use of this scale than without it. Thorndike, who later extended it, contends that with sufficient practice teachers will by it be able to increase their reliabilities. Trabue, who also improved upon the Hillegas Scale, declares that in spite of all objections to it, it remains one of the most useful instruments for measuring educational achievement. The results of experiments by Theisen (39) and Van Wagenen (45) make it doubtful whether the use of the Hillegas or any other scientific, objective composition scale will reduce reliability. The consensus of opinion among one hundred two judges trained in the use of five composition scales was that the Hillegas Scale is difficult to use because of its length and complexity, and so is of maximal value only to teachers long versed in its use. Certainly, familiarity and practice are prerequisites in passing judgment upon the value of any scale, and the Hillegas Scale is undoubtedly hard to get acquainted with. Hillegas, himself, meets the objection to his diversity of discourses by saying that only three of the four hundred and fifty judges who at one time or another scored the samples objected to this feature.

That the Hillegas Scale has not been as widely used as have its derivatives is doubtless due in part to its early appearance before an unscientific and skeptical educational world. This pioneer, missionary function, together with its example of scientific accuracy and its incentive to further efforts along the same line, constitute its chief contribution to education. That it was

³Kelly, F. J. *Teachers' Marks*. p. 134.

deemed worthy of refinement is a testimony to the value of the original scale.

3. *Ballou's Harvard-Newton Scales.* In 1914 Ballou (1) devised a set of instruments, one for each of the four discourses, known as the Harvard-Newton Scales. Each scale consists of six compositions written by eighth-grade children and ranked according to the average judgment of twenty-five teachers who considered them as eighth-grade productions. Each specimen in each scale is followed by a brief exposition of its significant merits and defects and a justification of the position in the scale to which it has been assigned. The steps are irregular in each scale, and a value on one scale does not represent the same degree of merit on any other of the four scales. For this reason it is important when quoting Harvard-Newton results to designate the scale employed.

Though not strictly scientific, the Harvard-Newton Scales represent the second attempt at diagnostic measuring devices in composition. Because of their analyses and because of the fact that there is a scale for each discourse, these are probably the most useful instruments yet devised for teachers just beginning to consider theme qualities objectively. When, however, these scales have served their apprentice purposes, they may profitably be displaced by devices which better meet the world's standards by disregarding discourse distinctions. For measuring general merit there are more reliable instruments; but for diagnostic purposes the Harvard-Newton will still serve as well as any strictly composition scales we have.

Their discourse distinctions are the source of one objection to the Ballou Scales. Society, it is contended, does not impose such restrictions upon its members; consequently neither child nor adult deliberately observes these arbitrary divisions. We all write in whatever discourse and in however many discourses will serve our purposes. A second limitation of the Harvard-Newton Scales is their restricted scope. Because they are incomplete at the lower end, elementary teachers find themselves left without standards for their inferior themes. On the other hand, the best

sample in each scale is so far above theme qualities actually encountered in the high school as to be practically useless.

It is significant that in spite of their age and publicity the Harvard-Newton Scales have provided meager data. Undoubtedly they have been tried fairly extensively, but for some reason results have not been widely circulated. In view of this meagerness of extant data and in the belief that teachers will frequently wish to test their pupils on one discourse at a time and compare their results with those of a number of other schools of similar size and constituency, it has been thought advisable to convert Harvard-Newton values into Hillegas terms. Accordingly four hundred twelve trained judges scored the samples in the four Harvard-Newton Scales by means of the Nassau County Supplement to the Hillegas Scale. The median judgments of these four hundred twelve scorers comprise the Nassau equivalents to the Harvard-Newton sample scores; then the intermediate unit steps were interpolated. The transmutations in Table VII are equally applicable to the Hillegas Scale, the Thorndike Extension of the Hillegas Scale, the Nassau County Supplement to the Hillegas Scale, the Hudelson Scale, and the Lewis Scales. By scoring his pupils' themes with the use of the appropriate Harvard-Newton scale and then consulting Table VII for Hillegas equivalents, a teacher will have fairly ample standards with which to compare his pupils' achievements.

The study discussed at length in Chapter V and the results expressed in Table IX reveal the fact that judges equally trained in the use of the Harvard-Newton and Nassau Scales had uniformly higher correlations with the latter. Four hundred fifty-nine pairs of narrative themes were scored on each scale and the results correlated. By the Harvard-Newton Scale the two series of narrative scores yield a coefficient of .61 ($\pm .06$), and by the Nassau Scale .80 ($\pm .03$). A correlation of one scale with the other on the two sets of narration scores results in coefficients of .67 ($\pm .045$) and .69 ($\pm .04$). A correlation of the Harvard-Newton scores on four hundred fifty-nine descriptive themes with the Harvard-Newton scores on an equal number of other descriptive themes yields .59 ($\pm .03$). A comparable correlation be-

tween Nassau scores on the same descriptions gives .77 ($\pm .03$). The correlations between the two scales are .80 ($\pm .03$) and .55 ($\pm .06$). Between four hundred seventy pairs of expository themes the Harvard-Newton correlation is .68 ($\pm .02$), the Nassau .75 ($\pm .03$), with interscale correlations of .53 ($\pm .06$) and .75 ($\pm .03$). With four hundred twenty-two pairs of argumentative compositions the correlations are as follows: Harvard-Newton, .67 ($\pm .03$); Nassau, .70 ($\pm .04$); Harvard-Newton with Nassau, .70 ($\pm .04$) and .41 ($\pm .09$).

Because of the use that was to be made of the scores later, a series of tests, covering four months, was given to determine the comparative reliabilities of the Harvard-Newton and Nassau Scales. The eight judges who later scored the themes written on Assignments 13A and 13B (see Appendix, Section V) scored 108 other narrative compositions with the use of the Nassau Scale. Thirty-seven days later the same eight judges again scored the same 108 themes by the same scale. The coefficient of correlation between the two sets of scores was .825 ($\pm .02$). Correlations between the scores of four of these judges and the scores of the other four on the first and second readings were respectively .82 ($\pm .02$) and .88 ($\pm .02$). Forty-two days later the same eight teachers scored the same 108 themes with the use of the Harvard-Newton Narration Scale. Then, five weeks later, the same 108 compositions were scored again by the same teachers on the same scale. This time the inter-correlation was .69 ($\pm .02$), while the intra-correlations were .69 ($\pm .04$) and .71 ($\pm .02$). Between each two scorings the themes, all of them anonymous, were shuffled and renumbered. The results, shown in Table VI, indicate (1) that for reliability the advantage is all with the Nassau Scale; (2) that the Nassau scores and correlations in Table IX are more valid than are those in Harvard-Newton terms; but (3) that added familiarity with either scale and with the themes being scored upon it increases its reliability. Whatever advantage resulted from this increased familiarity, however, accrued to the reliability of the Nassau Scale.

4. *Thorndike's Extension of the Hillegas Scale.* In 1915 Thorndike (6) devised an extension of the Hillegas Scale by sub-

TABLE VI.—CORRELATIONS TO DETERMINE THE COMPARATIVE RELIABILITIES OF THE HARVARD-NEWTON AND NASSAU SCALES

Correlation between median judgments of eight teachers on first and second scorings of 108 narrative themes by Harvard- Newton Scale.	Correlation between median judgments of same eight teachers on first and second scorings of same 108 themes by Nassau Scale.	Correlations between median judgments of four teachers on the 108 themes and the median judg- ments of the other four teachers on the same themes, for both scorings by the H-N Scale	Correlations between median judgments of four teachers on the 108 themes and the median judg- ments of the other four teachers on the same themes, for both scorings by the Nassau Scale.
.69 ($\pm .02$)	.825 ($\pm .02$)	1st trial .69 ($\pm .04$) 2nd trial .71 ($\pm .02$)	1st trial .82 ($\pm .02$) 2nd trial .88 ($\pm .02$)

TABLE VII.—HARVARD-NEWTON SCALE VALUES TRANSMUTED INTO THEIR HILLEGAS EQUIVALENTS

Narration		Description		Exposition		Argumentation	
H-N Values	Hillegas Equivalents	H-N	Hil.	H-N	Hil.	H-N	Hil.
47	3.8	45	3.6	39	3.1	47	3.5
48	4.0	46	3.7	40	3.2	48	3.7
49	4.1	47	3.9	41	3.4	49	3.9
50	4.3	48	4.0	42	3.5	50	4.1
51	4.4	49	4.2	43	3.6	51	4.3
52	4.6	50	4.3	44	3.8	52	4.5
53	4.7	51	4.4	45	3.9	53	4.6
54	4.9	52	4.6	46	4.0	54	4.7
55	5.0	53	4.7	47	4.2	55	4.8
56	5.2	54	4.9	48	4.3	56	4.9
57	5.2	55	5.0	49	4.5	57	5.0
58	5.3	56	5.0	50	4.6	58	5.0
59	5.3	57	5.2	51	4.7	59	5.1
60	5.4	58	5.2	52	4.9	60	5.2
61	5.4	59	5.3	53	5.0	61	5.3
62	5.4	60	5.4	54	5.1	62	5.4
63	5.5	61	5.5	55	5.2	63	5.5
64	5.6	62	5.6	56	5.3	64	5.6
65	5.6	63	5.7	57	5.4	65	5.7
66	5.7	64	5.7	58	5.5	66	5.8
67	5.8	65	5.8	59	5.6	67	5.9
68	6.0	66	5.9	60	5.7	68	6.0
69	6.1	67	6.0	61	5.8	69	6.1
70	6.2	68	6.1	62	5.9	70	6.2
71	6.4	69	6.2	63	5.9	71	6.3

TABLE VII—Continued

Narration		Description		Exposition		Argumentation	
H-N	Hillegas						
Values	Equivalents	H-N	Hil.	H-N	Hil.	H-N	Hil.
72	6.5	70	6.3	64	6.0	72	6.4
73	6.6	71	6.4	65	6.0	73	6.5
74	6.8	72	6.6	66	6.1	74	6.6
75	6.9	73	6.7	67	6.2	75	6.7
76	7.0	74	6.8	68	6.2	76	6.9
77	7.1	75	6.9	69	6.3	77	7.0
78	7.3	76	7.0	70	6.3	78	7.1
79	7.4	77	7.1	71	6.4	79	7.2
80	7.6	78	7.3	72	6.5	80	7.3
81	7.7	79	7.4	73	6.6	81	7.4
82	7.8	80	7.5	74	6.7	82	7.6
83	8.0	81	7.6	75	6.8	83	7.7
84	8.0	82	7.8	76	6.9	84	7.8
85	8.0	83	7.9	77	7.0	85	7.9
86	8.1	84	8.1	78	7.1	86	8.0
87	8.1	85	8.2	79	7.2	87	8.1
88	8.2	86	8.3	80	7.3	88	8.2
89	8.2	87	8.3	81	7.4	89	8.3
90	8.2	88	8.4	82	7.5	90	8.4
91	8.3	89	8.5	83	7.6	91	8.5
92	8.3	90	8.6	84	7.7	92	8.6
93	8.4	91	8.7	85	7.8	93	8.6
94	8.4	92	8.8	86	7.9		
		93	8.9	87	8.0		
		94	9.0	88	8.0		
		95	9.0	89	8.1		
				90	8.2		
				91	8.3		
				92	8.4		

stituting new specimens for certain of the original samples and by including several examples in the steps at or near the middle of his scale. The latter modification offers the scorer more scale comparisons on the compositions of those qualities which the majority of pupils will exhibit. This is clearly an advantage when once the scale is thoroughly mastered; but the increased number and length of Thorndike's samples and their variety of topics render familiarization with it an arduous task. Teachers trained in the use of several scales report that after patient practice they find the Thorndike Extension an excellent measuring device.

5. *Trabue's Nassau County Supplement to the Hillegas Scale.* Another modification of the Hillegas Scale was devised by Trabue

(7) in 1917. Seven of his samples, values 0.0 to 7.2, are compositions on the subject "What I Should Like to Do Next Saturday" obtained during a survey of the elementary schools of Nassau County, New York. Specimen 9.0 is taken from literature. This scale is unique in that it contains a bona-fide pupil theme of approximately zero merit.

Trabue's avowed purposes were (1) to correct the defects of the Hillegas Scale; (2) to devise a scale on the same topic treated by the Nassau County pupils; and (3) to set up tentative standards indicating the quality of English composition to be expected from pupils of any given school grade. He succeeded so well in realizing his aims that for purposes of classification his scale is the most influential, if not the best, instrument extant for measuring the general merit of junior-high-school English composition. Objections to it are made on the grounds that its intervals are irregular, its samples too short, and its upper specimen not a pupil composition. For the most part the second of these criticisms is valid; but the steps are more nearly uniform than those in any preceding scale, and the third condition is due to the difficulty inevitably experienced in seeking pupil compositions of unusually high quality. Certainly a more significant criticism would be to point out the distinct gap that divides samples 6.0 and 7.2. The specimens up to and including 6.0 consist of mere writing; but beginning with sample 7.2 there is distinct and increasing literary merit. Enough trained judges have concurred in this observation to give it considerable validity. But, all in all, no better objective scale has been devised for measuring composition achievement in the junior high school.

6. *The Breed and Frostic Scale.* In the same year that Trabue's scale appeared Breed and Frostic (2) developed another instrument for measuring general merit in composition. It consists of completed stories written by sixth-grade pupils who had had read to them an unfinished narrative and who were then given twenty minutes in which to complete the story. In selecting and evaluating their scale samples these authors followed the methods devised by Hillegas.

This is the only composition scale which attempts to reproduce in type the physical characteristics of the written compositions which compose it. Its chief distinction, however, is the homogeneity resulting from its narrow range of merit. Yet in spite of its intensive adaptability to the upper elementary grades, it has the advantage of being a reliable instrument for senior-high-school use. Its concentration upon the adolescent period, its indicative topic, and its having been devised throughout under controlled conditions and by sound methods make the Breed and Frostic Scale deserving of more attention than it has received.

7. *The Willing Scale.* The Willing Scale (9) has been characterized as at once the most promising and most disappointing attempt to devise a diagnostic composition scale. This verdict is based upon the claim that Willing analyzed composition while designing his scale, and then undid what he had accomplished by recombining the scores on the various qualities into one composite grade. While it is true that Willing derives the ultimate score in just this manner, the criticism is not altogether fair; for the very fact that that ultimate score is a synthetic one, composed of the estimates of the merits of the several component elements, probably gives it an accuracy which a lumped estimate will seldom attain. A firmer ground for criticism would be the unscientific statistical method employed in deriving the scale. The values given to the various samples are altogether arbitrarily assigned; hence the scale is valuable only as a means for measuring progress. It neither furnishes standards nor measures absolute merit.

8. *Van Wagenen's Minnesota English Composition Scales.* Van Wagenen (8) employed the desirable features of coarsely diagnostic scales without including their inherent disadvantages. He has devised separate scales for narration, description, and exposition, and has furnished careful instructions for estimating composition merit analytically. Separate values have been assigned to each specimen in each scale for Thought Content, Structure, and Mechanics. The three qualities are not evaluated in equivalent terms in the same scale, but each quality in each scale furnishes practically an equivalent scale for the same quality in either of the other two discourses. That is, a 72 in Thought Con-

tent is not equivalent to a 72 in either Structure or Mechanics within the same scale or in either of the other two scales; but a 72 in Thought Content on any one of the scales is practically equivalent to a 72 in Thought Content on either of the other two scales.

While these scales represent a worthy attempt to analyze composition writing for diagnostic purposes, they render judgments confusing and difficult if, as is customary with teachers, the separate evaluations are combined into one general score. It was shown in Chapter II that compositions are less reliably judged when analyzed into merely their thought, structural, and mechanical aspects than they are when considered from the standpoint of general merit. Van Wagenen, himself, claims a reliability for his scales only equal to that for general merit scales.

The conclusions reached in Chapter II make it doubtful whether we shall get much further either by Van Wagenen's scheme or with general merit scales. It is likely that most progress will be made in the future with scales designed to measure *and score* only one composition element at a time, such as clearness or capitalization. It is possible, of course—and it was certainly the designer's intention—to use each of the three series of scores in Van Wagenen's Scales as separate measuring devices, ignoring the other ratings and grading upon that one quality alone. But the common feeling among teachers is that they need one general score for grading purposes; and they find doubly confusing the process of analyzing composition, rating each element separately, and then combining the several scores. One hundred judges equally trained in the use of the Hillegas, the Thorndike, the Nassau, the Hudelson, and the Van Wagenen scales pronounced the last one to be comparatively bewildering. After months of faithful, but apparently futile practice in trying to reduce his variability by the use of the Van Wagenen Scales, one tends to resort for consolation to the words of Willing, who says: "It may well be, indeed, even after the measurement of English composition shall have been placed on a thoroughly objective and analytical basis, that the scale for general merit will

persist for the training of individual judgment and for ascertaining compositional situations in the gross" (47).

9. *The Hudelson Scale*.—The most obvious distinction of the Hudelson Scale (4) is its use of uniform intervals throughout. Like the Thorndike Extension and the Nassau County Supplement, it is a refinement of the Hillegas Scale; its values are equivalent to the same degrees of merit in those instruments, and its steps represent .5 of a unit on the original Hillegas Scale.

The Hudelson Scale is published only in monograph form. The booklet contains, besides the scale itself, a discussion of the reasonable uses of a composition scale, instructions for administering and scoring by this scale and for interpreting the results, several practice sets of compositions for use in training teachers to score reliably, and composite national standards for the various elementary, intermediate, and high-school grades. These features constitute its other chief contributions and render the scale itself more useful, especially for beginners. While the steps are too finely divided for all save very highly trained judges dealing with small groups or individual themes, the fact that the intervals are uniform enables a scorer to omit certain specimens and to make the steps any length desired. Without being burdensome the samples are long enough to furnish evidence of merit. The scale could be improved by extending it down to zero, by substituting pupil productions at the upper extreme, and by including, as Thorndike did, several specimens of each step in the middle of the scale. It is felt that the absolute uniformity of steps and the fact that the samples are narrative should make this the best instrument for measuring general merit in English composition. For junior high school use it may claim to share with the Nassau Scale that distinction.

10. *The Lewis Scales*. Thus far objective instruments for measuring English composition have consisted of (1) scales for estimating general merit (Hillegas, Thorndike, Trabue, Breed and Frostic, and Hudelson); (2) semi-analytical scales (Willing and Van Wagenen); (3) scales observing discourse distinctions (Harvard-Newton and Van Wagenen); and (4) scales devised from, and designed for, particular school grades (Harvard-Newton and Breed and Frostic.) Lewis (5) has recently made the only significant

scientific contribution to the measurement of special kinds of writing. He has devised separate scales for measuring quality in (1) simple order letters, (2) letters of application, (3) simple narrative social letters, (4) expository social letters, and (5) narratives on the topic "One of My Most Interesting Experiences." These five scales consist respectively of 33, 27, 30, 31, and 40 samples, which are evaluated in Hillegas terms. The steps within each scale are irregular, but easy instructions are furnished for converting each instrument into a scale of fewer and approximately uniform steps. The Lewis Scales are scientifically derived, and those based upon letter-writing are unique in the composition field; but they are too recent to pass judgment upon yet. Undoubtedly, the letter scales apply to an important kind of writing. The narration scale does not fall in the same category, and, apart from its wide geographical representation, has no apparent advantages over its prototypes.

Such, then, is the story, in chronological order, of the development of scientific instruments for measuring objectively general or specific merit in English composition. Two new scales appear in Chapter VI, and Franzen promises one from Des Moines.⁴ There may be others, either made or in the making, which have not been given publicity. Numerous unscientific or semi-scientific devices exist and are being used or have been used, such as the Topeka Scale (14) and those employed at Hackensack (13) and Indianapolis (10). Most of these were devised for the added value which local productions afford, and have been used only in those school systems in which the samples were written. They are not standardized and do not measure absolute merit; but as mere objective guides they are distinct improvements over personal standards.

Then there is a formidable list of instruments designed to test or measure proficiency in isolated elements of expression. Among these are the Boston Copying Test, Starch's Grammatical Scales, Charters' Language and Grammar Tests, Noyes' Language Test, Trabue's Completion Test Language Scales, Briggs' Forms Tests Alpha and Beta, Starch's Punctuation Scale, Thorndike's Vocab-

⁴See *Jour. of Educ. Research*. Vol. IV, No. 1. June, 1921. p. 76.

ulary Tests, and numerous spelling and handwriting scales.⁵ Some of these are highly reliable and all are commendable efforts to separate written expression into its elements and to measure one aspect at a time *for that aspect*. Some of them are deliberately diagnostic and all of them are analytical. They are not, however, either condemnations of, or substitutes for, means of measuring general composition merit. Specific qualities can and often should be measured separately; but when the general effect of written expression, such as society is usually concerned with, is to be judged, it must be considered in its entirety. In matters of appreciation the sum of all the parts does not necessarily equal the whole. One may stand before a painting and scrutinize one by one the quality or composition of the pigments, the dimensions, design, color, or workmanship of the frame, the quality of the canvas, the artist's name, his technique, or his mastery of proportion or perspective; but if one would judge the picture as a work of art he must either combine his separate judgments of these various aspects or, what is more probable, consider all elements simultaneously. He must see it singly *and* see it whole. So with sculpture and architecture and music. Imagination, which, after all, renders the final verdict upon art, defies *mere* analysis; and composition is an art.

SUMMARY

Objective measurements have slowly evolved from the hefting age through the period of crudely scaled weights and measures up to the scientific development of instruments for measuring concretely and accurately even the abstract human qualities. Ignoring for ages such familiar examples as the objective measurement of Abraham's faith and the concrete demonstration of Jonathan's affection, Ruth's love, and Peter's fidelity, we have contended until recently that subjective qualities will not lend themselves to scientific treatment. Though concrete attributes are still most easily measured, many abstract qualities are already being made to con-

⁵ For a discussion of these and other instruments, consult "Bibliography of tests for use in high schools," *Teachers College Record*, Sept., 1922. See also the *Seventeenth Yearbook, Part II*, of this Society for descriptive summaries up to 1918.

form to objective standards, and the rest are known to be mensurable. The values of the various mechanical aspects of written expression have, for example, been reduced to concrete terms, and the subjective qualities are slowly yielding to the same treatment.

Existing instruments for measuring the quality of composition objectively are of four types: (1) scales for measuring composition merit regardless of discourse or form distinctions, such as the Hillegas and Thorndike Scales; (2) separate devices for measuring merit in each discourse, such as the Harvard-Newton and Van Wagenen Scales; (3) scales designed to measure composition quality in a particular discourse, such as the Trabue, Breed and Frostic, Willing, and Hudelson Scales and the Lewis Narration Scale; and (4) instruments for judging the composition merit of particular forms of writing, such as Lewis' Letter-Writing Scales.

All existing devices may also be classified into (1) instruments for measuring general composition merit, such as the Hillegas, Thorndike, Trabue, Breed and Frostic, and Hudelson Scales and the Lewis Narration Scale, and (2) devices such as the Rice, Harvard-Newton, Willing, and Van Wagenen Scales for measuring more or less analytically specific composition qualities. One aim of these latter instruments is to diagnose writing ability for instructional purposes; but after analyzing composition into its elements and judging the merit of each element separately, they, all but Van Wagenen, defeat in part their aim by recombining the separate estimates into one general score without either prescribing or suggesting a uniform scheme for weighting the various qualities. Van Wagenen, himself, has left his three qualities isolated, but some teachers either combine their separate estimates or complain because they cannot.

A third distinction of existing composition scales is their classification into (1) instruments designed to measure the writing of pupils in a particular grade, and (2) devices for measuring the quality of the writing of pupils, regardless of school grade. The Harvard-Newton and the Breed and Frostic Scales were designed for use in the eighth and sixth years, respectively, though the latter proves to be about equally suitable to all junior and senior-high-school grades.

Rice, the pioneer, fortunately used an assignment which made his scale, crude though it was, decidedly more reliable than the personal, subjective standards which had theretofore been used altogether and which have yet by no means been discarded in our schools even for 'scientific' testing. In that it also employed the story-completion assignment, the Breed and Frostic Scale is likewise based upon a reliable topic. The Hillegas and Thorndike Scales, though difficult to master because of their varied topics and discourses, are typical of unrestrained pupil composition, and prove after considerable practice to be reliable instruments. The Trabue, the Breed and Frostic, the Willing, the Van Wagenen, and the Hudelson Scales and the Lewis Narration Scale are all better adapted to measuring junior-high-school composition than they are to judging the writing of older pupils. Of these six, the Breed and Frostic and the Lewis are, as far as their topics are concerned, most suitable for senior-high-school testing. The Harvard-Newton Scales represent thoughtful attempts to observe discourse distinctions; and Van Wagenen has succeeded best in analyzing composition into both its discourse and elemental aspects. The significant progress of the future will, however, hardly be made in either these directions or in the way of general merit scales. Devices for judging general merit objectively will always be needed for measuring written expression on the basis that the world measures it; but the teaching profession demands, or should demand, more and better devices for analyzing composition and for diagnosing merits and defects for the purpose of improving instruction.

CHAPTER V

THE MEASUREMENT OF COMPOSITION ABILITY

The only scientific, objective composition scales so far devised have been designed to measure composition achievement. They consist either of instruments for measuring general merit, devices for measuring written expression analytically, or tests and scales for estimating familiarity with and proficiency in isolated elements of written language. The topics upon which the sample themes in all existing composition scales are based were chosen arbitrarily. All that was known about either the themes which were written upon those assignments or about the standards derived from those themes was that on such-and-such topics certain children did so-and-so. No one knew whether or not the reactions inspired by those assignments represented those children's real writing ability, or whether, if they did, the same topics would test the maximal writing capacities of all pupils in all grades.

It is important for teachers to know these facts. Gross injustices may be done pupils by either classifying or grading them upon the basis of their written responses to unsuitable theme assignments. It is unfair to a child to classify him according to his reaction to a fruitful theme topic, and then grade him by that standard on the quality of writing he does in response to barren assignments. It is equally unjust to classify a child upon the basis of his reaction to an arid theme topic. If it is desirable to know a child's maximal mental capacity, then it is reasonable to want to know his maximal writing capacity. The just, democratic way to treat a pupil is to group him with others whose maximal abilities *along that line* approximate his, and then to grade him within his group according to the degree to which he exerts that maximal ability—that is, according to his effort. For classificatory purposes, then, an English teacher needs to know a pupil's or class's maximal capacity for writing, while for grading purposes he needs to know to what degree that pupil or that class utilizes its full capacity.

The purpose of this study is to ascertain those two facts and to devise scales which recognize them.

Thirty-two composition assignments on a wide variety of topics were given to 770 pupils in grades seven to twelve. Each of the 13,276 resulting themes were scored on the Nassau County Supplement by an average of eight judges, making a total of 106,208 judgments. Eight of the same judges also scored 3,575 of the same themes with the use of the Harvard-Newton Scales. The judges of each theme consisted of the teacher of the pupil who wrote it and seven other teachers of composition. About half of the scorers were experienced in using objective composition scales. The themes were written in February, 1921, by West Virginia and Indiana seventh-grade, eighth-grade, ninth-grade, junior-high-school, and senior-high-school pupils. Four hundred and eighty-one children wrote upon all thirty-two assignments.

In selecting the theme topics an effort was made (1) to appeal to various interests, emotions, and experiences of adolescents, (2) to make the subjects characteristic of actual, widely-used, and recommended assignments,¹ and (3) to include as many topics as possible that had been employed in other scales. The assignments used by Rice, Trabue, Breed and Frostic, Hudelson, Lewis (Narration), and Willing were included in this series, while from the standpoint of discourse the Hillegas, the Thorndike, the Van Wageningen, and the Harvard-Newton Scales were recognized.

The thirty-two assignments were arranged in pairs; the two members of each pair are intended to be comparable in at least one significant respect. "The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw," for example, was mated with its emotional antithesis, "The Saddest Event of My Life," while Assignments 7A and 7B both call for story completions. This arrangement was made for the purpose of discovering by means of correlations the consistency of pupil reactions to the various kinds of assignments. It is desirable to know, for instance, whether the quality of children's themes on one topic is indicative of the quality of compositions they would write on other assignments of a comparable nature.

¹The assignments used in this study are representative of those recommended in the *Bulletin of the Illinois Association of Teachers of English* (1916) and in the *New England Leaflet* (March, 1916.)

To neutralize any effect which might result from relative position, approximately half of the pupils were assigned the topics in one order, while the other half wrote upon them in reverse order. All tests were administered by the pupils' regular English teachers during their customary recitation periods. While care was exercised to prevent any feeling of uneasiness or fear on the part of the pupils, they were given no warning and were allowed only fifteen minutes in which to write and correct their compositions. This may seem an unreasonably limited allowance of time; but only rarely were pupils unable to complete their themes. The fifteen-minute allotment enabled a teacher to administer a pair of assignments during each regular forty-five minute period without disconcerting his pupils by rushing through the assignments.

The investigation was preceded by a letter to teachers in which the purpose and nature of the study were carefully explained, assurance given that all teachers would be sent full and interpreted results of their pupils' records, and an invitation to cooperate extended. Those teachers who wished to participate were then mailed a copy of the assignments, a copy of the Nassau County Supple-

TABLE VIII—COMPARISON OF THE PROGRESS IN COMPOSITION OF ELEMENTARY-SCHOOL, JUNIOR-HIGH-SCHOOL, AND SENIOR-HIGH-SCHOOL PUPILS

Grade	School	No. of Pupils Tested	Median Score on all Assignments for Each School Separately	Median Score on all Assignments for Both Schools Combined
7	Elementary School	46	4.8	4.7
	Junior High School	56	4.6	
8	Elementary School	58	5.3	5.5
	Junior High School	76	5.6	
9	Junior High School	88	5.9	5.6
	Senior High School	81	5.2	
10	Senior High School	152	6.2	6.2
11	Senior High School	112	6.5	6.5
12	Senior High School	101	6.7	6.7

ment to the Hillegas Scale, a set of score sheets, and a copy of detailed instructions for administering the tests and scoring the compositions. The assignments appear in detail in Section V of the Appendix.

Table VIII gives the number of pupils tested in each grade and in each school, the median score on all assignments for each grade and each school, and the median score on all assignments for each grade regardless of whether the seventh- and eighth-grade children were in the elementary school or junior high school and regardless of whether the ninth-grade pupils were in the junior or the senior high school.

Table IX gives the key number and key title of each assignment, the number of pupils tested on each pair of assignments, the inter-correlation of each pair, the correlations between the scores on each assignment and the median scores on all assignments, the number of cases upon which these latter correlations were based, certain correlations between the Nassau and Harvard-Newton Scales, with the number of cases involved, and the median scores in both Nassau and Harvard-Newton terms on each assignment and on all assignments for each grade and for all grades. In the case of an individual theme, "median score" refers to the median score of eight judges on that theme; "median score" applied to an individual pupil means his median score on all assignments upon which he wrote; while "median score on each assignment for each grade" refers to the median score of all pupils in that grade who wrote upon that assignment.

Interpretations of Table VIII

1. The median score on all assignments for senior-high-school freshmen who have graduated from the eighth grade of the elementary school is a little lower than the median score on all assignments for elementary-school eighth-grade pupils. This would indicate that the general re-adjustment which elementary-school graduates must make when they enter the high school checks their progress in composition during at least the first half of their freshman year. By the time they become sophomores they seem to have

TABLE IX

Key No. of Assign- ment	Key Titles of Assignments	No. Cases	Pair Correlat- ions*	Nassau H-N	No. Cases assignment and all as- signments (Nassau)	Correlat- ions* between each assignment and all as- signments (Nassau)	Correlat- ions† between Nassau and H-N Scales
1A	The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw.....	724	.79		719	.81	
1B	The Saddest Event of My Life.....	724			715	.82	
2A	A story based upon a picture.....	214	.69		219	.78	
2B	Another story based upon a picture.....	214			215	.77	
3A	The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had.....	310	.76		318	.84	
3B	The Most Exciting Incident of My Life.....	310			309	.82	
4A	What I Should Like to Do Next Saturday.....	311	.71		313	.76	
4B	How I Should Like to Spend Next Fourth of July.....	311			311	.79	
5A	Review an interesting book which you have read.....	309	.70		307	.67	
5B	Relate an interesting story which you have heard.....	309			313	.71	
6A	"Did it happen right in church?".....	424	.79		415	.72	
6B	"Don't tell Mother, for it would kill her!".....	424			416	.79	
7A	Finish "Adventure with a Panther".....	441	.84		425	.84	
7B	Finish "The Old Man's Story".....	441			426	.77	
8A	Reproduce "Adrift at Sea".....	434	.84		419	.85	
8B	Reproduce "A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill".....	434			419	.87	
9A	road—evening—horse—old house—etc.....	428	.78		415	.83	
9B	blushed—after school—Mabel—etc.....	428			414	.84	
10A	My First Lie.....	412	.84		405	.78	
10B	How I Learned a Lesson.....	412			405	.84	

11B A Trip to Heaven.....	404	.80	{	396	.79	
11B A Conversation with Mars.....	404		{	399	.82	
12A A composition on any subject.....	417	.73	{	404	.75	
12B Another composition on any subject.....	417		{	402	.77	
13A A narration on "Camping".....	459	.80	.61	{	451	.77
13B A narration on "School".....	459			{	453	.79
14A A description on "Camping".....	459	.77	.59	{	457	.84
14B A description on "School".....	459			{	459	.81
15A An exposition on "Camping".....	470	.75	.68	{	466	.81
15B An exposition on "School".....	470			{	466	.79
16A An argumentation on "Camping".....	422	.70	.67	{	420	.75
16B An argumentation on "School".....	422			{	417	.78
All Assignments.....	13,276			13,088		3,575

*The probable error of these correlations range between .01 and .04.

†The probable error of these correlations range between .03 and .09.

11A	4.3	5.7	5.7	6.2	6.4	6.6	6.2
11B	4.1	5.5	5.5	6.1	6.4	6.7	6.1
12A	4.7	5.7	5.5	6.2	6.6	6.8	6.2
12B	5.0	5.5	5.4	6.2	6.5	6.7	6.1
13A	4.8	5.4	64	63			62
13B	4.5	5.4	62	62			60
14A	5.0	6.1	78	76			70
14B	5.0	5.8	75	74			68
15A	4.6	5.6	62	68			62
15B	4.6	5.5	59	69			60
16A	4.8	5.5	67	67			64
16B	4.6	5.0	61	69			62
	4.7	5.5	†	5.6	6.2	6.5	6.1**
				†			†

†The values on the various Harvard-Newton Scales not being comparable, composite scores cannot be computed.
 **This is the composite score for Grades 7-12 on the first twenty-four assignments only. The composite score for Grades 7, 8, and 9 on the last eight assignments is 5.5.

got their stride again, but there is nevertheless an ultimate loss of at least one semester.

2. Pupils who have come up through the junior high school and entered the tenth grade in the senior high school show no such impediment in their progress in composition. Their improvement is slight, but it is continuous. The data do not enable the comparison to be extended through the eleventh and twelfth grades.

3. The interruption of progress which the junior high school remedied between the eighth and tenth years seems to have moved down to the seventh year. Seventh-grade pupils in the elementary schools slightly excel in composition the first-year junior-high-school pupils. Some time during that year, however, the junior-high-school pupils get their bearings again and outstrip their elementary-school fellows.

On the basis of the results shown in Table VIII, then, it can be said that the junior high school eliminates a certain retardation of progress in composition.

Interpretations of Table IX

1. As the correlations between the sixteen pairs of assignments run, that between 1A and 1B is only fairly high; but the correlation of either of these two assignments and the median of all thirty-two assignments is high, while the median scores for the various grades and for all grades show that either of these assignments will produce results generally typical of pupil averages on a considerable number of assignments. Either 1A or 1B, then, would be a pretty reliable single topic upon which to test pupils for marking purposes. They are not fruitful enough to use in classifying pupils.

2. The correlations between Assignments 2A and 2B are comparatively low throughout and their median scores by grades are eccentric, making inadvisable the use of either of these topics for testing.

3. While the pair-correlation between Assignments 3A and 3B is fairly high and those between the single topics and the median of all topics very high, the distinctly varying degrees of attractiveness of these subjects to the different years make them comparatively unsuitable as single tests for all junior and senior-high-school

grades. Fig. VIII shows the curve of achievement on Assignment 3A to be decidedly favorable to younger pupils. While "The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had" arouses maximal effort from junior-high-school pupils, older children react indifferently toward it. The Hudelson Scale will, therefore, test most reliably the maximal ability of junior-high-school pupils. While the same is somewhat true of the Willing Scale and the Lewis Narration Scale, they are more suitable, in so far as the topic is concerned, to the senior high school than is the Hudelson Scale.

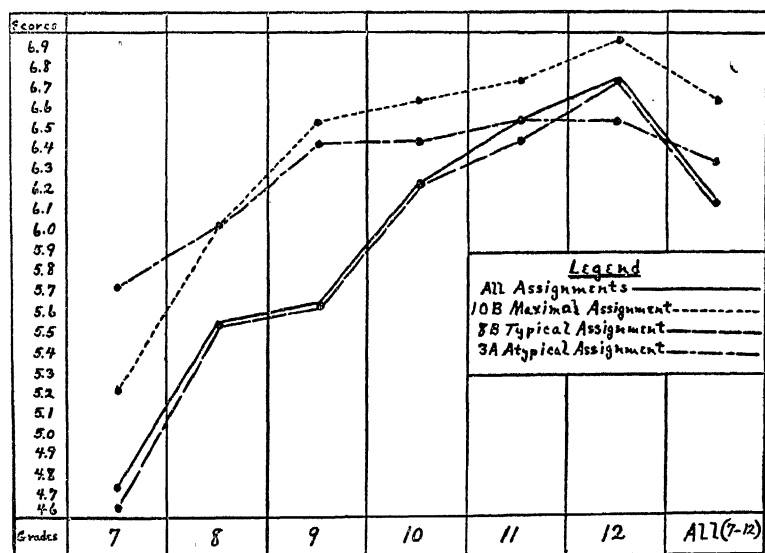


FIG. VIII.—COMPARISON OF MEDIAN SCORES, BY GRADES, ON ALL ASSIGNMENTS WITH MEDIAN SCORES, BY GRADES, ON "MAXIMAL" ASSIGNMENT, "TYPICAL" ASSIGNMENT, AND ONE "ATYPICAL" ASSIGNMENT

4. Pupils' reactions to "What I Should Like to Do Next Saturday" are only fairly indicative of what they will do on "How I Should Like to Spend Next Fourth of July." Results on both assignments reveal reasonably well pupil averages on a large number of assignments. Here again, however, the advantage is with the younger pupils. This would indicate that the Nassau Scale is also particularly adapted to junior-high-school testing.

5. Book reviews and recounted stories afford inferior and comparatively unreliable assignments for either classifying or grading pupils.

6. Compositions based upon overheard remarks, such as those quoted in Assignments 6A and 6B, are fairly reliable criteria of both pupil ability and pupil achievement in the senior high school, but appear to be unsuited to junior-high-school pupils.

7. With the possible exception of the seventh grade, the assigning of unfinished stories to be completed (Assignments 7A and 7B) furnishes a highly reliable single test of typical pupil ability. It would appear, then, that Rice chose his assignment wisely, and that, in this respect, the Breed and Frostic Scale is valuable for both junior and senior-high-school use. Seventh-grade reactions to other assignments appealing to love of adventure, such as Topics 3A and 3B, make the seventh-grade results on Topics 7A and 7B of possible doubtful validity; yet there seems to be little consistency among pupils of that age, whatever the nature of the assignment.

8. Of the thirty-two assignments employed in this study, story-reproductions produce results most indicative of typical pupil achievement in all intermediate and high-school years. Both the pair correlation and the correlations between either topic and the median of all assignments are high, while the median achievements by grades are almost identical with the median scores by grades on all thirty-two assignments. In the case of Assignment 8B the results may, indeed, be called identical. Fig. VIII pictures this condition impressively. It means that a composition based upon that assignment will test a group of pupils of the junior and senior high schools about as reliably as if they were to be scored upon a number of themes.

9. Except for seventh-grade children, the posting of suggestive words to be incorporated in stories also furnishes a reliable single test of pupils' average achievement on a number of assignments.

10. The human interest theme, "My First Lie," appeals more to the still conscientious younger pupils than it does to those in the senior high school. Assignment 10B, however, apparently elicits from children of all high-school ages about the best that is in them. Its high correlation with the median scores on all assignments and

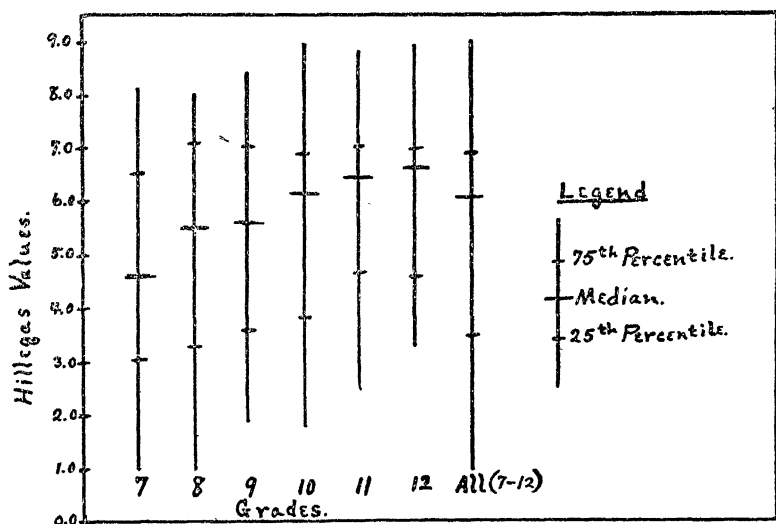


FIG. IX.—RANGE, MEDIAN SCORE, 25TH PERCENTILE, AND 75TH PERCENTILE OF EACH GRADE ON ALL ASSIGNMENTS

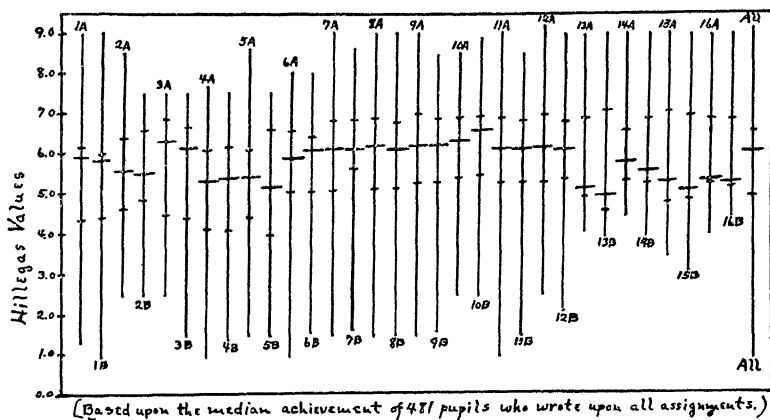


FIG. X.—RANGE, MEDIAN SCORE, 25TH PERCENTILE, AND 75TH PERCENTILE OF ALL GRADES COMBINED ON EACH ASSIGNMENT

(Based upon the median achievement of 481 pupils who wrote upon all assignments)

its power to produce uniformly superior compositions make this the best of any of the thirty-two assignments for discovering the maximal composition capacity of pupils. Fig. VIII compares graphically the results of this assignment with those of Assignments 3A and 8B and with the median scores on all assignments.

11. Assignments 11A and 11B, like 7A and 7B and 9A and 9B, furnish themes for reliably testing the typical achievement of pupils in all grades except the seventh. The seventh-grade record on the eleventh pair of topics furnishes another example of the fickle tastes evidently characteristic of early adolescence.

12. Contrary to expectations, pupils who are allowed to choose their own theme subjects produce results highly indicative of their average composition achievement. The correlations between pairs of such uncontrolled assignments and the correlations between their medians and the median scores on a number of topics show such an assignment to be a more reliable test of pupil groups than of individuals. This is true of any test, but it seems to be emphasized in this assignment.

13. Narrations based upon camping and school experiences produce approximately typical achievement in seventh-, eighth-, and ninth-grade classes. This prompts the conclusion that composition scales which observe discourse distinctions are not without considerable justification, and that Ballou's and Van Wagenen's narration scales are, in this respect at least, useful devices. On these and the remaining assignments no returns were obtained from tenth-, eleventh-, and twelfth-grade classes.

14. In this, as in all earlier studies of this kind made by the author, children do decidedly better in primarily descriptive writing than they do in themes emphasizing any other of the four forms of discourse. That this is particularly true of pupils of junior-high-school age is shown by the results of the 2A and 2B themes, many of which were as descriptive as they were narrative. The appeal made by camping and school experiences is evidently strong enough to tax the maximal descriptive composition ability of junior-high-school pupils.

15. Expositions on the same two assignments produce results highly indicative of the average achievement shown on a series of

assignments of various discourses; but expository themes on one topic apparently do not reliably predict what the same pupils will accomplish with expositions on other topics.

16. Consistency between the merit of one argumentative theme and another is likewise low. Such assignments do, however, provoke group achievement that is fairly representative of the average accomplishment of the same group on a number of assignments in various discourses.

17. Measured in Hillegas terms by the use of the Nassau narrative scale for general composition merit, seventh-, eighth-, and ninth-grade pupils excel in description, and do about equally well in the other three discourses.

18. A narrative scale will probably measure the quality of narrative themes more reliably than it will the quality of themes confined to or stressing the other discourses.

19. The pair-correlations on the themes observing discourse distinctions (Assignments 13A to 16B) are uniformly lower in Harvard-Newton terms than they are when scored by the Nassau County Supplement. There is also generally a low correlation between the Nassau scores on 108 pupil themes and the Harvard-Newton scores on the same themes by the same judges. These facts do not in themselves prove the superiority of either instrument over the other; but the correlations between the scores on these 108 themes by four trained judges and the scores on the same themes by four other trained judges, recorded in Table VI, Chapter IV, show the Nassau County Supplement to be distinctly more reliable.

TABLE X—RANGE, MEDIAN SCORE, TWENTY-FIFTH PERCENTILE, AND SEVENTY-FIFTH PERCENTILE OF EACH GRADE ON ALL ASSIGNMENTS

Grade	Lowest Score	Highest Score	Range	Median	Twenty-fifth Percentile	Seventy-fifth Percentile
7	1.0	8.2	7.2	4.7	3.1	6.6
8	1.0	8.0	7.0	5.5	3.3	7.2
9	1.9	8.4	6.5	5.6	3.6	7.1
10	1.8	9.0	7.2	6.2	3.8	6.9
11	2.5	8.8	6.3	6.5	4.7	7.1
12	3.3	8.9	5.6	6.7	4.6	7.0
All.....	1.0	9.0	8.0	6.1	3.5	6.9

TABLE XI—RANGE, MEDIAN SCORE, TWENTY-FIFTH PERCENTILE, AND SEVENTY-FIFTH PERCENTILE OF ALL GRADES COMBINED ON EACH ASSIGNMENT
(Based upon the median achievement of 481 pupils who wrote upon all assignments)

Assignments	Lowest Score	Highest Score	Range	Median Score	Twenty-fifth Percentile	Seventy-fifth Percentile
1A	1.3	9.0	7.7	5.9	4.3	6.2
1B	1.0	9.0	8.0	5.8	4.4	6.0
2A	2.5	8.5	6.0	5.6	4.7	6.4
2B	2.5	7.5	5.0	5.5	4.8	6.6
3A	2.5	7.5	5.0	6.3	4.5	6.9
3B	1.5	7.5	6.0	6.2	4.4	6.7
4A	1.0	7.7	6.7	5.3	4.2	6.1
4B	1.4	7.5	6.1	5.4	4.2	6.2
5A	1.5	8.6	7.1	5.4	4.4	6.1
5B	1.5	7.5	6.0	5.2	4.0	6.6
6A	1.0	8.0	7.0	5.9	5.1	6.6
6B	1.6	8.0	6.4	6.1	5.1	6.4
7A	1.5	9.0	7.5	6.1	5.1	6.8
7B	1.7	8.6	6.9	6.1	5.7	6.8
8A	1.5	9.0	7.5	6.2	5.2	6.9
8B	1.5	9.0	7.5	6.1	5.2	6.8
9A	1.5	9.0	7.5	6.2	5.3	7.0
9B	1.6	8.4	6.8	6.2	5.3	6.9
10A	2.5	8.5	6.0	6.3	5.4	6.9
10B	2.5	8.8	6.3	6.6	5.5	6.9
11A	1.0	9.0	8.0	6.2	5.3	6.9
11B	1.5	8.5	7.0	6.1	5.3	6.8
12A	2.5	9.2	6.7	6.2	5.3	7.0
12B	2.2	9.0	6.8	6.1	5.4	6.8
13A	4.2	9.0	4.8	5.2	5.0	6.9
13B	4.0	9.0	5.0	5.0	4.7	7.1
14A	4.5	9.0	4.5	5.8	5.4	6.6
14B	4.0	9.0	5.0	5.6	5.3	6.9
15A	3.5	9.0	5.5	5.3	4.8	7.1
15B	3.2	9.0	5.8	5.1	4.9	7.0
16A	4.1	9.0	4.9	5.4	5.4	6.9
16B	4.5	9.0	4.5	5.3	5.3	6.9
All.....	1.0	9.2	8.2	6.1	5.0	6.6

TABLE XII—PERCENTAGE COMPARISONS OF EACH GRADE WITH EACH OTHER GRADE

Grades	7	8	9	10	11	12
7		39	38	31	26	24
8	60		49	41	35	32
9	74	51		37	33	32
10	65	56	55		40	34
11	74	64	61	55		44
12	73	63	61	56	52	

This Table reads: 39 percent of Grade 7 equals or surpasses the median score of Grade 8; 38 percent of Grade 7 equals or surpasses the median score of Grade 9; 31 percent of Grade 7 equals or surpasses the median score of Grade 10, etc.

20. Most of the composition assignments vary in their appeal to pupils of different ages. Assignments 2A, 2B, 3A, and 3B, for example, are decidedly advantageous to junior-high-school pupils. This characteristic is generally more significant than is the difference between the suitability of the various topics for testing pupils of all grades.

21. The younger a child is, the more unpredictable seems to be the nature of the assignments that will appeal to him. Pupils in the senior high school appear to be less emotional, less discriminating, and less concerned. They take more complacently the assignments they are given.

22. The results of this and other studies reveal a distinct slump in composition improvement in the ninth grade.

23. The most striking facts about the results of this study are the small differences between the median achievements of the various grades on each assignment, the slight differences between the median achievements of the various grades on all assignments, the small differences in the median achievements of all grades combined on the various assignments, and the consequent ranges and overlappings in all cases. Figs. IX and X picture these conditions graphically, Tables X and XI show them in scale terms, and Table XII records the overlappings in percentages. There is far more difference on each assignment and on all assignments between pupils in any one grade than there is between the medians of the seventh and twelfth grades. This supports Thorndike's contentions (42):

"The paragraph writing of pupils in our high schools and that of the world's hundred best English writers undoubtedly overlap considerably in merit. . . . In the judgment of high-school teachers of English, the worst tenth of paragraph writing of high-school pupils is nearly half way from zero toward the best the world knows. What we rightly consider a mediocre composition still represents nearly three-fourths of the progress possible. . . . The world pays enormous sums in money and fame for a difference so small that one person out of four cannot see it."

Haggerty and Van Wagenen (23) also found this condition so marked that they rightly concluded:

"While the amount of growth in ability in composition writing seems, when thus more objectively and more accurately measured than is usually the case, comparatively small, it must be borne in mind that growth in ability to write composition is a very complex thing.

"It not only includes a wider range of information about a large number of topics, an accumulation of new insights and points of view from which the new as well as the old information may be interpreted; it includes also among other things an increased vocabulary of names attached to newly isolated elements and relationships, new habits of combining words to express such new relationships as well as familiar ones in a way that they become clear to others, the correction of faulty habits that violate approved usages in language, the wider and clearer comprehension of language elements and their proper marks of punctuation upon which even competent students of English do not agree. When one considers the amount of time and effort that are necessary to gain a limited amount of information, the paucity of insights that people in general acquire during a brief period of a few weeks, the large expenditure of time and effort that is required to form a few new habits and the still greater expenditure that is necessary to correct well established faulty ones, it is not surprising that the amount of growth in composition ability that results from

a few weeks' practice in theme writing is very small indeed when measured on a scale of general merit in English composition.

"While the gains in certain phases of composition ability may seem to the teacher of English much more marked than these results seem to indicate, they may be largely masked by a seemingly small gain in the thought content phase of English composition ability, a change which, in reality, represents an enormous change in the individual."

CONCLUSIONS

With whatever limitations, then, the thirty-two somewhat arbitrarily selected but diversified and representative composition assignments impose, the aims of this study have been realized. A composition assignment has been found which will produce themes that are typical of the median quality of themes that a group of children will write on a large number of topics. This means a topic on which a group of pupils will do as well as their average score would be for, say, a whole year. This one assignment should test junior-and senior-high-school pupils as reliably as if they were to be tested a number of times and their median score taken as their grade.

The other discovery is a topic which will reveal pupils' maximal² abilities in composition. Such an assignment will show how well pupils can possibly write when their interests are fully aroused and all their energy is being expended. This assignment will furnish a basis for classification; then the other assignment may be used for determining the degree to which pupils exercise their full capacities.

Since the most reliable measurements can be made when the samples in the scale are based upon the same assignment that has been used for testing, there is need for objective scales on the two topics mentioned above. Such scales have been devised, and, together with instructions on their use, appear in Chapter VI.

²The term "maximal" should here be considered relatively. It is maximal when compared with the other thirty-one assignments. There may be topics which will evoke still more meritorious responses.

SUMMARY

Results obtained from studies based upon all composition scales existing heretofore have shown only how well pupils have written upon the topic assigned; they have not consciously and confidently proved how well pupils can possibly write. Teachers of composition need to know this before classifying their pupils. Then, after the children have been grouped according to their highest abilities in writing, teachers need an objective scale to enable them to determine accurately from time to time the degree to which their pupils are exercising their full capacities. This knowledge, expressed as it will be in terms of effort, will furnish the teacher a reliable basis for justly grading his pupils within their group. Objective instruments, called hereafter the Maximal Composition Ability Scale and the Typical Composition Ability Scale, have been devised to aid English teachers in performing these functions. The two scales, together with instructions on their use, appear in Chapter VI, and practise lists for untrained teachers are published in Section VI of the Appendix.

CHAPTER VI

OBJECTIVE SCALES FOR MEASURING COMPOSITION ABILITIES

THE DERIVATION OF THE SCALES

When a teacher of any subject undertakes to classify his pupils, he should employ reliable means for discovering the highest level in his subject to which those pupils can attain. Such means have been devised for discovering maximal mental capacity, and are now being widely used under the name of intelligence tests. No such instrument has heretofore been consciously designed in the field of English composition. The scales that are in use measure achievement, but not necessarily ability. They show how well children *do* write, but not assuredly how well they *can* write. It is to show pupils' maximal capacity for writing that the first of these scales—the "Maximal Composition Ability Scale"—has been devised. Its samples are based upon that one of thirty-two varied and representative assignments which produced the highest median quality of composition from 770 junior- and senior-high-school pupils.

After pupils have been homogeneously grouped according to their highest ability in composition, it becomes the concern of their English teacher to employ the best methods of encouraging them to exert their full powers. As a scientific guide for testing the efficacy of various methods of instruction and as an index for determining the amount of effort his pupils have expended, an English teacher needs a scale representing typical pupil ability and arousing typical pupil interest. For thus testing methods of teaching composition and for grading pupils within their group, this "Typical Composition Ability Scale" has been devised. The specimens in it are based upon that one of thirty-two representative assignments which inspired responses most typical of the average quality of composition work done on all assignments by nearly eight hundred pupils. Themes based upon this single assignment will,

therefore, provide about as reliable a test of pupils' practical composition ability as could be got by averaging their theme grades for a year.

These scales are composed entirely of themes written by elementary, high-school, and university students in various parts of the country. After the two scale topics had been determined upon, samples were chosen which represented, according to the median judgment of at least eight teachers, varying degrees of general composition merit. Fifty themes on each topic were carefully reproduced, and mimeographed copies sent to exactly two hundred composition teachers in all parts of the country who are trained in the use of composition scales. These two hundred teachers scored the one hundred themes by the Hudelson Composition Scale. They were instructed not to interpolate values, but to assign to each mimeographed theme the exact value assigned to that sample in the scale to which the mimeographed theme most nearly compared in general composition merit. One hundred of the teachers scored the themes in one order, while the other one hundred scored them in reverse order.

The values assigned to the samples in the two scales represent the median judgments of the two hundred trained scorers. Those themes were selected for the scales whose median scores represent uniform degrees of merit. When more than one composition received the same median rating, that one was chosen upon which the judges agreed most closely. The values of the samples are expressed in Hillegas terms, and do not, therefore, bear any intentional relation to the percentage basis of scoring.

WHY TO USE THE SCALES

These scales are but means toward ends. The most important of those ends are (1) to test impartially the various methods of teaching composition by measuring their results; (2) to measure those results in accurate, objective, stable, and understandable terms; (3) to furnish a common basis for comparing the writing proficiency of different pupils within the same class or school or that of pupils in different classes or schools; (4) to classify pupils fairly in composition; (5) to grade them justly within their group;

(6) to enable teachers to discover their reliability in judging the general merit of English composition; and (7) to furnish pupils an incentive to self-competition. The Maximal Composition Ability Scale is designed particularly to accomplish aim number four, while the Typical Composition Ability Scale is especially adapted to the realization of aim number five. Both scales are equally suited to the attainment of the other five aims.¹

WHEN TO USE THE SCALES

Being derived from the results of group tests, these scales, like any others, will be most reliable when used to determine the ability of classes or schools. In dealing with individual pupils even highly trained judges will do well to use the median judgment of at least three trained scorers, and to supplement the results of the composition test with intelligence scores and with the marks of competent teachers on their classroom work. But one application alone of either of these scales will determine a single pupil's classification or grade more reliably than is possible by the use of only subjective, personal composition standards.

Objective scales should be used only at intervals sufficient to show progress. Being devoid of the personal equation, they are not adapted to daily instruction or even to weekly use. They are designed to give an impersonal evaluation on ability or accomplishment; hence the Maximal Ability Scale should be used at the beginning of the term for grouping pupils advantageously, and the Typical Ability Scale should be used, say, at the close of the term when the teacher needs to grade a pupil reliably upon his effort.

HOW TO USE THE SCALES

A teacher should first of all thoroughly familiarize himself with the scale that he intends to use. He should then test his reliability in scoring by this instrument. For this purpose several Practice Lists have been inserted in Section VI of the Appendix to this volume, with a key-list of correct scores following them. A

¹For a fuller discussion of the functions of composition scales, consult Chapter III. See also *Hudelson English Composition Scale*, pp. 21-22. World Book Company.

teacher should score the first set of practise exercises, then compare his judgments with the scores in the key. If his systematic error² is more than .5, he should continue to score practise exercises until he has satisfactorily reduced his error.

For purposes of comparison, a list of schools whose pupils have been tested in composition by the use of the Hillegas Scale or one of its derivatives is published in Section VII of the Appendix. Table XIII gives the national January standards for the various school grades. In testing pupils for the purpose of comparing their results with the standards, it is important that identical conditions, assignment, and procedure be observed as far as possible. The assignments and procedure used in administering the tests from which these scales were derived are, therefore, repeated here.

MAXIMAL COMPOSITION ABILITY SCALE ASSIGNMENT

When your pupils have been supplied with writing materials, say to them: "I want you to write me a story. I am going to give you the title, which you are to write down. You will then be given fifteen minutes in which to write the best story you can on that subject." The title is "How I Learned a Lesson." At the end of fifteen minutes collect all papers promptly.

TYPICAL COMPOSITION ABILITY SCALE ASSIGNMENT

When your pupils have been supplied with writing materials, say to them, "I am going to read you a story. Please listen carefully while I read it, for when I am through I want you to write it in your own words. I have already written on the blackboard the title of this story and the proper names that occur in it." Then read clearly the following story:

A SNOWBALL FIGHT ON SLATTER'S HILL

Slatter's Hill, or No Man's Land, as it was generally called, was a rise of ground covering perhaps an acre and a quarter, situated on an imaginary line marking the boundary between the North End and the South End of town.

²For detailed instructions on how to establish one's reliability on the Hillegas Scale or any of its derivatives, consult *Hudelson English Composition Scale*, pp. 20-27. World Book Company.

One evening twenty or thirty of the North Enders quietly took possession of Slatter's Hill, and threw up a strong line of breast-works. Fancy the rage of the South Enders next day, when they spied our snowy fort, with Jack Harris's silk handkerchief floating defiantly from the flagstaff! In less than half an hour it was known all over town, in military circles at least, that the South Enders intended to attack the fort that Saturday afternoon.

At two o'clock all the fighting boys of the North End, and as many recruits as we could muster, lay behind the walls of Fort Slatter, with three hundred snowballs piled up, awaiting the approach of the enemy. The enemy was not slow in making his approach,—fifty strong, headed by Mat Ames. Our forces were under the command of General J. Harris.

The thrilling moment had now arrived. The fort opened fire first,—a single ball from the hand of General Harris taking General Ames in the very pit of his stomach. A cheer went up from Fort Slatter. In an instant the air was thick with flying snowballs, in the midst of which we dimly saw the storming parties sweeping up the hill, shoulder to shoulder.

Not more than a dozen of the enemy succeeded in reaching the crest of the hill; five of these clambered upon the icy walls, where they were instantly grabbed by the legs, jerked into the fort, and made prisoners. Twice we were within an ace of being driven from our stronghold, when General Harris and his staff leaned recklessly upon the ramparts and hurled the besiegers heels over head down the hill. The rest retired confused and blinded by our well-directed fire.

At sunset the garrison of Fort Slatter was still unconquered, and the South Enders marched away whistling "Yankee Doodle," while we cheered and jeered them till they were out of hearing. When General Harris, with his right eye bunged up, said, "Soldiers, I'm proud of you!" my heart swelled in my bosom.

The battle passed into a legend; and afterwards, when later instances of pluck and endurance were spoken of, the boys would say, "By golly, you ought to have been at the fight on Slatter's Hill!"

Collect all papers promptly at the end of fifteen minutes.

TABLE XIII—NATIONAL COMPOSITION STANDARDS^a

Grade.....	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII	IX	X	XI	XII	Month
Quality.....	3.0	3.6	4.2	4.7	5.3	5.5	5.9	6.3	6.7	January

^aThese standards represent the curve of progress, slightly smoothed, of the composite scores of the schools listed in Section VII of the Appendix.

When the teacher is ready to score themes, he should place the scale before him, review it, read the first theme to be scored, compare it with the scale samples one by one, and give it the value of that scale sample to which it most nearly compares in general composition merit. The steps on these scales are fine enough that for group testing a teacher need not interpolate values. When a teacher has become expert with the use of a scale he will not need to begin with the lowest sample and consult each step in order, but can go at once to that part of the scale which contains samples approximately equal in quality to the theme to be scored, and by studying the two or three consecutive samples in that level of the scale, can quickly assign the theme its appropriate score.

In grading an individual, the scale value of his composition, preferably checked by his intelligence rating and teacher-marks, will be his composition grade. In group testing, the median score is the best one to use. This can be had nearly enough for all practical purposes for groups of considerable size by arranging the scores in ascending or descending order, and taking the score of the middle paper as the composition grade for that class. If there are an even number of pupils in the group, the average score of the two middle papers will represent the practical median.

If the object of the test is to compare one's pupils with the standard for their grade, the only remaining step is to consult Table XIII. If, however, one wishes to test various methods of instruction or to measure pupil progress from time to time, it is recommended that, rather than repeat the assignment previously used, another topic be chosen from Table IX which produces results closely comparable to those produced by the assignment upon which the scale is based, and that the themes written upon this new assignment be scored by the Typical Ability Scale. Assignments 1A, 1B, 7A, 7B, 8A, 9A, 9B, 11A, 11B, 12A, and 12B will all yield compositions comparatively typical of the average achievement of junior- and senior-high-school pupils, and are, therefore, fairly reliable guides for grading. For classifying pupils, Assignment 3A is a reasonably reliable criterion. Themes based upon it should be scored by the Maximal Composition Ability Scale.

MAXIMAL COMPOSITION ABILITY SCALE

0.002

SAMPLE 1

How I Learned a Lesson

0.0

Me and sorm orf frinds wise arm the ic and my fit slep om the burk it I get wite to I gort did not my han out Bad I hare noct goit arn the it after that our e the water.

0.992

SAMPLE 2

How I Learned a Lesson

1.0

I stop in the maltel of the street and a man cone to pase me and he hate ne and I kawt hin ofte the road and he hadnearrested and I burght njji witness and I wast bate coses nj witness sade and I know I was in the maltel of the road and I hade to pay \$14 and 60¢ and I know I wont stop in the maltel of the street any more.

2.013

SAMPLE 3

How i learn a lesson

2.0

When I chewed tobacco and they found it owt they whipped me for about fifteen minnutes with popo bush. they broke ten switches out on me. but i kept on chewing. They found it out and my papa and Mamma whipped me for abowt twenty minnutes and learn me a lesson.

3.023

SAMPLE 4

How I learned a lesson.

3.0

One day I left here to go to Buckhannon in an automobile. And as I was driving up the mountain in second gear the car become very hot. so I stopped about two thirds the way up and got some water in a stream below the road and I took the radiator cap off. hot water flew all over me bunning my face and hands. I filled it with water and went an. but I learned a lesson. that is never take a cap off the radiator when it is steaming and I learned another thing never fill a hot motor with water. wait till it cools. for my motor stuck on that account.

2.998

SAMPLE 5

How I Learned a Lesson

3.0

One night I wanted to go to the movies. There was a quarter laying on the kitchen cabinet. I picked the money up and went to the show. When I come back mother ask me where the money was. I said "I got it and went to the movies" She said "well you won't get once more money this week." Now I ask her for money when I want ony.

3.997

SAMPLE 6

How I Learned a Lesson,

4.0

One night not long agoe I was in town with my small brother Hugh, of about five years of age. He wanted as he always does candy peanuts and things too eat. So I got him about two lb. of candy and a large bag of peanuts and some chewing gum. Then we went and got some ice cream. After that we went to the show and all thro the show he and I sat and ate the diferent things I had bought. After the show was over we still had some left but we took this home and ate it all before going to bed. The next morning I couldnt get up & Hugh felt very bad. The doc. came and pronounced our trouble indigestion. And Oh! the nasty medicine we had to take! This taught us a lesson "That all who dance must the fiddler pay."

4.038

SAMPLE 7

How I Learned a Lesson.

4.0

It is said that experience is a dear teacher and *that* is one of the lessons I learned along with the real lesson,

One day I came home from school (as I have been in the habit of doing for the past eleven years) to find the house locked. When our house is locked up and the familly go out there are just two ways I know of to get in. The first and by far the easiest is to get the particular key that belongs to the lock in the front door and after inserting it in the lock, turn it, push forward and the door will come open. If a key cannot be obtained there is just one way left, as I know of (and I have had years of experience) and that is to get a good heavy brick and heave it thru the window. Not that I have ever tried this method but its the only sure remidy left as I *Have* tried all the others that my brain could conjur up

4.007

SAMPLE 8

How I Learned a Lesson

One day I said I wasn't going school any more. Mother said I had better keep on going to school, but I didn't want to go to school.

4.0

Then I went to wrok and worked about one year so I got tired and quit working. Then when I wanted to back to work I could not get a job. Then I went to onather place and they ask if I had a high school education, I told them no. They said you had better go to school and get one. I went back home and started to school and I did not quit until I got a education.

5.038

SAMPLE 9

How I Learned a Lesson

Two years ago I worked for a meat shop. Every day I spent a good deal of money on such things as soft drinks, ice cream, and other good things. I did this all summer. My mother warned me against it, but I kept indulging in these things.

5.0

By the time school sommenced I began to have stomach trouble. Mother made me quit eating anything I wanted, and kept me on a diet. Finally I was cured of the trouble. Since then I do not 'eat drink and be merry,' as much as then.

4.991

SAMPLE 10

How I learned a Lesson

One evening my brother and myself were going after the cows. We had to cross a railroad track. At this time of the evening no trains were due. I was walking (better say galking) along about three feet in front of my brother. My mind was taken up by some subject. I don't remember what. (When I finish this story you will understand why.) When like a bolt out of a clear sky I heard someone roar, "Look out you idiot where you're going." I stopt dead still about one foot from the railroad track. Just then the yard engine silently went by. One more step and I wouldn't be writing this composition. If any look ever said, "You crazy idiot." The look the men on that engine did. I went on feeling like one.

5.0

It was proved to me that "Experience is a dear teacher but fools will learn from no other.

5.0265

SAMPLE 11

How I Learned a Lesson

5.0

This holiday business had learned me a lesson. I have missed one class in the first semester. This morning Mr. Lockhart got up in our assembly period and announced that all the students of Bloomville High School who had not missed a class or been tardy during the first semester would get a holiday on Friday, while the other poor "boobs" would have to come to school as usual. The one class that I had missed was cooking. It was not absolutely necessary. I'll wager that the next semester if anyone gets a holiday the second semester, Ruth Simpson will be one of them!

5.991

SAMPLE 12

How I Learned a Lesson.

6.0

When I was about four years of age Father and I were strolling in the woodland one beautiful spring day when we came upon a plot of ground blue with bluets. Now, I am never more pleased than when I am near flowers, so I started to pick some of the bluets. Father warned me not to go close, as there were bees on the flowers, and they might sting me; but I paid no heed. I was having a glorious time, when all of a sudden a bee became affectionate with me and sat down good and hard on my hand. This taught me a good lesson, for since that experience I always try to keep as far as possible from bees.

6.036

SAMPLE 13

How I Learned a Lesson.

A few years ago While at my home on the farm, I learned a very useful lesson in obedience.

6.0

My sister and I often slipped out to skate on the crust on the snow. We had an apple orchard against the hillside a little ways from the house. One morning when we got up the rain had made the crust over the snow just like ice. So my sister and I decided to slip out before school and go, "crust skating." Mother had told us to stay off the snow crust as it was dangerous, but we did not do it. We went to the top of the orchard and started down the hill. It was very nice, until my toe broke through the crust and threw me headlong down the hill. I fell flat on

my face and as it was so smooth, and down hill, I did not stop but kept on sliding, lying face downward, until my shoulder and side of my head, struck an apple tree. This whirled me around with my feet down the hill, and stopped me. I lay unconscious for about half an hour. When my senses came to me my sister was standing by me, scared green. Under the old apple tree we made a pledge, to obey our mother and this pledge we are still trying to keep.

5.994

SAMPLE 14

How I Learned a Lesson

6.0

I went to the store one day for my guardian, and as I was yet small, I was told to watch for the train when crossing the bridge. I was with a little girl friend and paid no attention to the advice. We went on to the store, and started back home. When we were about half-way across the bridge we saw the train coming very near us. We could neither go on nor go back. The only thing we knew to do was to jump off. The jump didn't hurt us, but the narrow escape scared us and we learned a valuable lesson.

6.997

SAMPLE 15

How I Learned a Lesson

7.0

One evening in June I walked down the road with another fellow's girl. I thought I was doing something wonderful to take a girl right away from somebody else.

We had walked slowly for about an hour when I noticed an automobile approaching at high speed. The driver acted as though he wanted to go someplace and get back, all in the same day. When he came closer I saw that it was my girl's beau. I began to get shakey about the knees and then to turn white. I could almost feel myself losing my color, for he was a large fellow. He was a lot larger this time than he had ever been before.

He drove up alongside of us and asked if we would like to ride. Of course, the girl blurted out that we would be delighted. We rode around for some time and then went to the girl's home. She fed us on ice cream and cake and made us feel as if we were the only two people she thought anything of.

At last the time came for going home. This young fellow who called himself a close friend of mine and I left at

the same time. We got into his machine and drove around the town for a time. My nerve was just getting back where I could talk, when he stopped in a secluded place and said that he would like to have a few words with me. My honor at stake, I said, "Certainly." We climbed out of the car, and then and there he gave me the licking of my life.

7.049

SAMPLE 16

How I Learned a Lesson.

7.0

Ruth was, and is, without doubt the best friend I ever Had. For years we were devoted to one another. Always she aimed to please me in small things and to share willingly every sorrow or glad sacrifice. It is that which makes friendship a dear thing.

After a long spring spent together in the bonds of close friendship we parted for the summer, each promising to write faithfully. I did not keep my promise. In the happiness of my vacation I neglected her letters. I did not even think of her.

My carelessness did not change her attitude towards me. She was always governed by that sweet simplicity and sincerity which is so essential in a true friend. Never did she speak unkindly of me, nor would she hear me spoken unkindly of.

Before many months had passed I realized that in my carelessness I was destroying a true friendship. In the bigness of her heart she forgave me; but I learned that there is nothing so dear as a loyal friend.

8.010

SAMPLE 17

How I Learned a Lesson.

"Aw, come on! What's the matter, fraid you'll get your feet wet?"

8.0

Jack Horton shouted to me from a hundred feet out in the river. He was going to see how far he could wade on a ledge of rock jutting out from the south bank. I was standing in the edge of the water, eager to follow him, but reluctant, for Father had given me the strict injunction not to venture beyond my depth.

With a disdainful glance at me Jack turned and began wading out into the stream. His contempt hurt, for I knew I was a better swimmer than Jack.

"What's the difference anyway," I ejaculated. "Father will never know." I threw aside compunction and waded out into the water.

Jack was many yards ahead of me, so I waded rapidly to overtake him. As the water rose to my hips, then to my shoulders, the current became so strong I could scarcely keep my footing. Finally the water reached my chin. Jack was swimming down the middle of the river toward the beach where the other boys were. They were watching me, so I followed him.

The distance had not been half covered when I began to feel tired. In attempting to turn onto my back to rest I dipped my nose into the water, and strangled. Jack was fifty yards away. I was in the very middle of the river and the current seemed to be carrying me away from the beach. A poignant sense of fear passed through me, and with it came the thought of my father's command. I remembered how Bryan Gordon, one of the best swimmers in town, had drowned at this spot five days before at five minutes past three. Bryan, too, was his parents' only child.

It was only with the greatest difficulty that I composed myself, blew the water from my nose, and turned onto my back to rest. I finally reached the bank, completely exhausted from fright and fatigue. As I struggled out of the water I resolved never again to disobey a command of my father.

8.991

SAMPLE 18

Grub Hollow's Lesson.

When I sat down to think over the experiences of my life that have been profitable to me my memory wandered back to one of the big lessons that I learned when I was yet a little child.

I was in the sixth grade in a little country school. Here I mingled with children from all stations in life and made friends with them all. There was, however, something insincere about my friendship for the poorer children. It was due, I now believe, to a feeling of superiority over them. I resented the ravenous manner in which they ate their lunches I divided with them; I detested their furtive glances when we talked; and I could not tolerate their tendency to lie. In all, they had an uncouth bearing that I could neither understand nor forgive.

9.0

That spring our teacher invited me to go with her while she took the enumeration. After visiting a number of homes we came to a place called Grub Hollow where several of our school patrons lived. In one little shack we found the family huddled around a little stove, the walls and floors bare, and everything most squalid and depressing. In another, a dirty, miserable hovel, we found a blind father, an indolent, flabby mother, and three mangy children. Finally we found a family of fourteen living in one room amid unspeakable conditions.

On our way home Miss Marxson was strangely silent, and, child that I was, tears stood in my eyes. I had heard "the still sad music of humanity," and it had given me a new understanding. Never again did I feel haughtily toward those children; and all through life that experience has modified my judgment of human conduct.

TYPICAL COMPOSITION ABILITY SCALE

0.009

SAMPLE 1

0.0

a Suerwbal biaht on Stters ile,
scuball ard the boy sur and the boy the hag at the fors fon
boys the gain soe sunbright.

0.997

SAMPLE 2

1.0

a smow roll Fight om slatters hill
the boys wen up there am they had about a 150 smow-
balls arn Jack Harris hit Mat ames right im the stomiet
the they had smow balls goming fron side to side am about
sunset the boy wer I happy am ome with his eye all with a
rag aroung it the Gernorl what find soldiers I got they went
doun the Hhill playing Yonce doe dolle dod

2.009

SAMPLE 3

2.0

A Snow battle on Slatters Hill
The south end boy said that they could lick the north
end boys so the North build a fort on Slattye hill. On the
after noon of wednesday The South advance with their boys
which was fifty strong. The first ball was fired by our gen-
eral Harrison who jit the South general in the pit of the
Stomact and this started the fight. that night the marched
of defeated.

3.0025

SAMPLE 4

3.0

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.
There was some boys out one day and they thought that
they would have a snow-ball fight. They planned that it
would be on Slatter's hill. After awhile they said there
were enough so they would begin. They appointed Mat
Ames on one side for Captain and Mr. Harris on the other.
When the game began the boys on Mr. Ames side had over
three hundred. They began and some would fight hard and
other's wouldn't. One of the men on Mr. Ame's side hit
Mr. Harris on the side of the face. But he fought right
ahead. Then they all got tired and they said they would
quiet. But when they started out Mr. Harris said he was
proud of them. If he did get hit.

3.019

SAMPLE 5

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

3.0

Slatter's hill is sometimes called no mansland is the northern part of the city. It covers about an acre land. One day their was a snowballing their. All the boys in the city made them a fort and three hundred snowballs ready for the enemy. The enemy was not long in approaching. The one at the head of the enemies army threw the first snow and hit the other sides captain. The boys in the city won and as the enemie went back they were whistling Yankee Dootle.

4.008

SAMPLE 6

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

4.0

The boys that lived in the south end of the town built a snow fort and had three hundred snowballs ready for their attack against their enemies, the boys from the North end of town. As their enemies passed they hit the leaden the very first one and then started on the rest. Not more than a dozen reached the fort and they were taken prisoners. After that when any fight was talked about the boys would always mention the Fight on Slatter's Hill.

4.029

SAMPLE 7

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

4.0

Slattes Hill was a small hill which overlooked a villige are small town. One night the boys of the north end assembled and built a large fort on Slallers hill. The next day Jack Harris with all the forces he could muster laid behind their fortifications awaiting the approach of the enemy. They did not have to wait long till they saw Mat Ames approaching followed by fifty boys of the South end. When Mat came within fireing distance General J. Harris hurreled a snowball which struck General Ames in the pit of his stomach. The South end boys were defeat. But when one wanted to boast of his endurance he would say, "Oh by Golly you ought to been at the fight on slatters hill."

4.000

SAMPLE 8

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

4.0

The north enders had built a fort on top of Slatter's hill which covered about one acre.

The next morning when the south enders found out that the north enders had built the fort they started to get the army together.

With about fifty they attacked the fort. Several boys were taken prisoners.

With Jack Harris as leader of the northenders they won. after the battle Jack had a bunged eye but he praised his men much for the work they had done

4.997

SAMPLE 9

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.

It was on Slatter's Hill that the Battle took place.

Slatter's Hill is the boundary line between the North End and the South End.

5.0

We took possession of the hill one afternoon and made us a fort of snow. Under the command of Colone J. Harris we made plenty of ammunition. Some three hundred snowballs.

The South End was enraged when the saw what had happened and the silk handkerchief that floated on the flagstaff waved defiance to the enemy. The resolved to attack the fort that afternoon and under the brave and daring command of Mat Ames they climbed the height. They were slowly advancing toward our strong hold while we lay in wait.

Each man was well supplied and the orders were not to be sparing with the ammunition. As Ames led his men nearer and within range of the fort. Our noble commander jumped upon the breast works and took daedly aim at the advancing officer of the enemy.

The aim was fatal for the spinning showball hit its aim and the enemys leader went rolling down the hill.

This confused the enemy and our captain took advantage of the situation and ordered rapid firing on them. This being done the enemy was soon put to flight except a few who were climbing the breast works. And they were captured.

5.004

SAMPLE 10

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.

Slatter's Hill was situated in the center of town on an imaginary line dividing the North End from the South End.

5.0

One night the boys of the North End quietly took possession of the hill and erected a fort. The next day the enraged South End boys prepared an attack for two o'clock, to be led by Mat Ames.

There was great excitement, and the General of the Northners, Jack Harris, was the only cool one of the bunch. The South End boys marched up the hill sholder to sholder and opened fire on the fort. Thus the battle raged. The South Enders were near driving us out once or twice, but the bravery of our General J. Harris and staff saved the day, and the Battle of Slatter's Hill went down in history.

5.029

SAMPLE 11

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.

One afternoon about four o'clock the North Enders decided to attack the South Enders with snowballs.

5.0

Jack Harris, a tall skinny shap, was general of the North Enders, and Mat Ames, who looked like a tub of butter sitting on two match-sticks, was leader on the South Enders.

The North Enders opened fire upon the fort of the South Enders, which was situated on the crest of Slatter's Hill, and such firing was never seen nor heard of before in that section of the country.

The first ball thrown by the North Enders hit General Mat Ames right in the pit of his stomach, and he let out a yell like someone was being murdered. The fight continued, and the North Enders all had their faces washed by their captors. The captives were made to march in front of the North Enders on their way to prison.

So, ended the battle of Slatter's Hill.

5.997

SAMPLE 12

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

"Slatter's Hill was a rise of ground covering prhaps an acre and quarter of ground, generally termed "No Man's Land."

6.0

"One Night the North Enders under command of Jack Harris quietly took charge of the hill and erected a strong snow fort. Fancy the chagrin of the South Enders next morning when they saw the North Enders in posession of the stronghold. News traveled rapidly and soon it was learned that the South Enders under command of Mat Ames would attack the following Saturday.

"Saturday came and there was about thirty of we North Enders in the fort and a pile of about three-hundred snowballs. About 2 p. m. the South Enders made their attack, fifty strong and charged the fort. A well directed snowball from the hand of General J. Harris took General M. Ames in the pit of the stomach and the fight was on. The fight waged fiercely and thrise we were almost driven from the fort. But the boys fough gamely and we defeated the South Enders who marched away whistling "Yankee Doode", and we jeered them as they wnet."

"After the fight General Harris paying no attention to his black I said "Men I'm proud of you"

After that when any deed of bravery or pluck was mentioned the boys would say, "Golly you ought to have been at Slatter's Hill"

5.994

SAMPLE 13

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.

6.0

Slatter's Hill was a barron sort of place, a kind of "No Man's Land." This hill was the imaginary boundary line between the North and the South Ends of town. Each End had been trying to obtain possession of Slatter's Hill.

One evening the North End, under command of Jack Harris, took possession of Slatter's Hill. They immediately built breastworks of ice and snow. The next afternoon the South End, fifty strong, came up presumably to take the Hill away from the North Enders. A terrible snowball fight ensued, during which several people were taken prisoner; but when the terrific battle ended the North End was still in possession of Slatter's Hill. The only casualty was the bruised eye of Jack Harris. Jack said, "I'm mighty proud of you boys and shall never forget the fight on Slatter's Hill."

6.023

SAMPLE 14

“A Snowball Fight on Slatter’s Hill.”

6.0

Slatter’s Hill was a small rise of ground separating the North End of town from the South End. One morning the North Enders took possession of Slatter’s Hill and built a strong fort, erecting as a flag, Jack Harris’ silk handkerchief. When the South Enders heard of this they were very angry and challenged their opponents to a battle.

At two o’clock General Harris informed us that the enemy was approaching. we opened fire, and then Gen. Jack Hurler a snowball, which hit Mat Ames right in the pit of the stomach. Now Mat Ames was General of the South Enders and they were very indignant when Jack opened fire. For the next hour and a half nothing could be seen but flying snowballs. But the enemy were as brave as we. Five or Six of them made a rush and came over the top of the fort, but they were soon captured and made prisoners.

At six o’clock the battle ended and the victory was ours. General Harris claimed no honors for himself but complimented us all on our brave fighting. But it was the first shot of his that gave us courage.

7.046

SAMPLE 15

A Snowball Fight on Slatter’s Hill.

7.0

Slatter’s Hill, or No-Man’s-Land as it was sometimes called, stands in the center of town. One morning after a heavy snow the Northenders, led by Jack Harris, took possession of the hill and erected a snow-fort upon it. The news spread, and the Southenders, under the command of Mat Ames, accepted the challenge and prepared to storm the fort.

At two that afternoon the Southenders began to ascend the hill in battle formation. General Harris opened fire by hitting General Ames in the stomach with one of the three hundred snowballs prepared for the engagement. Then the struggle waged fiercely. Twice we were nearly dislodged from our stronghold, only the gallantry of our General and his staff saving us. Twelve of the enemy assaulted our very walls, but five of them were seized and made prisoners, while the rest fled. At sunset the fort was

still unconquered and the thinned ranks of the enemy finally retreated.

Above the confusion I heard our General say, "My coddiers, I'm proud of you," and my heart swelled with pride.

7.034

SAMPLE 16

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.

7.0

The rivalry which existed between the Northenders and Southenders was intense. Both were expectant and suspicious. Their battleground, or No-Man's-Land, was Slatter's Hill which formed the boundary line between them.

When the Southenders awoke one morning to find a snow-fort on Slatter's Hill and the silk handkerchief of General Jack Harris, the North End leader, floating defiantly from a flag-pole, they knew that the Northenders had challenged them to a battle. Under command of General Mat Ames they at once mobilized and prepared to attack the fort. As they approached the Northenders opened fire upon them, the very first shot taking General Ames in the solar-plexus. Then the battle began in earnest! Cold shot came thick and fast. Those of Harris's warriors who attempted to scale the walls of the fort were either dragged in and made prisoners or hurled back down the hill.

At sunset General Ames and his defeated braves marched away whistling "Yankee Doodle"; and to this day, when speaking of a great battle, some warrior will say, "By golly, you oughta seen the snowball fight on Slatter's Hill!"

8.012

SAMPLE 17

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

8.0

Slatter's Hill, or No-Man's-Land, stood in the center of town and commanded a view of the whole surrounding country.

With the first big snow Jack Harris organized his bunch of North-Enders and built a big snow-fort on the crest of the famous old battlefield. You can imagine the indignation of Mat Ames and his South-End gang when they discovered the hostile fort.

The whole of that day was taken up with the plans and mobilization of both armies. At two o'clock the next afternoon—the zero hour—Mat and his cronies, fifty strong,

ascended the hill, determined to drive the enemy from their stronghold.

The North-Enders, commanded by General Jack Harris, had not been asleep. They were well organized and had hundreds of snowballs ready. The besiegers' war-cry was answered from the fort. On and on came the South-Enders, each step nearer, each yell louder. At last General Harris fired a snowball which hit General Ames in the stomach. The battle was on! Snowballs flew in every direction. Twice the invaders tried to mount the fort, but were driven off. Then they reorganized for a final attempt to seize the much-coveted place. Forward they came, shoulder to shoulder, into the storm of shot and shell. Again they tried to climb the walls of the powerful fort and again they were repulsed by its invincible defenders. Dismayed, the enemy retreated. The day was ours, and Jack Harris was the hero of the town.

This great battle has been fought over and over again at the drug store, on street corners, any place where boys happen to congregate; and to this day, when some lad starts to talking about a fight, someone pipes up with, "You ought to have seen Jack Harris's fight on Slatter's Hill!"

8.997

SAMPLE 18

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.

In my boyhood our town was divided into two rival factions, the Northenders and the Southenders. In those memorable years Jack Harris was leader of our North End gang, while Mat Ames commanded our rivals. Slatter's Hill, our historic battleground towered between.

9.0

One winter morning the town awoke to find over it a three-foot blanket of snow. Jack Harris, quick to appreciate the situation, called us together and proposed to build a snow-fort on Slatter's Hill. We adopted his suggestion, and that evening crept up the heights and set to work upon our defenses.

Fancy their rage next morning when the Southenders awoke to find a massive fortress frowning down upon them, with Jack Harris's handkerchief flaunting defiantly above it! We were behind the walls with three hundred rounds of ammunition.

The Southenders accepted our challenge and prepared to attack us that afternoon. At exactly two o'clock Gen-

eral Harris spied a line of soldiers, fifty strong and led by Mat Ames, creeping up the hill in open formation. We lay by our guns awaiting orders. Just as the enemy came within range of our fort and were closing up for action General Harris gave the signal for battle by firing a snow-ball which struck General Ames squarely in the stomach! Humiliated and infuriated with pain, Ames ordered an immediate assault, and the battle was on!

Charge after charge was repulsed by our withering fusillade. The enemy's line crumpled and recoiled, each time more shattered and dismayed. Finally they launched one last desperate assault. Twelve of them succeeded in scaling our walls and engaged with us in a deadly hand-to-hand conflict. Magnificently calm and with heroic abandon, General Harris leaned recklessly over our ramparts and hurled five of the enemy down the hill, while we seized the rest and made them prisoners. With a miserable show of resignation the enemy fled down the hill whistling snatches of "Yankee Doodle" between our derisive cheers. Fort Slatter, majestic in the glow of that winter sunset, was still unconquered, and victory was ours!

When General Harris, wounded but undaunted, turned to us and with beautiful simplicity said, "My soldiers, I'm proud of you!" my loyalty and pride were unbounded.

The battle became history; and in years to come, when heroic tales were told, someone was sure to say, "That's all right; but, by golly, you ought to have been in the Battle of Slatter's Hill!"

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

SECTION I

AIMS IN COMPOSITION

(Quoted, by permission, from *U. S. Bureau of Education Bul. No. 2, 1917.*)

- I. In general, the immediate aim of high-school English is two-fold:
 - (a) To give the pupils command of the art of communication in speech and in writing.
 - (b) To teach them to read thoughtfully and with appreciation, to form in them a taste for good reading, and to teach them how to find books that are worth while.
- II. Expression in speech includes:
 - (a) Ability to answer clearly, briefly, and exactly a question on which one has the necessary information.
 - (b) Ability to collect and organize material for oral discourse on subjects of common interest.
 - (c) Ability to present with dignity and effectiveness to a class, club, or other group material already organized.
 - (d) Ability to join in an informal discussion, contributing one's share of information or opinion, without wandering from the point and without discourtesy to others.
 - (e) For those who have, or hope to develop, qualities of leadership, ability, after suitable preparation and practice, to address an audience or conduct a public meeting with proper dignity and formality, but without stiffness or embarrassment.
 - (f) Ability to read aloud in such a way as to convey to the hearers the writer's thought and spirit and to interest them in the matter presented.
- III. Expression in writing includes:
 - (a) Ability to write a courteous letter according to the forms in general use and of the degree of formality or informality appropriate to the occasion.
 - (b) Ability to compose on the first draft a clear and readable paragraph, or series of paragraphs, on familiar subject matter, with due observance of unity and order and with some specific detail.

- (c) Ability to analyze and present in outline form the gist of a lecture or piece of literature and to write an expansion of such an outline.
- (d) Ability, with due time for study and preparation, to plan and work out a clear, well-ordered, and interesting report of some length upon one's special interests—literary, scientific, commercial, or what not.
- (e) For those who have literary tastes or ambitions, ability to write a short story, or other bit of imaginative composition, with some vigor and personality of style and in proper form to be submitted for publication, and to arrange suitable stories in form for dramatic presentation.

Note: All expression in writing demands correctness as to formal details, namely, a legible and firm handwriting, correct spelling, correctness in grammar and idiom, and observance of the ordinary rules for capitals and marks of punctuation; the writer should make an effort to gain an enlarged vocabulary, a concise and vigorous style, and firmness and flexibility in constructing sentences and paragraphs.

SECTION II

PERCENTAGE DISTRIBUTION OF ANSWERS TO QUESTIONNAIRE, FOR
EACH CLASS OF HIGH SCHOOLS, AND FOR ALL
HIGH SCHOOLS*

1. According to what time scheme do you divide composition and literature?

Class	I	II	III	IV	All
Comp. 2 days per wk.; Lit. 3 days per wk.	18	23	40	21
Comp. 5 mos.; Lit. 3 mos.	8	..	3
Comp. three-fifths; Lit. two-fifths.	18	8	20	12
A classic till finished; then composition.	20	3
Comp. 1 wk. per mo.; Lit. 3 wks. per mo.	8	..	3
Alternate by semesters.	50	..	23	..	18
Half and half.	18	31	20	21
3 wks. at a time, alternating.	9	3
C. stressed in grades 9 and 10; Lit. in 11 and 12.	9	8	..	6
Alternate weekly.	9	3
So many wks. Comp. per sem.; so many Lit.	25	3
Emphasize alternately by semesters.	9	3
Taught separately. 1½ years to Comp.	9	3
Comp. in grades 9 and 10 only.	8	..	3
Comp. 1 day per week; Lit. 4.	25	3

2. Do the same teachers teach both composition and literature?

Yes.	100	100	100	100	100
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3. How often do you have compositions written?

Daily.	8	..	3
Three per week.	8	20	6
Two per week.	25	27	15	..	18
One or two per week.	20	3
One per week.	36	46	..	30
Bi-weekly.	40	3
No definite schedule.	50	..	8	..	9
Short themes weekly; long ones bi-weekly.	20	3
Bi-weekly first yr.; weekly after that.	9	8	6	9
Short ones weekly; long ones monthly.	9	3
A definite no. required in each course.	25	3
1 per wk. in 9th yr.; 2 per wk. in 10th.	8	..	3
Also informal class exercises.	18	6
Varies according to course.	9	3

4. How are your theme subjects chosen?

By teacher.	25	27	33	60	36
By teacher and pupils.	9	3
By pupils.	20	6
"From English"	9	3
From current events.	18	6
From readings and experience.	18	17	20	15
Based upon rhetoric.	9	3

*Because answers were frequently expressed in more than one way, the percentages do not always total 100.

Class	I	II	III	IV	All
Observations; experiences; community interests....	25	45	33	..	30
"Practical, if possible".....	..	9	3
From topics in text.....	17	20	9
From contest subjects.....	..	9	3
Topics suitable to school paper.....	..	9	3
Various ways.....	..	9	3
From literature.....	50	9	8	..	12
Connected with class subjects.....	8	..	3
According to needs of class.....	25	3
5. Were the themes sent me written in or out of class?					
In class.....	33	73	20	..	36
Out of class.....	33	27	70	80	46
Some in; some out.....	33	..	10	20	18
6. Do you mark your pupils' mechanical errors?					
Yes.....	100	91	84	80	88
Usually.....	20	3
When dealing with mechanics.....	8	..	3
No; pupils mark each other's.....	..	9	3
No.....	20	3
7. Do you correct your pupils' mechanical errors?					
No.....	75	50	77	40	63
Not if pupils can do it.....	..	10	8	20	9
In years 9 and 10; not in years 11 and 12.....	..	10	3
Sometimes.....	..	20	23	20	18
Frequently.....	20	3
Yes.....	25	30	15	..	18
8. What other qualities do you look for?					
General excellencies.....	..	10	8	..	6
Thought.....	50	30	16	20	24
Rhetorical principles.....	25	60	70	80	60
Interest.....	..	20	15	20	15
Originality.....	50	30	31	40	33
Neatness.....	25	40	9
Understanding of assignment.....	25	3
Mechanics.....	8	..	3
Intelligence; grasp; accuracy.....	..	10	3
Adequacy.....	8	..	3
"Style".....	25	10	8	..	10
9. How do you handle these other qualities?					
By use of models.....	..	55	46	..	33
In conferences.....	..	22	8	25	12
By class discussions.....	..	22	23	75	24
By written and oral suggestions.....	..	22	30	..	18
By giving suitable assignments.....	33	11	6
Revision; caution against recurrence.....	33	3
By use of scale.....	..	11	3
By commendation.....	33	..	8	..	6
By grading half on mechanics, half on originality..	8	..	3
By use of outlines.....	25	3

10. Do you base your theme grades upon general merit, or do you stress one merit at a time?

Class	I	II	III	IV	All
General merit.....	50	27	54	20	40
Usually general merit.....	..	18	23	20	18
Sometimes general merit.....	..	9	3
One at a time.....	25	27	..	20	15
Review all old; stress one new.....	15	20	9
"Accumulated standards".....	..	9	3
When a special point is emphasized we stress it....	..	9	3
Varies.....	..	18	15	20	15
Depends upon teacher.....	..	9	3
Depends on theme and class; seniors general.....	25	3

11. What are your pupils expected to do with their returned themes?

Look them over.....	..	9	8	..	6
Rewrite:.....	..	9	8	..	6
Note and correct errors.....	75	18	54	80	48
Rewrite if very poor.....	..	9	8	..	6
Correct best ones.....	..	9	3
Return, to prevent handing down.....	..	9	3
List and classify all errors.....	..	9	..	20	6
Correct on separate sheet.....	..	9	..	20	6
Copy poor ones.....	8	..	3
Prepare for school paper and other activities.....	8	..	3
Prepare best ones for County Fair.....	8	..	3
Rewrite; return both drafts.....	20	3
Some kept; some discarded.....	8	..	3
Personal conf. on several themes at a time.....	8	..	3
Rewrite and return until correct.....	..	9	3
Note errors and avoid repeating them.....	..	18	15	..	12
Note errors.....	20	3
File in notebooks.....	25	18	46	20	27
File in classroom.....	30	18	..	60	24

12. Do you have themes rewritten?

Yes.....	25	27	25	60	31
Usually.....	..	9	4
Sometimes.....	50	45	42	..	38
"Pupils sometimes granted privilege".....	8	..	4
Only careless ones.....	25	20	6
Seldom.....	..	27	25	20	22
No.....	8	..	4

13. Which themes, if any, are rewritten?

Those with glaring technical errors.....	..	20	6
Careless ones.....	33	30	27	75	30
Illegible ones.....	..	30	9	..	12
Very poor ones.....	..	30	18	25	18
Those weak in essentials already stressed.....	9	..	3
Those stressing a particular point.....	9	25	6
Those weak on fundamentals.....	..	10	3
Structurally weak ones.....	..	10	3
Contest entries and letters.....	9	..	3
Those wishing to raise their grades.....	9	..	3

	Class	I	II	III	IV	All
When corrections would spoil manuscript.....	9	..	3
The best themes.....	9	..	3
All which need it.....	33	3
Failing themes.....	9	..	3
Those having too many mistakes.....	33	3
Those with more than ten errors.....	25	..	3
Those with six or more mechanical errors.....	9	..	3
14. Which themes, if any, are handed in a second time?						
All.....	20	..	3
All rewritten ones.....	33	60	82	40	65	3
All corrected ones.....	9	3
Poor ones; often all.....	33	3
Those not O.K.'d first time.....	20	..	3
Mechanically very bad ones.....	..	10	3
Careless ones.....	33	..	9	20	15	3
Good ones needing minor improvements.....	9	3
Those ignoring assignment.....	..	10	3
Argumentative ones.....	9	3
Those written for school paper or contests.....	..	10	3
15. What relation, if any, does your oral composition bear to your written composition?						
Identical aims.....	17	25	9	3
Same points emphasized.....	..	9	3
Very close.....	..	9	25	..	12	6
Same subjects often used in both.....	17	3
Oral exercises often turned into written.....	33	18	42	25	29	3
Oral arguments based upon written briefs.....	8	3
Much more oral than written.....	8	3
Varied plans.....	..	9	3
Very little.....	..	45	..	50	21	3
None.....	33	3
Answer indefinite.....	33	9	6
16. Do your aims in the teaching of composition differ significantly from those expressed in U. S. Bureau of Ed. Bul. No. 2, 1917?						
No.....	75	90	77	80	82	18
Yes.....	25	10	23	20
17. If so, wherein do they differ?						
Stress mechanics more.....	..	50	12.5	12.5
Stress originality more.....	50	..	12.5
Stress "decent English".....	33	..	12.5	12.5
Individual conferences required.....	33	..	12.5	12.5
Stress projects more.....	50	12.5	12.5
Stress structural accuracy.....	..	50	12.5	12.5
Thought paramount.....	33	..	12.5	12.5
Stress poorer pupils more.....	100	12.5	12.5

SECTION III

LETTER AND SPECIMEN OF THE A-B-C STUDY

Dear English Teacher:

I am sending you three typewritten compositions. Will you first assume that these three themes were written by ninth-grade pupils, and score them on the percentage basis (0 to 100 percent)? Next, will you please score them on the percentage basis, assuming that they were written by twelfth-grade pupils? Finally, will you kindly score the three themes, regardless of who wrote them, on the basis of the Nassau County Composition Scale, a copy of which I have sent you? Give the three samples the Scale value which they most nearly represent. Do not interpolate values: that is, do not give the three themes any values that do not appear on the Nassau Scale.

SERIES I

1A

The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had

It was a beautiful afternoon in September. The air was so crisp and bracing that I thought it an excellent time for a bicycle ride with my chum, so I immediately invited her to accompany me.

We started off cheerfully, but we had hardly reached the bridge when our spirits fell. We heard a familiar sound behind us, and, looking back, we saw just what we expected—my father's bull charging upon us!

The attraction for the bull seemed to be our red ties, so we pulled them off as we rode, and let them fly. But alas, mine caught on the back of my bicycle, and the bull was so near that it was impossible for me to stop to dislodge the tie, so I exerted all of my energy in getting over the bridge.

I had never imagined that a bridge could be as long as that one was; yet it seemed that I scarcely touched it, either, as I struggled frantically over it. Finally in some manner I reached the opposite side, and found a place of safety.

2B

The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had

Father bought me a spirited black hunter who really danced with pride when I was a little girl who's name is Helen. I am

enthusiastic so I am going to tell you of an experience I had with one. I was delighted! And insisted that I should take it at once but neither Father or Mother were willing at first Mother objected but Father finally said he guessed it would be all right. So I went. After we had raced along for an hour and a cloud of dust loomed up ahead and a thundering sound became audible. A stampede was coming! On one side of me was the stampede; on the other a ravine about ten feet wide. I chose it. The hunter who's instinct had detected danger before me, was trembling with excitement. It seemed that either alternative meant death to both he and I. I urged forward and he galloped to the brink of the gorge and hesitated; but the thunder spurred him on. With a tremendous leap he cleared it and came down shaking with fear. I was too frightened to caress him as I sat and watched them come bellowing on and plunge wildly into it. As I rode home nervous I felt that that will be the most exciting ride I ever experienced.

3C

The Most exciting ride I Ever Had. When I was a little girl

I went to visit my Uncle in California, He was the proprietor of a large stockfarm: and consequently owned many fine cattle.

Among them was one old cow "named Old Bet—with whom my little cousins all played. they frequently got on her back without saddle or bridle; and road safely around the pasture-lot. But do you suppose for a minute that any inducement would persuade me to mount Old Bet." no sir.

One morning after I had listened to about all the teasing and being called "fraid Cat that I could endure I stole out to the stables to ride old Bet. As she was lying down I mounted her without difficulty! Instantly, however she sprang to her feet and only by the most dexterous cowmanship was I able to maintain my seat. I never saw an animal who's back was so hard to stick on. The beast never once stopped after she stopped but curling her tale over her back and her head with a mighty bellow started out at such a made pace I made shure I was done for. She climbed a hill and plunged recklessly down the other side, suddenly she humped her back dropped her head and stopped short Off I went terribly frightened; but uninjured.

I had mounted the wrong cow

SERIES II

2A

The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had

I am a little girl and my name is Helen. I am enthusiastic about horses, so I am going to tell you about an experience that I had with one.

Father bought me a spirited black hunter who really danced with pride. I was delighted, and insisted that I should take a ride at once. Mother objected, but Father said it would be all right, so I went.

After we had raced along for an hour a cloud of dust loomed up ahead and a thundering sound became audible. A stampede was coming!

On one side of me was a ravine about ten feet wide; on the other, the stampede. I chose the ravine. The hunter was trembling with excitement. I urged him forward, and he galloped to the brink of the gorge and hesitated; but the thunder of the mad cattle spurred him on. With one tremendous leap he cleared the ravine and came down shaking with fear. I was too frightened even to caress him as I sat and watched the steers come bellowing on and plunge wildly into the chasm.

As I rode nervously home I felt that that was the most exciting ride I had ever experienced.

3B

The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had.

When I was a little girl and went to visit my uncle in California, who was the proprietor of a large stock farm, and consequently owned many fine cattle. Among them were an old cow, named Old Bet, who my little cousins all played with frequently they had gotten on her back with out saddle nor bridle and rode safely around the stock yard.

But never by any inducement could I be persuaded to mount Old Bet. One morning, after I had listened to about all of the teasing and called Fraid Cat that I could stand, so I stoled out to the stables to ride Old Bet.

As she was laying down, I mounted her with out difficulty. Instantly, however, she lept to her feet. And only by the most dexterous cowmanship was I able to maintain my seat. The beast never once stopped after she got up. But curling her tail over her back; and lowering her head with a mighty bellow sat out at such a mad pace. I made sure I was done for. She clumb a hill and plunged down the other side.

Suddenly she hump her back, lowered her head; and stopped short off I went, who was terrible frightened, but uninjured. I had mounted the wrong cow!

1C

The Most Exciting Ride I ever had

T'was a beautiful afternoon in sept and the air was so crisp and bracing that it an excellent time for a bycycle ride with my "chum, so I imediatey invited her to accompany me!

We started out cheerfully: but we had hardly reached the bridge when our spirit's fell. We heard a familiar sound behind us and

looking back (what do you think we saw) just what we expected my Fathers bull charging upon us.

The attraction for the Bull seemed to be our red ties so we pulled them off as we rode and let them fly, Alas mine caught on the back of my wheel and the Bull was so near that I couldnt stop to get it lose so I exerted all of my energy in getting accross that bridge

I had never imagined that a bridge could be as long as that one was yet it seemed that I scarcely touched it either; as I struggled frantically over it. Finally in some manner we reached the other side and found a place of safety.

SERIES III

3A

The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had.

When I was a little girl I went to visit my uncle in California. He was the proprietor of a large stock farm and consequently owned many fine cattle. Among them was an old cow, named Old Bet, with whom my little cousins all played. They frequently got on her back without saddle or bridle and rode safely around the stock yard. But never by any inducement could I be persuaded to mount Old Bet.

One morning, after I had listened to about all of the teasing and being called "Fraid Cat" that I could endure, I stole out to the stables to ride Old Bet. As she was lying down, I mounted her without difficulty. Instantly, however, she sprang to her feet, and only by the most dexterous cowmanship was I able to maintain my seat. The beast never once stopped after she got up, but curling her tail over her back and lowering her head with a mighty bellow, she set out at such a mad pace I made sure I was done for. She climbed a hill and plunged recklessly down the other side. Suddenly she humped her back, lowered her head,

and stopped short. Off I went, terribly frightened but uninjured. I had mounted the wrong cow!

1B

The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had

The September afternoon was so beautifully crisp and bracing and I felt that it was an excellent time for a bicycle ride with her, so I immediately invited her to accompany Grace and I. It seemed to be our red ties that attracted him. Our spirits fell for we had started out cheerful. But we had hardly reached it when we looked back and saw just what we expected—my father's bull charging us! We let them fly, you see, but mine caught on the back.

I couldn't stop to get it loose. For the bull was so close that I could n't stop to get it loose, so I exerted all my energy in getting across. But at last I did.

It seemed that I scarcely touched it, either, as I struggled frantically to get over. It was so close when we reached the bridge that I could feel his breath on my neck. I had never imagined that a bridge could be as long as that one was! Finally in some manner we reached the other side. And found a place of safety.

2C

The most exciting ride I ever had I am a little girl and my name is "helen." I am enthusiastic about horses so I am going to tell you about an experience that I had with one.

My Father bought me a spirited black, hunter who really danced with pride. I was delighted: and insisted that i should take a ride at wonce. Mother said you shouldnt go but father said "that it would be alright so I went.

After we had raced along for an our or so a cloud of dust loomed up ahead and a thundering sound became audible; A stampede was comming,

On one side of me was a ravine about ten-feet wide on the other the stampede I chose the ravine. The

Hunter was trembling with excitement. I urdged him forward and he galloped to the brink of the gorge and hesitated—but the thunder of the mad cattle spurred him on With one tremendous leap he cleared the ravine and came down shaking with fear! I was to frightened even to carress Him as I sat and watched the steers come bellowing on and plunge wildly into the chasm.

As I rode nervously home I felt that that was the most exciting ride I had ever experienced.

SECTION IV

SAMPLE SET OF THIRTEEN VERSIONS USED IN "91" STUDY

2

Once a girl and I went to a club meeting that we had got up in a pony-cart that belonged to the girl across the street. Going up the street we could not make him go as fast as if we had been walking we could have made it better time. Just as a large dog came barking out of a man's yard who jumped and ran so hard that it scared us almost to death—even too scared to have sense enough to take it and whip him. We kept at this quite a ways up the street till it got quieted down, then sank back in them with sighs of relief.

9

Once a friend and I attended a club meeting which we had called. We went in a pony-cart belonging to a girl across the street. The pony travelled so slowly that if we had been walking we could have made better time. Suddenly a big dog sprang barking out of someone's yard. Our sleepy pony woke up and ran down the street as hard as he could. We were frightened almost to death—too scared, even, to have the presence of mind to seize the whip and hit the dog. Finally the dog gave up the chase, and our pony quieted down. When he did, we settled back in our seats with sighs of relief.

14

Once a girl and I went to a club meeting which we had gotten up. We went there in a pony cart which belonged to the girl across the street. Going up the street, we could not make him go fast. If we had been walking we could have made better time. Just at that moment a large dog came barking out of some one's yard. The pony jumped and ran as hard as he could. We were scared almost to death even too scared to have sense to take the whip and hit the dog. We kept at this rate for quite a ways up the street until the pony got quieted down. When he did we sank back in our seats with sighs of relief.

21

Once in my happy girlhood days an intimate lady friend accompanied me to a delightful society gathering which we had summoned. We travelled in a gig which was magnanimously furnished

by a maiden across the way. Enroute we were unable to induce the pony to proceed rapidly. Had we elected to walk we should have economized on time. Unawares, a mammoth mongrel advanced barking from someone's yard. Our steed sprang and ran as hard as he could. We were desperately frightened—even too perturbed to have sufficient self-presence to grasp the lash and chastise the dog. We maintained this speed for a considerable distance up the thoroughfare, until our charger eventually regained his composure. Then we reclined amidst our cushions with grateful expressions of relief.

33

Once a girl chum and me went to a club meeting that we had gotten up. We had always went on the car before, but this time why we went in a pony-cart that belonged to a girl across the street. Our pony decided that he would take his sweet time, and we simply couldn't make him go no faster. If we had of been walking we could of made better time. Just then a big dog come barking out of someone's yard and sprung at us. The pony jumped and run as hard as he could. We was scared almost to death—even too scared to take and whip the dog. Finally the pony got quieted down, and we sunk back in our seats with sighs of relief.

44

Once a girl and I went to a club meeting. We had arranged for the meeting. We went in a pony-cart. It belonged to a girl across the street.

We could not make the pony go fast up the street. We could have made better time if we had been walking. Just then a large dog came barking out of someone's yard. The pony jumped and ran as hard as he could. We were scared almost to death. We were even too scared to have sense enough to take the whip and hit the dog.

We kept at this rate for quite a ways up the street. Finally the pony got quieted down. When he did we sank back in our seats. We breathed sighs of relief.

54

Once an intimmate girl friend and I went to a club meeting which we had got up. We went in an anteeque pony-cart which belonged to a girl across the street. Going up the street we could not make the pony travel fast. Positively, if we had been walking we could have made better time. Just when we were believing that

everything was all right, a large, unusually rabbid-looking dog ran out of someone's yard and deliberately sprang at the pony's head. Before we realized what had occurred the pony reared up and ran down the street as hard as he could. We were scared almost to death—even too scared to have presence of mind enough to take the whip and hit the dog.

We kept at this rate for quite a ways down the street until finally the pony got quieted down. When he did, and the dog had dissappeared, we sank back in our seats with sighs of relief. Incidental we steered clear of that dog afterwards.

65

Once a girl and I who went to a club meeting which she and I had got up, so we went in a pony-cart which belonged to a girl across the street. As we were going up the street and could not make the lazy pony trot to save our lives. If we had been walking we could have made better time. Just then a large dog that belonged to a man who liked to have vicious dogs around. It came barking out of the yard. The pony, which was rather skittish anyway, and ran away as hard as he could. As we were almost scared to death—even too scared to have sense enough to take the whip and hit the dog. After we had kept at this rate for quite a ways up the street, with everybody running out into their yards to see the excitement. Finally the pony got quieted down. When he did, and we sank back into our seats with sighs of relief.

69

Once a Friend & i attended a club Meeting; which we had called! We went in a Ponycart—belonging to a Girl across the st The pony travelled, so slowly: that if we had been walking; we could have "made better" time. Suddenly a big dog sprang barking, out of someones yard and leaped at our ponies head. The lazy beast woke-up and ran down the st as hard as he could. we were frightened almost to death—too, scared (even) to have the presence of mind to seize the whip and hit the dog Finally the Dog gave up it's chase and our pony quieted down, When he did we sank back in our seats' with sighs of relief.

73

Once a girl and I went to a club meeting which we had called. We went in a pony-cart that had formally belonged to a girl across the street. The pony went so slowly that we could have maid bet-

ter time walking. But just then a big dog ran out of some once yard barking. The pony woke up with a jump, and ran down the street like a deer. We wear scared almost to death—to scared, even, to have presents of mined to sees the whip and hit the dog. Finely the dog gave up the chase and the pony quieted down. When he did we sank back in hour seats with size of relief.

76

Once a girl and I went to a club meeting we had arranged. We went there in a pony-cart that used to belong to a girl across the street, but her father went bankrupt and had to sell everything. Later he disappeared, and no one has heard of him for several months. His family is afraid he has met with foul play.

A dog scared the pony so badly that he ran quite a ways down the street before we could get him stopped and drive back to the club.

We had a pleasant meeting. We had speeches, talks, music, games, and refreshments. There were twenty-two present, a good attendance considering the size of Hilton and the Fair that was going on. Mamma wouldn't let me go to the Fair, so I got up the party instead. We were scared, and when we found that we had got home safely we sank back in our seats with sighs of relief.

80

Once a girl and I went to a club meeting in a pony-cart which formerly belonged to a girl across the street, and in going up the street the pony went so slowly that we could have made better time if we had been walking; but just then a big dog came barking out of someone's yard, and the pony jumped and ran as hard as he could, which scared us nearly to death—too scared, even, to have sense enough to take the whip and hit the dog, but after keeping at this rate for quite a ways the pony got quieted down and when he did we sank back in our seats with sighs of relief.

87

Once an intimate girl freind and I went to a club meating which we had got up. We went in an antique pony-cart which had belonged to a girl accross the street. Going up the street we could not make the pony go fast. Positively, if we had been walking we could have made better time! Just when we were believing that everything was alright, a large, unusually rabid-looking dog ran out of someone's yard and deliberately sprang at the pony's head.

Before we realized what had occurred the pony rared up and ran down the street as hard as he could. We were scarred almost to death—even to scarred to have presence of mind enough to take the whip and hit the dog. We kept at this rate for quite a ways down the street untill the pony finally got quieted down. When he did, and the dog had disappeared, we sank back in our seats with sighs of releaf.

Incidentally we steared clear of that dog after that!

SECTION V

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR ADMINISTERING THE THIRTY-TWO COMPOSITION ASSIGNMENTS

1. The immediate aim of this study is to afford each participating teacher a reliable judgment of his pupils' achievement in composition. It is essential that each teacher complete his part of the study accurately and promptly so that the collated results may reach him before school closes this year. The composition scale which has been sent you should already be mastered, so that the themes can be scored more rapidly and reliably. If you are already trained in using it, please review it.

2. In conducting the tests, make every minute count, so that the pupils will have the full fifteen minutes for each theme. Use business-like haste, but do not do it in a way that will fluster your pupils. Give the assignments as rapidly as possible. They should be completed, if possible, within four weeks. The assignments will be in pairs, numbered 1A and 1B, 2A and 2B, etc. Give one pair during one recitation period. For example, give 1A and 1B during one period, 2A and 2B during another period, etc. You are to give the assignments in the following order:

First period	Ninth period
Second period	Tenth period
Third period	Eleventh period
Fourth period	Twelfth period
Fifth period	Thirteenth period
Sixth period	Fourteenth period
Seventh period	Fifteenth period
Eighth period	Sixteenth period

3. Follow carefully the directions given for assigning each composition. Even though you may be asked to give the 32 assignments in reverse order, be sure to read them through first in normal order. Then modify the wording of the assignments just enough to satisfy the reverse order.

4. Bind each set of themes together as soon as they are collected. Be sure that each pupil's name is on every page he writes. Failure to observe this may result in endless confusion.

5. Try to score each set of themes promptly so that they will not accumulate on your hands. Enter the scores on the furnished Score Sheets, following the directions printed thereon. Use a separate Score Sheet for each class on each assignment. When you have scored all of your themes, tie each batch separately, wrap

them all up together, and send them to me. Wrap the themes flat. As soon as I receive your themes, I shall send them to some other teacher to grade, and shall send you some other teacher's themes. Each theme will be read by eight teachers. Mail the Score Sheets to me separately; do not put them in with the themes. All postage will be refunded when the scoring is done. Do not make any marks whatever on the themes.

6. Pupils may use either pen or pencil. Themes must be written on only one side of the paper. Have paper of uniform size if possible.

7. It is desirable that you use pupils from several different grades so that our study will be broad as well as thorough. Fifty pupils will be ample from any one school. If you do not have that many available, use as many as you have. Do not allow any pupil to see or learn of any assignment in advance.

THE THIRTY-TWO COMPOSITION ASSIGNMENTS

ASSIGNMENT 1A

When your pupils have been supplied with writing materials, ask them to write at the top of their papers the following information (show them on the blackboard):

Your name

Name of your teacher

Name of your school

Your grade (Low 9; High 10; etc.)

Then say to your pupils: "I want you to write me a story. I am going to give you the title of the story, which you are to write down. You will then be given 15 minutes in which to write the best story you can on that subject. The title is 'The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw.'"

At the end of 15 minutes promptly collect all papers, and proceed with the next assignment.

ASSIGNMENT 1B

When your pupils have been supplied with writing materials and have put at the top of their papers the same information that they furnished on their previous themes, say to them: "Now I want you to write another story. You will also be given 15 minutes for it. Write down the title when I give it to you; then proceed to write the best story you can on that subject. The title of this story is 'The Saddest Event of My Life.'"

Close promptly in 15 minutes and collect all papers.

ASSIGNMENT 2A

When your pupils have been supplied with writing materials and have furnished the proper information at the top of their papers, say to them: "Today I am going to show you twelve pictures.¹ I want you to write a story which one of the pictures suggests to you. Here are the pictures. (Put all twelve pictures up where the pupils can all see them clearly, and leave them there while the pupils write. Be sure that all pupils can see the pictures. If there are any children with defective vision, move them to an advantageous position.) Now write the best story you can that is suggested to you by one of these pictures. You will have 15 minutes. You may give your story a title, or not, just as you wish. You may now begin."

Collect all papers promptly at the end of 15 minutes.

ASSIGNMENT 2B

Assignment 2B is identical with 2A, except that your pupils are to be asked to write the best story they can about another one of the twelve pictures. In all other respects proceed as in 2A. Collect all papers promptly at the end of 15 minutes, and wrap up the pictures ready for the next teacher.

ASSIGNMENT 3A

When your pupils are all ready, say to them: "To-day I want you to write me another story. The title of this story will be 'The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had.' (Always have them write down the title as soon as you have announced it.) You will have 15 minutes in which to write the best story you can on that subject."

Close promptly, collect papers, and proceed to the next assignment.

ASSIGNMENT 3B

Assignment 3B will be identical with 3A, except that the title of this story will be "The Most Exciting Incident of My Life." In all other respects proceed as in 3A. Close promptly.

ASSIGNMENT 4A

When everyone is ready, say to your pupils: "I want you to write me another story today. The title of this story will be 'What

¹Eighty-eight pictures, chosen from various sources, had been exhibited before 200 high-school pupils. The twelve pictures which were voted to be most suggestive of a story were used in Assignment 2A.

I Should Like to Do Next Saturday.' Put the title on the first line, then write the best story you can on that subject. You will have 15 minutes."

Close promptly, collect papers, and proceed with next assignment.

ASSIGNMENT 4B

Assignment 4B will be identical with 4A, except that the title of this story will be "How I Should Like to Spend Next Fourth of July." In all other respects proceed as in 4A. Close promptly.

ASSIGNMENT 5A

When everything is ready, say to your pupils: "To-day I want you to write about some interesting book that you have read. Write the title of the book on your papers, then write the best composition you can about that book. You will have 15 minutes."

ASSIGNMENT 5B

Say to your pupils: "Now I want you to relate an interesting story that you have heard. You may give it a title, or not, just as you wish. You will have 15 minutes in which to relate as well as you can this interesting story that you have heard. You may now begin."

ASSIGNMENT 6A

Say to your pupils: "I overheard a few words of conversation the other day. I don't know what the conversation was about, but the few words I heard aroused my curiosity. I am going to tell you what those few words were, and let you write a story about them. When I tell you the words you are to write them down as your title; then you will be given 15 minutes in which to write the best story which the words suggest to you. The words I overheard were: 'Did it happen right in church?'"

ASSIGNMENT 6B

Assignment 6B will be identical with 6A, except that the overheard remark will be: "Don't tell Mother, for it would kill her!" In all other respects proceed as in 6A. Close promptly in 15 minutes.

ASSIGNMENT 7A

Say to your pupils: "To-day I am going to read you a story. Please listen carefully while I read it. The title of the story is: 'An Adventure.'" Then read the following story carefully:

An Adventure

When the prisoner saw that his guards were sound asleep he used his teeth to unfasten the rope which bound his hands, and in an instant he was free. He quickly seized the small bag of food, mounted one of the horses, and spurred away. He rode so hard that finally the poor animal, utterly exhausted, fell dead, leaving the man alone in the midst of the desert.

After walking for a long time in the sand, the man was obliged to stop, as the day had already come to an end. He was so tired that he threw himself down beside a big rock, crawled into a kind of small cave, and, with no means of defence, was soon fast asleep.

In the middle of the night he was disturbed by an extraordinary sound. He sat up. In the deep silence he could hear a breathing so savage that he knew it was not that of a human being. A terrible terror froze his heart within him. He felt his hair rise on end, as his eyes, spread wide, saw through the gloom two faint lights. The vivid brilliance of the night aided him gradually to distinguish the objects around him in the cave, when he saw, within two feet of him, a huge animal lying at rest. Presently the moon, as it went down, lighted up the den, revealing the gleaming, resplendent, and spotted skin of a panther.²

When you have finished reading this story to your pupils, say to them: "Now I want you to finish the story. You will be allowed 15 minutes. Write the title first—An Adventure—then tell how you think the story would end."

ASSIGNMENT 7B

Assignment 7B is identical with 7A, except that they are to finish the following story, which you will read to them:

The Old Man's Story

I got on the train one day to go to another city. I sat down beside an old, gray-haired man, and we began to talk. I noticed that he had only one leg. During our conversation I became so curious that I finally said: "I don't want to seem inquisitive, sir, but I'd like to know how you came to lose your leg."

The old man looked down as he answered: "That was a long time ago, and the story probably wouldn't interest you now."

"Oh, yes it would," I replied eagerly.

"I'd rather not tire you with the tale," the stranger said, still looking down.

"Please do, sir," I pleaded.

"I'm almost ashamed to tell you how it happened," he replied; and I wasn't sure whether the old man was laughing or crying.

"Please tell me," I begged.

"It was bit off," he said, as he turned toward the window.

"Tell me all about it," I urged, now tingling with curiosity.

"Well, it was this way," the old man began.

(Finish the story in fifteen minutes.)

²Adapted from Dumas' *A Passion in the Desert*.

ASSIGNMENT 8A

Say to your pupils: "I am going to read you another story to-day. Please listen carefully while I read it, for when I have finished I want you to write it in your own words. I have already written on the blackboard the title of this story and the proper names that occur in it (see italicized words)." Then read clearly the following story:

Adrift at Sea

We had rowed out to *Sandpeep Island* in our new boat, the *Dolphin*, and had just put up our tent for the night. While the rest of us were building a fire to cook our supper, *Binny Wallace* went down to the boat to get some things we had left. He had been gone five or six minutes, when we heard him calling to us in tones of distress. Our first thought was, "The boat has broken adrift." We ran down to the beach, and, sure enough, the *Dolphin* was afloat, and poor little *Binny Wallace* was standing in the bow with his arms stretched helplessly toward us—drifting out to sea!

"Head the boat in shore," shouted *Phil Adams*. *Binny* ran to the rudder; but the light shell merely swung round and drifted broadside on. Oh, if we had only left a single oar in the *Dolphin*!

"Can you swim it?" cried *Phil* desperately, for the boat was drifting away fast. *Binny* looked down at the sea, which was covered with whitecaps, and made a despairing gesture. He knew, and we knew, that the stoutest swimmer could not live forty minutes in those angry waters.

The sky darkened and an ugly look stole rapidly over the broken surface of the sea. *Binny Wallace* half rose from his seat in the stern, and waved good-bye to us. The sky grew darker and darker. It was only by straining our eyes that we could keep the *Dolphin* in sight. The figure of *Binny Wallace* was no longer visible, for the boat itself had dwindled to a mere white dot on the black water. Now we lost it, and our hearts stopped throbbing; and now the speck appeared again on the crest of a high wave.

Finally it went out like a spark, and we saw it no more.*

When you have finished reading the story, say to your pupils: "Now I want you to write in your own words the story I have just read. You will be allowed 15 minutes. You may now begin."

ASSIGNMENT 8B

Assignment 8B is identical with 8A, except that the following story is to be read to your pupils and they are to be asked to reproduce it. In all other respects proceed as in 8A.

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

Slatter's Hill, or *No Man's Land*, as it was generally called, was a rise of ground covering perhaps an acre and a quarter, situated on an imaginary line marking the boundary between the *North End* and the *South End* of town. One evening twenty or thirty of the *North Enders* quietly took possession of *Slatter's Hill*, and threw up a strong line of breastworks. Fancy the rage of the *South Enders* next day, when they spied our snowy fort, with *Jack Harris's* silk handkerchief floating defiantly from the flagstaff! In less

*Adapted from Thomas B. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*.

than half an hour it was known all over town, in military circles at least, that the South Enders intended to attack the fort that Saturday afternoon.

At two o'clock all the fighting boys of the North End, and as many recruits as we could muster, lay behind the walls of Fort Slatter, with three hundred snowballs piled up, awaiting the approach of the enemy. The enemy was not slow in making his approach—fifty strong, and headed by *Mat Ames*. Our forces were under the command of General J. Harris.

The thrilling moment had now arrived. The fort opened fire first—a single ball from the hand of General Harris taking General Ames in the very pit of his stomach. A cheer went up from Fort Slatter. In an instant the air was thick with flying snowballs, in the midst of which we dimly saw the storming parties sweeping up the hill, shoulder to shoulder.

Not more than a dozen of the enemy succeeded in reaching the crest of the hill; five of these clambered upon the icy walls, where they were instantly grabbed by the legs, jerked into the fort, and made prisoners. Twice we were within an ace of being driven from our stronghold, when General Harris and his staff leaned recklessly upon the ramparts and hurled the besiegers heels over head down the hill. The rest retired confused and blinded by our well-directed fire.

At sunset the garrison of Fort Slatter was still unconquered, and the South Enders marched away whistling "*Yankee Doodle*," while we cheered and jeered them till they were out of hearing. When General Harris, with his right eye bunged up, said, "Soldiers, I'm proud of you!" my heart swelled in my bosom.

The battle passed into a legend; and afterwards, when later instances of pluck and endurance were spoken of, the boys would say, "By golly, you ought to have been at the fight on Slatter's Hill!"*

ASSIGNMENT 9A

Say to your pupils: "I am going to write several words on the blackboard, and I want you to use several or all of them in a story. You may use them in any order you wish, and as many times as you wish. You will be allowed 15 minutes in which to write the best story suggested to you by these words." Then write the following on the blackboard:

road	evening	horse	picnic	old house	automobile
ghost	fence	Mary	sleep	mysterious	moaning
storm	trees	morning			

ASSIGNMENT 9B

Assignment 9B will be identical with 9A, except that the following words are to be written on the blackboard, and your pupils are to use several or all of them in a story. Allow them exactly 15 minutes.

blushed	after school	lie	blackboard
algebra	angry	book	teacher
problem	movies	sorry	Helen
			copy

*Adapted from Thomas B. Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*.

ASSIGNMENT 10A

Say to your pupils: "I want you to write me another composition to-day. When I give you the title, you are to write it on your papers. Then you will have fifteen minutes in which to write the best composition you can on that subject." Then give them the title, "My First Lie."

ASSIGNMENT 10B

Assignment 10B will be identical with 10A, except that the title of this composition will be, "How I Learned a Lesson." In all other respects proceed as in 10A.

ASSIGNMENT 11A

Say to your pupils: "I shall give you another title to-day, which you are to put on your papers; then I want you to write a story about that title. You will have 15 minutes for your story." Then give them the title, "A Trip to Heaven."

ASSIGNMENT 11B

Assignment 11B will be identical with 11A, except that the title will be, "A Conversation with Mars." In all other respects proceed as in 11A.

ASSIGNMENT 12A

Say to your pupils: "I want you to write me another composition to-day. This time I shall not give you a title. You may write about anything you wish, so long as you have not written about it before. You will be allowed 15 minutes in which to write the best composition you can. You may now begin."

ASSIGNMENT 12B

Assignment 12B will be identical with 12A. Simply ask your pupils to write another composition upon any subject they wish, so long as they have not written upon it before. Allow exactly 15 minutes.

ASSIGNMENT 13A

Say to your pupils: "During the next few days we are going to write some compositions about camping. If it happens that you have never been camping, just imagine that you have. The title of each of your compositions on camping will be 'My Camping

Trip.' Write that title on your papers. Now I want you to write the best story you can about the most exciting part of your camping trip. You will have 15 minutes in which to write the best story you can. You may now begin."

ASSIGNMENT 13B

Say to your pupils: "During the next few days we are also going to write some compositions about your school days. The title of each of these compositions about school will be 'School.' Write that title on your papers now. Then write the best story you can about your first day in school. You will have 15 minutes. You may now begin."

ASSIGNMENT 14A

Say to your pupils: "To-day we are going to write another composition on 'My Camping Trip.' Write the title on your papers now. Then write the best description you can of something interesting which you saw on your camping trip. You will have 15 minutes in which to write your description. You may now begin."

ASSIGNMENT 14B

Say to your pupils: "Now we shall write another composition on 'School.' Write the title on your papers. Now I want you to write the best description you can of one of your teachers, past or present. You will have 15 minutes. You may now begin."

ASSIGNMENT 15A

Say to your pupils: "We shall write another composition to-day on 'My Camping Trip.' Write the title on your papers. Now I want you to explain as clearly as you can why you took your camping trip and why you went where you did. You will have 15 minutes. You may now begin."

ASSIGNMENT 15B

Say to your pupils: "Now we shall write another composition on 'School.' Write the title on your papers. Now I want you to explain as clearly as you can the value of an education. You will have 15 minutes in which to explain the value of an education. You may now begin."

ASSIGNMENT 16A

Say to your pupils: "To-day we shall write our last composition on 'My Camping Trip.' Put the title on your papers. Now I

want you to write a composition proving that it is good for people to take camping trips. Suppose that there are people who do not believe in going camping. Convince them that a camping trip would do them good. You will have 15 minutes in which to do this. You may now begin."

ASSIGNMENT 16B

(If you have been asked to have your pupils write upon these thirty-two assignments in reverse order, read Assignment 1A carefully to see what your pupils are to do before they begin to write on any of the assignments.) When everything is ready, say to your pupils: "We shall now write our last composition on 'School.' Write the title on your papers. Now I want you to write a composition proving that examinations should be given in school, or that they should not be given. You may take either side and defend it. You will be allowed 15 minutes in which to do this. You may now begin."

Close promptly in 15 minutes, and collect all papers.

SECTION VI

PRACTICE LISTS

1. SERIES A, B, AND C FOR MAXIMAL COMPOSITION ABILITY SCALE
SERIES A

A1

How I learned a lesson.

When I was a dignified Sophomore I used to laugh at the Freshies for falling up or down stairs; but when I fell up the steps one day I felt like thirty cents. Now when anyone takes a tumble I go outside to do my laughing, for I can feel for him.

A2

Howw I leannd a Lesson

One time I pushing a wheelborrow up a hell when I was lettlet and I fell down. My fet got on some less rock and my tung was hanging out and I het my chin on the wheelbrrow and cut it nerrly off.

A3

How I Learned a Lesson.

I shall never forget the day I walked into the parlor to meet the girls who were to be my associates that first year at boarding-school. All the other girls impressed me favorably, but I hated Harriett the moment I saw her. "How shall I ever endure her for a whole year?" was the one thought that occupied my mind as we sat at luncheon together. Her familiarity and garrulity jarred upon my sense of propriety. It was with an audible sigh of relief that I watched her vanish through the door on her way to afternoon classes.

During the next few months I met Harriett three times every day, and she always monopolized the conversation. After telling us everything about herself that we did not care to know she wrung from us all that we could tell of our homes and the histories of our families further back than we could remember. The subject of geneology exhausted, Harriett became the Autocrat who entertained, instructed, and advised. She told amusing stories, commented upon social activities, and offered suggestions so tactfully that one could hardly suspect a motive. She was at the same time talkative and discreet, voluble and tranquil. Trouble came to her, but never gloom.

Without realizing it I had come, before the year was over, to care more for Harriett than for all the other girls together. She was talkative, but she was not insipid; she was volatile, but she was steadfast; she was familiar, but she was sincere. I Learned to depend upon her when the way was obscure. She taught me that cheerfulness and guilelessness are the only way, and that I must not pass judgment upon those whom I have met for the first time.

A4

How I Learned a Lesson

One day my teacher told me that three cigarettes would kill a cat I had a old cat and I soaked the poison out of the cigarettes and I had a needle I put the poison in its blood and kept her up till she died she died in twenty-four hours after I put it in her I learned that cigarettes were poison I had been trying to smoke them but I quit it.

A5

How I Learned a lesson

Last year I set some dry grass a fire. It burnt a lot of treas and fences. I got in trouble and I do not do it any more.

A6

How I learned a Lesson

Many authors have written on Nature and the lessons that can be learned from her. Some people go to the desert to learn of Nature, some go to the ocean, but mine came from the forest. There will probably be no call for me to tell how I learned my lesson after I tell you what the lesson was. According to the best of my belief it is self explanatory. Some people learn a lesson and then forget it, some only learn halfway. Either course is a bad one. My lesson was complete in one installment. There were no charges except a new suit of clothes and isolation from the rest of the family for about a week. This was my lesson: When you see a little black-and-white cat in the woods don't walk up saying "Kitty Kitty" and attempt to pet it. The better way is to run the other way and say nothing. Don't even say s'cat, cause tish't!

A7

How I learned a lesson.

I learned a very good lesson once my mother had often told me to keep away from the river. One day she told me not to go heary the

river as it had just rained and the water had raised a little. But I decided to run down to the river and throw rocks in. I had been playing but a little while when my foot slipped and I fell in. My brother saw me fall and I was coming up the second time when he pulled me out. I learnt a great lesson by not obeying my mother.

A8

I leaved a Lesson

one day I swas drioe a car and I hit a motor car and I an careful,

A9

How I Learned a Lesson.

One das I ran of from home one das. My mother had told me to stay at home and I ran off me and som other boys and went out in the woods we was in the woods about a nar or more and a fg rain som up and we was about a mild or more away from home amd we got sokened weet. And when I got home I got a good lecond and I did not go far away from home andy when mother said I could.

A10

How I Learned a Lesson

One day last Summer a girl friend of mine and I were out gathering flowers. The flowers happened to be roses, so bees were around them. She started to pluck a rose when a bee stung her on the hand, and she cried. It scared me at first, then I began to laugh at her. She didn't seen to like it because I laughed, for she said, "Alright, you'll be the next one to get stung." "No, no," I said, "I'm going to be careful." The words were hardly out of my mouth when I, too, was stung on the hand! Then she laughed at me.

SERIES B

B1

How I Learned a Lesson.

I had always been fairly good about obeying my parents, but this time I felt that Mother had exacted an unreasonable promise from me.

Pearl and I sat looking longingly into the forbidden water. The canoes along the bank were so enticing!

"Pearl, can you row?" I asked.

"Yes, a little," she answered.

"I'm game to go with you," I said. "Let's get a canoe."

Soon we were reveling in the delights of rowing. For awhile it was glorious; but when we were well out from shore we discovered that our canoe was leaking! There was already so much water in the bottom that I had to lift my feet to keep them dry. Pearl's were already wet.

"Pearl, do turn back!" I exclaimed. "You know neither of us can swim."

"Well, that's what I'm trying to do," she replied with a pale face, "but this old canoe seems so contrary."

I knew better than to excite Pearl, else I might have cried. I certainly felt like it.

Oh joy! We finally began to approach the shore! Would we ever reach it? The water was up to our ankles. The river was as wide as the ocean.

With dripping skirts I leaped to the bank. With an hysterical laugh I resolved never again to disobey my mother.

B2

How I Learned a Lesson,

One day I wanted to go to town. Father objected, but I decided to slip off and go anyway.

I had got about half way to town when Father, who had discovered my avsence, overtook me. I wnet back faster than I had come, I tell you! When we reached home he cut a limb and gave me such a whipping that I resolved then and there never to run away again.

B3

How I Learned a Lesson

One day I was told to wash the dishes and I wouldn't do it. I was then told I couldn't go to my aunts for three days and during that time thay had a party and of course I couldn't be there. I learned right then to do as I was told.

B4

How I Learned a Lesson

When I was twelve years old I became the proud possessor of an air-rifle. I swore vengeance on every bird of the English Sparrow tribe but promised myself I would not bother any others.

I was shooting birds one day and Harry Rhodes and Frank Land were accompanying me with their rifles. We killed a few

bird that morning, all English Sparrows, but a red-bird flew to a tree just a little ways ahead of us. Harry and Frank each took a shot and missed, so I took aim, fired, and missed; but just then Frank shot and brought it to the ground.

I started over the fence to get it, and the first thing that I knew about two million yellow-jackets lit on me and began to dig. I tumbled back over the fence and fell. It took me about two minutes to finally regain my feet, and I started for home. As I ran I let out a scream every step of the way.

The yellow-jackets finally left me, and I rushed to the house where my mother and sister put soda and liniment on my stings. After this was done the pain abated, although it was still very fierce.

I could not eat my dinner, and all at once the thought struck me, tonight is the night of Henrietta's party, and I will be unable to go!

Supper time came and I ate, and my swellings subsided so that I went to the party and had a good time.

My father took the rifle and broke it to pieces, and I still think that that was a lesson taught to me in the right way, for I have never harmed a bird, except the English Sparrow, to this day.

B5

How I Learned a Lesson.

One day I was going home from school and I got on a truck and when ti got to the place for me to get off j went to jump off a truck and fell down and the pinal wheels just missed my leggs and that was the last time that I got on a truck after that.

B6

How I Learned a Lesson.

Our big Collie dog was out in the yard chewing at a bone. I wanted to romp with him but he pretended not to see me, for he wanted to chew his bone. When I saw this I tried to take it from him. and he bit my hand, making it bleed. I at once ran into the house to have it cared for. It was not a very bad bite, but it did teach me a good lesson, and that was to attend to my own business.

B7

How I Learned a Lesson

one day I was in a swing and I bout drouned I get out in the water to fire and I stird back and I just get half way I bout went under but I mad it

B8

How I Learned a Lesson

I have handled a gun every sense I have been six years of age I have been very careful with a gun when I handled them I never did fire one of by accident until last spring. I went to the field to clean of the stalks and rubbish I took a twenty two rifle a long and after I had finished the job I went around the hill to watch a woodchuck hole. I set the gun on my foot and by accident pulled the trigger and put a bullet through My foot. and after that I have learned to keep a gun away from my foot.

B9

How I learned a Lesson

once I was smoking and I got sick the boys that were with me made fun of me. then I ask for one more it was when I went fishing and it made so sick that I never had any more. people want to give then to me but I say I don't smoke.

B10

How I Learned a Lesson

I fall out of a tree and broke my Arm and I never climb after that.

SERIES C

C1

How I Learned a Lesson.

When I was about ten years of age and hardly knew right from wrong a neighbor woman sent me to the store one day to get her some groceries. With the change I bought some candy, but I didn't tell her that I had bought anything more than she had sent me after.

When I went home Mother asked me what I had in my pocket. I was afraid to tell her nothing, so I told her the truth. She then went and told the lady, and also whipped me. I never did a trick like that any more, for I learned that I had deceived my friend.

C2

How I Learned a Lesson

One could search on day and find him as lonely to me.

C3

How I learned a Lesson

One day a chum came over to my house and, calling me to one side, told me that he had two nice cigars which he had "snitched" from his father's pocket. We headed at once for Grandfather's barn where, as Herbert, my friend, said, we could smoke in peace.

Upon arriving at the barn Herbert pulled out two long black Invincible cigars. We lighted up as Herbert grunted between puffs,

"Ever smoke before?"

"Sure," I lied, "lots of times."

"So have I," answered Herbert.

After taking a few long puffs on my cigar I began to see the world upsidedown, and I think Herbert did too. In a few minutes we were both lying on the grass, a very distressed pair of boys.

After the climax had come and gone Herbert, still white and trembling, said, "No kidding, now; had you ever smoked before?"

"No," I nodded sheepishly, "had you?"

"No," Herbert sighed.

"This has certainly been a lesson to me," I said as we departed.

"Here, too," answered Herbert.

C4

How I Learned a Lesson.

I was told when a child never to talk about any one. But I happened to be with a group of girls that were making fun of some friend. I liked this friend well and I knew at the time I was talking about her that I was doing wrong. But hearing these other girls talking I thought that I should do the same. One girl said that this certain girl was nothing but a rough neck. It really made my heart thump when she said this because I knew it wasn't true. I then made my remark about her, saying that she was as homely as sin. I knew she was good looking, but I said it any how. These remarks all came back to my friend and she came to me one day and asked what I had said about her. Well I wouldn't tell her but she said she knew. Just then a girl came up and asked if we were sisters. I immediately said know and she said that we looked so much alike. Now this wasn't the first time that we had heard this so we both answered together, "Well if that's the case we are both homely." And I truly believe this is so.

C5

How I Learned a Lesson.

I remember, it was a long time ago of course, that mother told me not to do nothing, but I did it, anyway. She told me to stay at home, while she was gone. Some girls come along and wanted me to go for a car ride so I ment. While we were riding along, it began to rain and we did not get home until after dark. We come near sliding into the river. We were so frightened that I learned a lesson.

C6

How I Learned a Lesson.

Mother used to say that I never saw anything new without wanting to see how it was made and how it worked. She predicted that some day I would find out to my sorrow how something worked; but I considered that only one of Mother's whims.

One evening after school last spring I walked through town to get Mother some talcum-powder at Henderson's Drug Store. While waiting for my purchase I spied a mysterious-looking box on the cigar counter with the name INVINCIBLE across the front. I had only the day before learned the meaning of that word through Latin, and I considered the strange box a challenge. Upon examining it I found an inviting little hole in the top. I poked my finger into the holè, and, "Snap!" went the maching. The end of my finger lay among cigar-clippings and my blood was shed all over the counter before the clerk got my finger dressed.

I concluded that CONVINCIBLE would be a better motto for that infernal machine, and that at least one of Mother's whims is sound.

C7

How I learned a Lesson

It was time to practice, and my, how I hate to! But I love to play. The parlor window was up and I could hear Mother talking to some one. I called out asked her if I might practice that night. She said no and when I heard her say it I was lost. I was mad then so I just made as much noise as possible and never corrected a wrong note or anything. I put in an awful hour. When I got through mother said, "Come here someone has come to see you. I went to her and who should it be but my uncle who gave that Piano for my Birthday, and he had to go thru. that

madding hour the same as I did. I hung my head in shame. Because what I ment to inflict on the piano was inflicted on him too. To think that my uncle should have seen me give a display of temper was madding. and now when I am mad I go away all by myself, and fight it out.

C8

How I Learned a Lesson.

Last summer Father, Mother, and I wnet to Eurpoe to visit my brother's grave. While abroad we crossed the Alps to see Italy. We had several pieces of baggage, and Italian trains are laborious anyway, so Father always tried to find a vacant compartment on the trains where we might have plenty of room. We all came to resent the presence of any intruders in our "private" compartment.

One day, in traveling from Milan to Verona, we succeeded in finding a vacant compartment. We had arranged our baggage conveniently and had just settled ourselves comfortably when the train pulled up at a village. A big, dark-skinned woman opened our door and pushed in past our baggage and our stares, deposited her hand-bag, and sat down. Father saw a chance to say what he thought without being understood, so he opened up. Mother concurred, and I caught the spirit of the occasion and gave vent to my fresh young spleen. The woman sat stolidly, apparently ablivious to our anathemas. We were reveling in our opportunity to indulge in freedom of speech.

When we had exhausted our vocabularies and suitably disposed of all such souls as hers, we proceeded to accomodate ourselves to our restricted quarters. Our guest, apparently relieved by the calm after the storm, opened her bag, took out a copy of "Main Street," and began to read!

C9

How I Learned a Lesson

I was arrested for fighting ine the street and tock up in furnt of the mear and he sad he would leat us go if we woud leat us go if we woud never figt on the street. that How I Learned Lesson.

C10

How I Learned a Lesson.

When I first began raising little chickens I did not know very much about them, But I wanted to learn. When the little chickens

began to hatch I surely was glad to see them. They were all colors—some were yellow, some black, and some were colored like a ground-squirrel. These I knew would be leghorns, the plumoth rocks are black-and-white when hatched, and the little yellow ones I knew would grow to be big red chickens.

I was delighted when all of the eggs hatched, but what I wanted most of all was to feed my chickens and watch them grow. It is fun to listen to them chirping while they eat, and I liked to hear them so well that I always fed them too much. Mamma warned me that I was feeding them so much they would just get fat, and not grow very fast; but I thought that surely the more I fed them the faster they would grow. Mamma kept telling me, till I decided to try giving them only half as much, and I found that they grew much faster; So this was the lesson that I learned, and I have not had any trouble getting them to grow since that lesson.

2. SERIES D, E, AND F FOR TYPICAL COMPOSITION ABILITY SCALE

SERIES D

D1

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

Slatter's Hill, or No-Man's-Land as it was called, was a point of land lying between the North End and South End of town, covering about an acre and a fourth.

One Saturday morning the North End, under the leadership of Jack Harris, got together a small army of young men and made a snow fortress on Slatter's Hill. The South Enders soon found it out, and prepared for an attack that afternoon at two o'clock under the leadership of Mat Ames. They gathered together fifty men and started up the hill. Mat Ames was met by a snowball in the pit of his stomach from the hand of Jack Harris. But they swept on up the hill. Nothing could be seen except flying snowballs. About a dozen boys reached the top of the hill. The others were driven back by the snowballs. Some of the boys tried to climb over the icy fortress, but were grabbed by the legs and made prisoners. What was left of the South Enders retreated amidst the cheers of the North Enders.

The battle became a legend in the town. If anything concerning military genius was mentioned one of the boys who fought would say, "By golly, you aught to have been at the fight on Slatter's Hill!"

D2

A Snow Ball Fight an Slatter Hill

Slathers Hill was a small hill in the center of the town, that also nas the immaginary boundary time that divided the Northern And Southen parts of the town.

One night the northenes boy crept silently up en the hill and bult a line of breast works, and made some three hundred snow balls. the next morning nny person in the southern part of town, the military parts especealy General Jack Harris who and all the fellow whom he could muster in his mighty army marched against the Fort. Mac Ames who was General on the north end sind, had mustered some fifty to help hold the fort.

General Harris the first thing hit General Mac Ames in the stomach with a snow ball. the air was full of snow balls but the South ender got close to the fourt.

D3

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.

Slatter's Hill, more commonly known as No-Man's-Land, rises midway between the North End and South End of town. Its precipitous slopes and flat summit render it an almost impregnable vantage point in the frequent snowball battles between the Northenders and Southenders.

One Saturday morning the Northenders intrenched themselves on the height behind a massive fort of snow. In a few hours the word went round that the Southenders would attempt to dislodge them that afternoon. The garrison reinforced its defenses and piled snowballs high in preparation for the attack.

At two o'clock the enemy appeared, fifty strong, under the command of General Mat Ames. The garrison, in charge of General Jack Harris, waited to see the whites of the enemy's eyes. Each defender gripped a projectile in either hand, and a supply lay at his feet.

Just as the besiegers crept within range General Harris gave the signal for battle by firing a snowball which took General Ames in the pit of his stomach. The enemy faltered a moment, then renewed the charge; but volley after volley met them, and they finally wavered and withdrew. In a last desperate assault a dozen of the Southenders attempted to scale the walls, but General Harris leaned recklessly over the ramparts and repulsed the charge. Five of the enemy were seized by the legs, drawn over the walls, and made prisoners, while the rest were hurled down the hill. Finally the thin blue line abandoned the attack and marched away whistling "Yankee Doodle" amid cheers and jeers from the fort.

General Harris, with a blue swelling under one eye, turned to his comrades and said, glowing with pride, "My men, you acquitted yourselves nobly; I'm proud of you!"

D4

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.

On no man's Hill as it was some times called on about one and one fourth acres of ground. The South enders and North Enders had a snowball fight.

There were twenty to thirty northenders and fifty Southenders which were to battle for the fort Jack Harris's handkerchief (silk) was their flag on the Southenders side. They had 300 snowballs waiting for the enemy. Not more than ten of the northenders succeeded in getting any ways near the Southenders. General Jack

Harris started or fired the first shot he threw a snowball and hit General Mat Ames in the stomach.

As the Northenders were climbing to the fort the S. E. got them by the legs and pulled them down the hill and made them prisoners.

The General of the Southenders said he was proud of his troops and they marched away singing Yankee Doodle.

D5

a snowball fight on Slathers Hill

the south enders perlt a fort on the hill and the north enders raded the fort and some of them got hurt and made turn traitor

D6

“A Snowball Fight on Slatter’s Hill”

There was at least thirty boys from the North End of town, took possession of Slatters Hill which was a division of the North End and the South End, covering about one and one half acres.

Here they immediately built a fort of the fleesy snow directed by General Jack Harris as he was named.

It was not long until the South End boys found what had happened. They then made preparations and had made their attack by two o’clock that Saturday afternoon.

The South Enders with Mat Ames directing them did not give up when General Jack Harris hit him in the pit of the stomach with one of the three-hundred snow balls that Jack’s company had prepared.

Five of Mat’s warriors succeeded in getting to the Fort where they were taken prisoners until almost dark. Then was allowed to go home singing Yankee Doodle while Jack’s company cheered them.

D7

A Snowball Fight on Slatter Hill.

Once on Slatter hill as grate was fowght. be twin the marth and the sauth. north had some some snow balls here and there so thick that you could git throw with out getting hit with a ball the north were be hind the snow ball waiting for their enemie aprach. Them they didnt have long to the sath were there the an the South got hit in badry and five reach the ap but were captured

D8

A Snowball fight on Slatters

Now man land 4 ake of land South End had a fight whit the North end Southe end had three hundred Snow boll and one day the Southe End mad a read on the Northe End and the snow boll was flying in air Southe end capteard sone of Northe End me ant capeten Jack Harris.

D9

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.

Slatter's Hill, or No-Man's-Land, is an imaginary boundary line between the North End and the South End of town.

One Friday evening in mid-winter the Northenders quietly took possession of the strategic position and threw up a strong line of breastworks around the top. In an hour the news had gone from one end of town to the other that the Southenders would attack the fort the next day.

At exactly two o'clock on Saturday afternoon the Southenders, led by General Mat Ames, advanced on the fort. We were inside with three-hundred snowballs, and were commanded by General Jack Harris, whose handkerchief floated defiantly above our post.

The Southenders advanced on the run. We held our fire until General Harris gave the signal by firing a snowball straight into the pit of General Ames's stomach. Blinded and dazed by our first volley, the enemy wavered. Great gaps appeared in their line as they formed for a second assault. This time a dozen succeeded in scaling our walls, but five of them were dragged in by the legs and made prisoners, while our brave General leaned recklessly over the ramparts and hurled the others heels over head down the hill.

When the Southenders had retired in confusion and defeat General Jack turned to us and said, "Well done, my brave lads!" Our bosoms swelled with pride; and now, when there is talk of other battles and other heroes, we always say, "By golly, you ought to have been at the fight on Slatter's Hill!"

D10

A Snowball Fight on Slatter Hill.

Once there was a man had about acre and half of land and he lived in a snow house
There was an army came on his land and took possession over it. They got be hind the snow house made a pile of snow balls waitin for the army to come. When they came they began snowballing.

The air was covered With snow balls. Finally some of the men climbed the rock wall and the men were caught by Harris army and Made prisoners by Harris army.

SERIES E

E1

A Snaw balle Fight on Slitters Hill.

Slatters Hill marked the boundry line of the North and South sides of the town. There was the im agin ary line the boys all observed when any one crossed the line "took his life in his hand," so as to speak.

One morning the South Enders were very diss agreeably surprised to find that "we" North Enders had built a very farmied able breast work of snow at the top of the hill. The news was passed arauud through town that the South Enders were going to attact out fort on Saturday afternoon. when Saturday afternoon come all the fighting boys that we could muster, in the North End of the town, were lying behind the fort with about three hundred snow balls piled up around them. It wasn't long untill the enemy appeared led by Mat Ames. The fight was on when our General Jack Harris, raised up and planted a snow ball with great precision in the Stomach of Mat Ames.

from that time an the air was thick with snow balls, The South Enders stormed the fort time and again. When any of their men would reach the fort we would seize them and keep them as prisoners. We were all but beaten once. Nothing but the bravery of Jack Harris and his men saved us. we leaned far over our breast works and showered snow balls into their mist untill they were forced to retreat. They marched away whistling "yankee Doodle" leaving us still holding the fort. When they were out of sight General Harris complimented his men for bravery. Every boy's heart in the bunch swelled with pride at this time. Afterwards when grit, bravery and endurance were spoken of you would hear. "By Golly, you aught to have been in the battle on Slatters Hill."

E2

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

Slatter's Hill is a rise of ground covering an acre and a half and forming an imaginary line between the north end and the south end of town.

One morning the South End boys awoke to find us North Enders well entrenched behind a snow fort on top of Slatter's Hill. Within

an hour it had become known all over town that the South Enders were mobilizing for an attack on our fortifications that afternoon.

By one o'clock the advancing army had begun to ascend the Hill. As soon as they were within firing distance our General, Jack Harris, opened fire with one of our three-hundred snowballs, catching General Mat Ames of the attacking forces in the stomach! That was a signal for the fight proper, and instantly the air was white with flying missiles.

On they came! A dozen of the enemy reached our ramparts and five mounted the wall, only to be seized by the legs and dragged in, captives.

All afternoon the battle lasted. Many times we were within an ace of having Fort Slatter taken from us; but each time General Harris and his gallant staff beat off the invaders. Darkness found General Harris's handkerchief still flying above us, and the South Enders marched away to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

In after years, when the boys would brag of snow-fights, we would always say, "By golly, you ought to have been at the Battle of Slatter's Hill!"

E3

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill North End
un koint one Slatter's Hill Maid a port South End and it was time
Mines till one allover toun naxt day it un point it was snowball
fight Mat Ames right in the stumke and clumb up on the icy walls
grab hime arong leag and made tem as priser.

E4

A Snow Boll Fright on Slatters Hill

The snow ball fright on Slatters Hill was certainly a fight it lasted a long time a fort was there and it was commanded by Gen. Harris it Started when one of the boys in the fort threw a single ball and hit one of the enemy right in the pit of the stomach and then they began the fright some of the enemy came up and was draged in the fort by their legs and taken prisnors and soon the enemy had to retreat singing yandy doodle dandy

E5

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

Slatter's Hill, usually known as No Man's Land, consisted of an acre and a half situated on an imaginary line separating the North End from the South End of town.

Thirty North Enders quietly ascended Slater's Hill one winter evening and built a fort. Imagine how indignant the South Enders were when they awoke next morning to find us behind our snowy fort in firm possession of the Hill, with Jack Harris's handkerchief waving defiantly above us!

News quickly spread that the South Enders, under the leadership of Mat Ames, would attack our citidel that afternoon. We piled up three hundred snowballs in preparation for the defensive.

At two o'clock the South Enders approached, fifty strong, led by General Ames. Our garrison was in command of General Jack Harris.

The zero hour had come. In utter stillness the enemy climbed the hill. Suddenly General Harris opened fire and hit General Ames in the stomach. Instantly the air was thick with flying snowballs. Undaunted, the enemy surged up the Hill, shoulder to shoulder. Twelve of them succeeded in reaching the walls, but as fast they mounted our icy parapets we seized them and made them prisoners. Twice we were almost driven from our position, when General Harris and his brave staff leaned over the ramparts and hurled the Huns down the Hill.

At sundown Fort Slatter was still unconquered—our Verdun was saved! Ames and his army retired under cover of darkness, whistling, "Yankee Doodle," while our General commended us for our valor.

Afterwards, when brave deeds were spoken of, someone would always say, "By golly, you ought to been at the fight on Slatter's Hill!"

E6

A Swonball Fight on Slatter's Hill

There was a Snowball battle between north enders and south enders on Slatters Hill and the north enders went up first and built a snow fort and made three hundred snowballs and the south end soon knew it all over the town and the south end got ready and went up and the began to fight Jack Harris throne the first snowball and hit a man on the other side in the stumik and noxed him down and the air was thick with snowballs and when was done the south end went playing yacceduledy when they got home the told very botty the fight up on Slatters Hill.

E7

A Snowball Fight on Slatters Hill.

Slatters Hill was a small rise of ground covering about an acre and a quarter of ground. One day in winter the North End took

possession of this hill and built a snow fort on the top. The South End soon found it out and resented the occupancy. About two o'clock they attacked the fort with snow balls but were driven off again and again. Finally they desisted and marched away singing "Yankee Doodle." It was a memorable fight long to be remembered in our town.

E8

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.

Never will I forget the glorious snowball fight on Slatter's Hill! The scene of the battle, Slatter's Hill, was a mound which nominally marked the boundary between the North End and South End of town.

One night about thirty of the North Enders stealthily took possession of the hill and built a snow-fort there. Imagine the surprise and dismay of the South Enders when, next morning, they saw Jack Harris's silk handkerchief waving triumphantly over our fortifications!

Armed with three hundred snowballs, we lay behind the barricade awaiting the commands of our leader, General Jack Harris. The enemy was not long approaching. Fifty strong and led by Mat Ames, they stormed the hill. The first ball fired by General Harris struck General Ames squarely in the stomach. Then the balls came thick and fast. Three times the enemy were on the verge of taking our stronghold. The third time they were driven back only when General Harris, leaping recklessly onto our ramparts, rallied his soldiers to a supreme effort. Several of the enemy were captured, the rest fled down the hill. We lost not a single man.

When General Harris, a truly impressive figure in spite of his black eye and mussed clothing, said, "I am proud of you, my soldiers!," cheers rent the air. Our victory was complete.

Even now, when stories of some great battle, some thrilling struggle are related, the boys merely shrug their shoulders and say in a slightly bored voice, "Aw gosh, you should have been at the fight on Slatter's Hill!"

E9

A Snowball Fight on Slatters Hill

Slatters Hill was an imaginary line dividing the north & South End of the town. one day Jack Harris with his recruits built a huge snow fort on the Hill. The following Saturday the South End fellows attacked it. They were repulsed after a hard battle and if any one ever speaks of bravery in that town they say "By golly!

E10

A Snofall Fight on Slatters Hill,

The men were bodly wanded and and the snowbolls were so thick that no an could of passed wit:: out getting hit with a snow ball. Some of the men had to go and be operated am and the snow forst was bilt out of snow and they go got a lot of snow balls and preposed for them and ane snowie hill the snow was like rane fall-ing in a stormy day.

SERIES F

F1

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill.

Slatter's Hill is the No-Man's-Land that lies between the North Ends and South End of our town. It has been the scene of many a bitter fight between the gangs from these two sections.

Imagine the chagrin of the Southenders one showy morning when they perceived that the Northenders had erected a huge snow-fort on Slatter's Hill, over which defiantly waved Jack Harris's silk handkerchief! The challenge was accepted, and the Southenders prepared for battle.

About two o'clock Mat Ames led fifty stalwart soldiers up the hill. Suddenly a ball thrown by General Harris took him in the very pit of his stomach. Roused by the opening volley, the Southenders rushed furiously to the attack. Time after time they charged, only to be met by a deadly barrage. Time after time they retreated to mend their broken ranks. In a last desperate assault twelve of the enemy reached our walls, but the example of our brave General, who leaned recklessly over the ramparts to repulse the attack, enabled us to make prisoners of five of the enemy and hurl the rest back down the hill. Exhausted, defeated, the Southenders fled ignominiously, whistling "Yankee Doodle" while we jeered and hooted them.

Long, long after, whenever bravery was spoken of, a veteran of this gallant struggle would say, "By golly, you ought to have been in the fight on Slatter's Hill!"

F2

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

Slatter's hill was a rise of ground in the central part of the town, and covered about an acre and $\frac{1}{4}$ of land, and it was sometimes called "no Mans Land" because nobody lived on it. One

morning on getting up the consternation of the South Enders was complete when on getting up they found a strong fort on Slatters hill well garrisons by the North Enders and commanded by Gen Jack Harris.

The consternation of Gen. Mat ames of the South Enders was complete and he started immediately to recruit an army to storm the fort in the afternoon. Early in the afternoon the South Enders 50 Strong and headed by Gen. Ames moved up, and the conflict was opens by our own Gen. J. Harris firing a large icy nowball full into the pit of Gen. Ame's stomach, almost instantly air was thick with snowballs and we narrowly missed losing the fort that afternoon. Evening arriving the South Enders marched away singing Yankee Doodle and us jeering them. Ever since the veteran's of this battle have said, when noble deeds were spoke of, "By Golly you ought have been in the battle on Slatter's hill"

F3

Asnowball fight

Some of the north End boy had a fort on Slatter's Hill and the South End boy are playing to take the fort. at three oclock Saturday afternoon, a boy named Jack Harris was captin of the north end and Mat Ames of the South End.

The time came for the big fight to start Mat Ames toled his men to go right up the hill and take the fort. Jack Harris sturted the fight by kocking mat Mat Ames then the snowballs begun to fly when Mat Ames men reached the top of Slatters hill there were only about ten of them and Harry men drove them away anddd all rest of the South End boy went home singing "Yankee Doodle."

F4

A Snowfall Fight on Slatter's Hill.

Slatter's Hill or No Mans Land as it is usually called marks a boundary between the North and South end of the toun. One evening the North Enders went up and took possession of the fort. The next evening the South enders marched up and made three hundred snowballs waiting for the enemy. The enemy was not veyr long comming, When they got ther one of them was hit in the stomach with a snow-ball. This started a fight and the North Enders were drove back. Then our captain said soldiers I am proud of you. Then my heart leaped up into my mouth.

F5

a Sowbale fight on Slatters Hill.

O Boy you out to ben up to the fight a L uowball fughet on Satter's Hill.

F6

A Snowball On Slaters Hill.

One doy an Slatters Hill the north ender and the south ender were going to have a battle an ane Satenday evening at tw a Oclock. They threw up breast work And prepared for the battle which was coming. The North ender made them up three hundred snow balls. General Harris was the heed of the team. Soon they get ready and marched down as the South ender Ane of them hit Mr. Harris in the Stumach and the people began to cheer him for hitting him The South enders gave up. And began to run. When they went back to their home. They aught to be in the battle with us they said to the boys.

F7

a Snowball fight om Satters Hill

a snowball fight om Satters Hill some owmer boy om South side and it wase om North Side So Some of the boys om South hill sat-day after noorm wend out om Satters hill and Mad a forte orf ice forhn Harris wase the tipten so it wase nounge al over towen a paser at the Boys culs aspased soi thay wnt out om sunday they baid a fort to and thay had about three hunders Snow bolls thay wade to north and coim up and the Snowballs bagin to fly in the are and jalk Harris Hade taken man Hate tepen foilk Harrie in the eie and he fell to the goown and fire orf the men goit to then.

F8

A Snowball Fight on Slatter's Hill

Mo man's land was a aker and a hlaf wen Moth end went up to Slatters hill and made a fort and wen South end counne the saw the North end ther thay told every boy their was going to be a fught thws satay and wen South end got thur thear was Morth end wath 3.00 nen and South end had 50 nen and thar the fight began wath 3.00 snow balls and Jack Harris was the leader and if it was for hen thay wood hade got lurk wen the war was over Jack hade a black i and the Morth went away sang unkdulse. and evey body sad you ot to have seen the fight

F9

A Snowball Fight
on Slatters Hill.

The north end fixed a fort on Slatters Hill, and they were going to have a snoball fight with the South End on saturday afternoon. When the time come for the battle, and when it was started the first snow ball that was threw was by mat ames which hit Jack Harris. Then there were snowballs after snowballs soiling through the air. The north End won the battle and left singing Yankey Duple. The South End gave mony shouts as the North End left.

F10

A Snaw boll on fight on Slatters hill

Us boys and some more of the South and North had A fight with loch Other, Our general was fron the south nor H Aras and North was G. Ames General Ames hit Gen Haros in the eye with One And whipped the South they hod three hundred snow bolls turned on us the ver pulling us North Out Of A big nall and putting us in prison and said when the South whipped them you have got the best army we are whipped.

As they were going out of sight we sang yankey Doodle and holled at them Good byboys.

SCORE KEY TO PRACTISE LISTS

SERIES A		SERIES B		SERIES C	
Theme	Score	Theme	Score	Theme	Score
A1	4.7	B1	7.2	C1	4.8
A2	1.4	B2	3.3	C2	0.0
A3	8.9	B3	4.0	C3	7.3
A4	2.7	B4	6.4	C4	5.3
A5	2.35	B5	1.8	C5	2.6
A6	6.6	B6	5.0	C6	6.8
A7	3.0	B7	.8	C7	4.1
A8	.5	B8	2.8	C8	7.6
A9	1.7	B9	1.4	C9	1.5
A10	5.5	B10	1.3	C10	5.4

SERIES D		SERIES E		SERIES F	
Theme	Score	Theme	Score	Theme	Score
D1	6.5	E1	4.5	F1	7.3
D2	2.6	E2	7.0	F2	4.0
D3	7.9	E3	.4	F3	2.4
D4	3.2	E4	2.0	F4	3.7
D5	.8	E5	6.1	F5	.3
D6	4.5	E6	1.9	F6	2.5
D7	1.25	E7	5.4	F7	1.0
D8	1.1	E8	8.0	F8	1.1
D9	8.0	E9	3.9	F9	2.7
D10	2.2	E10	1.65	F10	1.6

SECTION VII

COMPARATIVE SCORES IN COMPOSITION

Expressed in Hillegas Terms. To Be Used with Either the Hillegas, the Thorndike, the Trabue (Nassau), the Hudelson, or the Lewis Scales.

STATES	SCHOOLS	GRADES												YEAR	Mo.	ASSIGNMENT	SCALE USED IN SCORING
		4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12							
	NATIONAL STANDARDS*	3.0	3.6	4.2	4.7	5.3	5.5	5.9	6.3	6.7				Jan.			
	Southern Standards**	2.6	2.5	3.4	3.9	4.1		5.0	5.9	6.4	6.7			Jan.		Nas.	
	54 High Schools in over 35 states.																
Ala.	Mobile Co., whites outside of Mobile City.	3.2	3.9	4.3	4.2			5.6	6.4	6.05	6.8						
Ark.	Fort Smith whites.	3.3	2.85	4.6	4.95			6.7	6.9	7.2	7.5						
	Fort Smith colored.	2.3	2.9	3.8	3.9	4.5	5.1	5.6	6.0	6.2				Feb.		Thorn.	
Colo.	Idaho Springs	2.0	2.9	3.4	2.9	3.5								Feb.		Nas.	
Ill.	Rockford.	3.2	3.7	4.3	5.0	5.5	5.0	5.5	5.0	4.7	6.0			Sept.			
Ind.	Bloomington (Jr. High School).				4.8	5.7	5.7							1921 Feb.	Median score on 18 assignments		Hud.
	Gary.	3.0	3.3	3.3	4.0	4.6	4.7	5.6	6.4	6.2				Spring			
	Laporte.	4.1	4.4	5.0	5.8	6.8											
Iowa	Charles City		3.7	4.0	4.7	5.2											
	Cherokee.	4.0	5.0	5.5	5.5	6.0											
	Muscatine.	3.4	4.1	4.6	4.9	5.6	6.0	6.65	6.6	7.1				May		Thorn.	
	Washington.		4.2	5.0	5.1	5.7	6.1	6.7	7.0	7.6				Apr.		Thorn.	
	Waterloo.	2.8	4.15	4.1	5.0	5.8	5.1	6.6	7.6					Jan.		Thorn.	
Kans.	Lawrence													May		Nas.	
Md.	Baltimore County.		5.15		5.7												
	Baltimore, B. B. I. (Boys)						5.5	5.9	6.3	6.7				1921 Dec.	An Exciting Adventure		Hud.
	" B. C. C. (Boys)						5.1	6.5	6.1	5.4				1921 Dec.	"	"	Hud.
	" E. H. S. (Girls)						5.4	5.9	7.5					1921 Dec.	"	"	Hud.
	" W. H. S. (Girls)						6.3	5.7	6.5					1921 Dec.	"	"	Hud.
	" negro coeducational.						5.9	7.2	6.5	7.2				1921 Dec.	"	"	Hud.
	" all.	2.6	3.3	3.9	4.8	5.4								1921 Dec.	"	"	Nas.
Mich.	Detroit (50,000 pupils in 145 schools)	3.3	4.6	4.8	5.3	6.1	4.8	5.0	5.2	5.1				1922 Jan.	Nas.		Nas.
	Flint.																Nas.
	Republic.	3.0	3.7	4.3	4.7	4.5	4.6	5.4	6.05	5.8				Dec.			Nas.

*Weighted composite scores of all pupils whose results are available.

**Dr. Garrison's standards, based upon 1806, 1805, 1420, and 1167 pupils in Grades 4 to 8 respectively from all the Southern states and W. Va., Ky., Okla., and Mo. For percentile norms based upon these scores, see *The Virginia Teacher*, Sept.-Oct., 1921, or Peabody College Bureau of Tests and Measurements, Bulletin No. 1, Jan. 27, 1922.

COMPARATIVE SCORES IN COMPOSITION—Continued

STATES	SCHOOLS	GRADES												YEAR	Mo.	ASSIGNMENT	SCALE USED IN SCOR- ING
		4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12							
Tenn.	Chattanooga.....	3.6	4.0	4.4	5.0	5.6	5.4	6.3	6.4	6.75	1921	Jan.	Nas.		
Ex.	Mt. Pleasant, whites.....	2.8	2.1	4.2	4.0	6.2	5.4	6.3	6.4	6.75	1921	Jan.	Nas.		
Utah	Salt Lake City.....	3.18	3.22	1.05	2.0	6.4	1915	May	Nas.		
Va.	State Survey, white boys.....	3.6	3.8	4.6	5.2	6.4	5.4	1919	May	The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had.....	Nas.		
	" " colored boys.....	4.85	1919	May	The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had.....	Nas.		
	" " white girls.....	5.6	1919	May	The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had.....	Nas.		
	" " colored girls.....	5.0	1919	May	The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had.....	Nas.		
W Va.	25 schools.....	4.6	5.4	5.5	6.2	6.5	6.7	1921	Feb.	Median score on 18 assignments.....	Hud.		
	Philippi.....	3.6	5.1	5.9	6.4	1921	Mar.	The Most Exciting Ride I Ever Had.....	Hud.		
Wis.	Janesville.....	2.4	2.8	3.7	3.8	4.5	6.2	6.5	Nas.		
Ill.	7247 pupils in 305 accredited high schools and academies outside of Chicago.....	6.4	1920	Mar.	An Afternoon Off.....	Nas.		
Cal.	Berkeley.....	3.3	4.0	3.9	5.7	5.8	5.8	June	Nas.		
	Richmond.....	2.8	4.7	4.9	5.1	5.9	June	Nas.		
Mich.	Twelve Schools.....	1.5	2.8	3.3	3.5	4.4	1921	Oct.	What I Think I Shall Enjoy in School This Year.....	Nas.		

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ABSTRACTS OF ADDRESSES TO BE MADE IN THE DISCUSSION OF THIS YEARBOOK

THE AIMS OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION TEACHING

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(Abstract)

The improvement of current conceptions of the aims of composition teaching is fundamental. All efforts at improvement rest upon it. So far as methods are conscious, they are guided by the teacher's objects. Measures of results, if they are to be useful, must be devised in view of what is to be accomplished and data derived from their application must be interpreted in the same way.

"General merit" is, however, too vague a term to serve as anything more than a point of reference for a survey of a most superficial sort. It can to no appreciable degree serve as a guide to classroom work. At the best, evidence of the lack of it indicates merely that there is need for more specific diagnosis before remedial measures are undertaken. Improvement of teaching requires analysis of composition into the several abilities of which it is composed. Such analysis will make it possible to employ aims as standards of achievement.

The first step toward such an analysis may be taken by distinguishing the composition of images from the composition of ideas. In general, the former is regarded as an end in itself, as art in the narrow sense. The latter figures primarily as the means to an end, as a practical art. Notwithstanding a considerable overlapping of abilities, these two types of expression are distinguishable. The differences grow out of a disparity of purposes, which lead to contrasting methods of appeal and of response on the part of the reader or listener. Failure to recognize the practical as set off from the literary delays our approach to the maximum of efficiency in this field. This principle is partly recognized by teachers

who complain that the pupils can be given only one mark for all phases of the English work. Apparently, however, they have in mind only a course in literature in general on the one hand and of composition of all sorts on the other. The distinction goes farther. Composition itself has two modes.

Even more serious as regards social values is the almost universal failure to give to oral composition its rightful place. "Composition" means to teachers apparently the writing of "papers" or "themes." The weekly or bi-weekly "theme," sedulously required and filed, is a *written* document. In point of fact children and young people, to say nothing of adults, have little need for writing anything except occasional letters and such outlines, summaries, reports, and examinations as are necessary to the work of the various classes, and these are precisely the forms in which least practice seems to be given in English classes. Save for the school paper and the school magazine there would be no outlet at all for much of the skill and enthusiasm so persistently sought in those classes.

But conversation, discussion, answers, oral reports, and accounts of an informative or persuasive nature actually constitute the daily language opportunities and requirements of the pupils. The first obligation of the English course would seem to be to make the use of English throughout the school as effective as possible.

Making all the allowance due for the content value of the written compositions now commonly required and for their reciprocal effect on reading, study, and intellectual processes generally, we must still maintain that the chief business of instruction in English composition in the schools is to give children and young people better command of the vernacular for their *present* social needs. No one will deny that the most pressing and far-reaching need is that of clear, pleasant, correct, and effective speech.

Failure to recognize and act upon this theory is the more excusable from the fact that there is good, if not abundant, evidence to prove that the foundation of good writing is good speaking. Even if this grows progressively less true as children grow older, it nevertheless remains true throughout the high-school age.

In many important respects it is literally the fact that the way to learn to write is to speak.

The bearing of this contention upon the problems involved in attempting to devise scales for the measurement of efficiency in composition is evident. There must be scales and standards in oral composition as well as in written. Such scales should embody only what the speaker said, not the mechanical errors he would have committed in putting his speech on paper. Such scales would be more useful, certainly as helps to teachers, than those now in use. If grammatical errors were also segregated, we should be far on the way toward standards in *composition*, apart from proofreading.

METHODS OF TEACHING ENGLISH COMPOSITION

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(Abstract)

Dr. Hudelson in this study of English composition has investigated teaching methods only so far as to convince himself that he might be more profitably employed. He discovers from an exceptionally fruitful questionnaire on theme writing procedure that the practices among different types of schools and among similar schools are extremely varied. From an ingenious supplementary study of the relative weights assigned by teachers to composition elements he discovers that teachers do not at all agree in their judgments, and that even their tendencies do not seem very logical. These conditions encourage Dr. Hudelson to abandon the discussion of methods and to undertake the measurement of their values instead.

It would no doubt be well for the teaching of English composition if many more of us would follow his example. Until we do so, however, or until in some way we obtain sufficient scientific and objective verdicts on our various methods, we shall have to estimate their values by reference to such controls as these:

1. Their conformity with the aims of composition.
2. Their value for the development of the elemental merits as well as of general merit.
3. Their harmony with the psychological laws of learning.
4. Their provision for individual differences.
5. Their practicability in view of administrative conditions.
6. Their practicability in view of teachers' preparation.

The material on methods in the early pages of this book deals almost wholly with theme writing. Teachers of composition would in most instances, I think, agree that theme writing itself is the great and typical method of teaching written composition. With few reservations it is widely supposed to do the business. If one takes this theme writing procedure and exposes it to each of the above criteria in turn and then grants it a reasonable responsibility for the kind of English composition our high-school pupils display in other than English classes and in their voluntary correspondence, one will be able to work up an indictment of it on a great many counts.

There are some tests, of course, on which it will escape criticism. For instance, the handling of theme writing now in most schools seems to meet pretty well the aims set forth by the Committee on the Reorganization of English in 1917. Again, it undoubtedly does constitute an excellent device through which to stress general merit in composition. As now managed it also observes carefully what educational psychology has to say about interest and motivation. It is calculated to train pupils in the organization and interpretation of their own experiences. It adjusts itself easily to individual differences, probably more marked in English than in any other school subject. It particularly fits the preparation teachers now have. Teachers of English are always trained to handle theme writing, especially in the way of stimulating thought and originality.

On the other hand, theme production does not very obviously meet one of the most important of the Committee's aims. It does not seem ordinarily to be directed toward developing the "ability to compose on the first draft a clear and readable paragraph, or a series of paragraphs, on familiar subject matter, with due observance of unity and order and with some specific details." Writing themes usually involves a careful, thoughtful approach, a stimulation of interest by the teacher, possible outlining in advance and even oral presentation, then revising before handing in, meeting formal requirements as to ink, headings, etc., and finally correction and more revision. For example, it does not resemble very closely the kind of activity required of a pupil during examinations. Evidence is not at all lacking also that correctness in formal matters, so strictly insisted upon by the Committee, is not rapidly being improved in our high schools as a result of theme writing.

This whole system appears to take very little account of single merits in composition. Very few teachers report that in grading themes they stress anything but general merit. The tendency of this is, I believe, to dull the teacher's realization of the importance of distinct training in the separate elements of composition. It is true, of course, that the whole is not necessarily the sum of all the parts, but it is as certainly true that there cannot be a satisfactory whole unless all the parts are also satisfactory. Improvement in

our methods of teaching composition must, I am sure, involve more analysis by teachers and much more attention to the technique of developing single merits. In my mind this means that theme writing alone does not provide anything like adequate drill in such things as spelling, punctuation, grammar, sentence structure, or even the essentials of paragraphing. The habits needed in each of these can become fixed in no other way than by persistent, frequent, extensive, and energetic drill.

The amount of attention most schools now seem to be giving to theme writing also discourages the invention of ways for controlling practice in composition outside the English classroom. Teachers are pretty well obsessed with the idea that success in composition is identical with success in theme writing. I feel that one of the most important laws of habit formation, namely, the prevention of exceptions, is being violated far more than is necessary, because of English teachers' preoccupation with this special phase of composition. I predict that the first and most important effect of scientific measurement upon written composition will be to encourage the revival of drill on the composition fundamentals in the high school. High-school teachers will be required to learn how to teach such humble things as spelling, punctuation, functioning grammar, and sentence sense, in ways that really establish habits instead of through red ink suggestions from which only the conscientious profit.

As to adaptation to administrative conditions, theme writing and theme correction can never secure much approval. The English teachers have been telling us for years that they are overburdened with the mere clerical work of theme marking. They have been given about as much relief in the way of a reduction of teaching load as they are likely to be given for some years, but still their work is distressingly wearing. The case is all the more discouraging because English teachers themselves feel that the ends they had in mind could be much more rapidly reached if a great deal more theme writing could be required. The trouble all arises from the conception of this as a habit-fixing method rather than as, what it really must be under existing conditions, a test of progress.

It would be unfair, of course, to leave the impression that theme writing is the only means used now by teachers to train pupils in composition. A great variety of composition textbooks are at our disposal to-day, all providing more or less for drill in the elements of the work, and full of suggestions for the perfecting of theme writing itself. Most well taught composition classes now are treated to at least occasional doses of spelling, grammar, punctuation, sentence structure, and vocabulary building; all of which, I suspect, do a great deal of good. My main contention is merely that this drill in the separate elements of composition for high-school pupils is at present too intermittent, too unsystematic, too incidental, too feeble, and too little guided either by careful analysis of the desired product in composition or by a diagnosis of the particular deficiencies of different types of pupils—or of different individuals themselves. Theme writing cannot be abandoned, but its usefulness as a check on progress or as a device for emphasizing general merit must, I think, become its chief justification rather than its relatively small value as a method for fixing the many elemental habits essential to a satisfactory general performance. Any extended experience with high-school pupils' written work should convince one that its startling obscurity and formlessness are due as much to inability to handle a pen, to spell, to punctuate, to find words, to use grammatical forms and English idioms, to construct even simple unified sentences, and to exercise anything like self criticism as they are to muddiness of thought, artificiality, or lack of feeling for rhetorical principles. We are spending too much time trying to build a temple without the sound of mallet or hammer, when the parts have not only not been pre-fitted but to a considerable extent not even analytically identified. The high-school teacher of composition needs to betake herself from the contemplation of this illusory building to the very real facts and activities of the preparatory drill shops.

THE UNRELIABILITY OF THE MEASUREMENT OF ABILITY IN
WRITTEN COMPOSITION

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(Abstract)

Ability is always measured through a performance. In the case which we are considering, the written composition is the pupil's performance. After this performance has been secured, it must be described in quantitative terms before the process of measurement is completed. A composition scale is a device to use in securing this quantitative description which is the score assigned to the composition. A child's response to a given request that he write a composition on a specified topic is conditioned by his past experience and his present frame of mind. Hence, it is reasonable to expect considerable variations in the compositions written by a pupil in response to different assignments. Furthermore, competent judges will exhibit considerable disagreement in the scores which they assign to a given composition. Hence, we frequently find that two independent measurements of a pupil's ability in written composition are not identical. The coefficient of correlation is a statistical device for summarizing the general relation which exists between two sets of paired facts. When applied to two sets of measurements of a given ability, it is called the coefficient of reliability and furnishes us with an index of the reliability of a single measurement of the ability in question.

Professor Hudelson secured two compositions written on similar topics from several hundred children. In describing each composition Professor Hudelson has used the median of eight ratings by experienced judges, which is a more accurate or reliable measure than would be obtained by a single judge. The coefficients of correlation between the scores thus assigned to the pairs of composition are given in Table IX. They range from .69 to .84. The reliability coefficient calculated from single ratings of the compositions would be materially less. Brown's formula may be used as a means for making an approximate estimate. Applying this

formula to the highest of Hudelson's coefficients of correlation, we obtain .40 as an approximation of the corresponding coefficient of reliability.

Coefficients of correlation are difficult to interpret. The probable error of estimate furnishes us with a description of the relationship existing between paired facts which is more easily understood. A recent writer¹ has described the coefficient of .85 as approximately half way between a guess and perfect correlation. On the same basis a coefficient of correlation of .40 represents a relationship which is about nine-tenths of a guess. Professor Hudelson has failed to give us a precise measure of the variability of the scores from which the coefficients of correlation have been computed, but from Figure 10 we may estimate an approximate value for the median deviation, or P. E. For Assignments 8A and 8B, which he considers most typical, the median deviation appears to be approximately .85. Using this as a measure of variability, the probable error of estimate corresponding to a coefficient of correlation of .84 is approximately .30. This means that if a hundred pupils selected at random were measured with respect to their ability to write a composition in response to Assignment 8A, the scores² obtained for half of them would differ by more than .3 of a unit from the scores obtained in a similar manner by Assignment 8B. For the other half the difference would be less than .3.

The significance of a probable error of estimate of .3 depends upon the magnitude of the unit. The unit used here is relatively large. The average increase in norms from the fourth to the twelfth grades inclusive is only slightly more than .4 of a unit. Between the eighth and ninth grades the increase is only .2 of a unit. The greatest yearly increase is .6 of a unit. Therefore, we have the situation that the probable error of estimate is only slightly less than the average yearly increment in the norms. If we use the coefficient of reliability based upon a single rating of the compositions, we obtain the probable error or estimate of approximately

¹McCall, W. A. *How to Measure in Education*. New York: Macmillan Company, 1922, pp. 394.

²The scores in this case are the medians of the scores assigned by eight judges.

5. In this case the probable error of estimate is materially greater than the average annual increment in the norms. Thus it is clear that the coefficients of correlation which Professor Hudelson gives should not be interpreted as indicating approximately perfect agreement between the pairs of measures. Furthermore, it should be kept in mind that they are calculated from the medians of eight ratings.

This procedure judges Professor Hudelson's data with reference to a severe criterion which we are only beginning to apply to our measuring instruments. However, if we are to avoid an inaccurate concept of the reliability of composition scales, it is necessary to apply procedures which will yield descriptions of the reliability in terms that can be fully appreciated. It is probable that Professor Hudelson is aware of the limitations of the composition scales which he recommends, but it appears likely that a reader may acquire a false notion of their reliability from certain statements appearing in the monograph. For example Assignment 1A 1B is recommended as a means of securing "a pretty reliable single topic upon which to test pupils for marking purposes." In another place he states that "this one assignment [8A or 8B] should test junior and senior-high-school pupils as reliably as if they were to be tested a number of times and their median score taken as their grade." Since the average of eight ratings has been used in this study, this statement may be misinterpreted by some readers. In another place he says "themes based upon this single assignment will, therefore, provide about as reliable a test of pupils' practical composition ability as could be gotten by averaging the the theme grades for a year." In referring to the scales which he is recommending he describes them as a means for measuring "those results in accurate, objective, stable, and understandable terms." This statement, coupled with another to the effect that the Hillegas and Thorndike scales "prove after considerable practice to be reliable instruments," will undoubtedly tend to give an impression concerning the reliability of composition scales which is not justified by the data which Professor Hudelson presents.

BRICKBATS OR BOUQUETS

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(Abstract)

A scientific investigation is never complete until its findings have been verified through repetition of crucial parts of the original experiment by independent workers. Critical comments on Professor Hudelson's great contribution will be made on the basis of the results from a series of composition assignments taken from his list and following his general procedure.

This supplementary experiment is designed to test:

- (1) the validity of his conclusions in regard to typical and maximal assignments, and
- (2) whether or not such conclusions would be changed if rate of production as well as quality of product were taken into consideration.

In addition an attempt will be made to check the scale values of the two new composition scales presented by Professor Hudelson both by

- (1) re-measurement of the scale samples in terms of a standard scale, and
- (2) re-determination of the differences from sample to sample in terms of the frequency of recognition of such differences.

The experiment is now under way but was commenced so recently that no results are available at this writing. A detailed report will be made at the meeting of the society in February.

Information Concerning the National Society for the Study of Education

1. **PURPOSE.** The purpose of the National Society is to promote the investigation and discussion of educational questions. To this end it holds an annual meeting and publishes a series of Yearbooks.

2. **ELIGIBILITY TO MEMBERSHIP.** Any person who is interested in receiving its publications may become a member upon application to the Secretary and subsequent approval by the Executive Committee. Membership may not be had by libraries or by institutions.

3. **PERIOD OF MEMBERSHIP.** Applicants for membership may not date their entrance back of the current calendar year, and all memberships terminate automatically on December 31st, unless the dues for the ensuing year are paid as indicated in Item 6.

4. **CLASSES OF MEMBERS.** Application may be made for either active or associate membership. Active members pay two dollars dues annually, receive two copies of each publication, are entitled to vote, to hold office and to participate in discussion. Associate members pay one dollar dues annually, receive one copy of each publication, may attend the meetings of the Society, but may not vote, hold office or participate in discussion. The names of active members only are printed in Part I of each Yearbook. There were in 1922 about 500 active and 900 associate members.

5. **ELECTION FEE.** New active and new associate members are required the first year to pay, in addition to the dues, an election fee of one dollar.

6. **PAYMENT OF DUES.** Statements of dues are rendered in October for the following calendar year. By vote of the Society at the 1919 meeting, "any member so notified whose dues remain unpaid on January 1st, thereby loses his membership and can be reinstated only by paying the election fee of one dollar required of new members." School warrants and vouchers from institutions must be accompanied by definite information concerning the name and address and class of membership of the person for whom membership fee is being paid.

7. **DISTRIBUTION OF YEARBOOKS TO MEMBERS.** The Yearbooks, ready each February, will be mailed from the office of the publishers and only to members whose dues for that year have been paid. Members who desire Yearbooks prior to the current year must purchase them directly from the publishers (see Item 8).

8. **COMMERCIAL SALES.** The distribution of all Yearbooks prior to the current year and also of those of the current year not regularly mailed to members in exchange for their dues is in the hands of the publishers, not of the secretary. For such commercial sales, communicate directly with the Public School Publishing Company, Bloomington, Illinois, who will gladly send a price list covering all the publications of this Society and of its predecessor, the National Herbart Society.

9. **YEARBOOKS.** The Yearbooks are issued in parts (usually two) every February. They comprise from 250 to 500 pages annually. Unusual effort has been made to make them on the one hand of immediate practical value and on the other hand representative of sound scholarship and scientific investigation. Many of them are the fruit of cooperative work by committees of the Society.

10. **MEETINGS.** The annual meeting, at which the Yearbooks are discussed, is held in February at the same time and place as the meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association.

Applications for membership will be handled promptly at any time on receipt of name and address; together with check for the appropriate amount (\$3.00 for new active membership, \$2.00 for new associate membership).

GUY M. WHIPPLE, Secretary-Treasurer.

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up, went to no more parties and avoided contact with everyone except friends. . . . The only bright spot in the week was the reception of your letter. As we had all relied on your being safe in the hospital, or if not there, with your regiment which we knew was not engaged, your letter was quite welcome, as it told us first both of your going in and your coming out. I congratulate you, and apropos to that, I congratulate your General Hunter on his negro-army letter. We *all* here sustain him and I assure you that the strongest means of holding Europe back is the sight of an effective black army.

Nevertheless our trouble here was extreme. As the week passed it was not diminished. Nor is it now, I fear, permanently so. It arrived however at its culminating point last night. It so happened that last night was the occasion of an expected debate in the Commons on a motion in favor of mediation. We had been busy in preparing for it and had assurances that all was right. But lo and behold, at two o'clock yesterday afternoon in rushes a member of the Commons, and half a dozen alarmists in his rear, with an evening paper whose telegraphic column was headed in big letters, "Capitulation of McClellan's Army. Flight of McClellan on a steamer. Later from America." This astounding news for a moment made me almost give way. But a single glance at dates showed us that it was an utter swindle, and that we had bulletins from McClellan of two days later than the day of the reported surrender. The next reflexion led us to see that it was intended for the debate of the same evening, and we, who know the seal, recognized the stamp of our

old friends the Southern liars, who juggled Georgia out of the Union by telegraph. But the consternation among our friends was incredible and even when they knew it must be false, they still shook and shuddered with terror. Every Englishman believed it, or doubted in a tone that showed he wanted to believe it. As for me, I have come to consider it my whole duty here to keep up the spirits of the community and so did the best I could to laugh the lie off. Luckily its effect on the Commons was very good, for it disposed them to postpone action and tended to quiet them. Palmerston made a good speech, and the motion was not pressed to a division. This morning the Arabia's news has arrived, three days later, which relieves us again for a time of our anxiety, and induces us to believe that the enemy were as much crippled by their victory as we by our defeat.

Thus the pinch has again passed by for the moment and we breathe more freely. But I think I wrote to you some time ago that if July found us still in Virginia, we could no longer escape interference. I think now that it is inevitable. The only delay thus far has been caused by the difficulty in inducing the five great powers to unite, and Russia and Austria to act with England in any sense favorable to the South. That unity cannot much longer fail to be obtainable. England alone or with France will not move, but their idea is that if all the great powers were to unite in offering mediation, they could by their moral influence alone force some result. If the North defied them, a simple recognition of the South by them would, they

think, secure her independence. And this belief is probably correct.

It must now be the effort of the North to cast upon the South the responsibility of standing against a settlement. Here will be three means of hampering European attempts: the slavery question, the boundary question, and the Mississippi; and it is the slavery question from which we can derive the greatest strength in this running battle. You see we are stripping and squaring off, to say nothing of sponging, for the next round. If our armies sustain us, we shall win. If not, we shall soon see the limit of our hopes.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

Hilton Head, S.C., July 28, 1862

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I READ your 4th of July reflections with much interest and on part of them my last letter to you had bearing. Our ultra-friends, including General Hunter, seem to have gone crazy and they are doing the blacks all the harm they can. On this issue things are very bad. General Hunter is so carried away by his idea of negro regiments as, not only to write flippant letters about his one to Secretary Stanton, but even to order *their exemption* from *all* fatigue duty; so that while our Northern soldiers work ten hours a day in loading and unloading ships, the blacks never leave their camp, but confine their attention to drill. There may be reasons for this, but it creates intense feeling here and even I cannot see the justice of it. The course of Sumner, Wade, Stanton, etc., have ruined us, I fear, in the war,

by making success subservient to their preconceived plans of negro good, instead of allowing the movement to develope itself. I no longer see anything but our ruin on our success, and no escape from it save in our defeat as to the ends of the war. Still I do not lose faith, but go into the future as cheerfully, if, in my own opinion, a little more blindly than heretofore. I liked the innuendoes in Hawthorne's article in the July Atlantic.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HENRY ADAMS

*Hilton Head, S.C.
July 28, 1862*

.
THIS place is not at all the pestilential spot you all seem to suppose, and if you will convince yourself of that, you will all save yourselves a great deal of anxiety. The deaths here of all descriptions, arising from disease, wounds and accidents, are not more than six a week out of some 5000 men, which is about six per cent a year and that in the very heart of the summer. From this you will see that the station, however disagreeable, and General Williams says it's the most so he ever saw, certainly cannot be considered unhealthy. . . .

We get nothing new here. Col. Williams' nomination as Brigadier was among the unfinished business of Congress and so falls to the ground; but I shall act on his staff, though I expect very soon to return to the regiment, though not to my old company. . . . Ben Crowninshield is at home on furlough and at Sharon. . . . Lawrence Motley is really down sick, as also is Rand. Greely Curtis has also been on his back—all of them four times as sick as——. Henry Higginson

is acting in command of the regiment and more than a third of the officers are away sick or on detached duty. By way of variety our horses have the glanders and we have lost some forty and not yet succeeded in wholly getting rid of it. So we feel the necessity of some change, somehow.

General Hunter is very unpopular — arbitrary and wholly taken up with his negro question. His one regiment is a failure, and becoming more so, and I have no faith in the experiment anyhow. I smiled audibly at your idea of my taking a commission in one of them; after all my assertion of principles to become a “nigger driver” in my old age, for that is what it amounts to, seeing that they don’t run away, or shirk work or fatigue duty. No! Hunter and you are all wrong, and, for once, the War Department was right. The negroes should be organized and officered as soldiers; they should have arms put in their hands and be drilled simply with a view to their moral elevation and the effect on their self-respect, and for the rest they should be *used* as fatigue parties and on all fatigue duty. As to being made soldiers, they are more harm than good. It will be years before they can be made to stand before their old masters, unless (and the exception means a great deal) some leader of their own, some Toussaint rises, who is one of them and inspires them with confidence. Under our system and with such white officers as we give them, we might make a soldiery equal to the native Hindoo regiments in about five years. It won’t pay and the idea of arming the blacks *as soldiers* must be abandoned.

To my mind the ultras are doing all the harm they can and it is yet a question whether they will not save slavery out of this war, rather than let Providence work its destruction in ways other than those preconceived by them. I sincerely hope Sumner will be defeated in the fall election. As to the army, so far as I see it, it is completely demoralized on this question by the conduct of these men, and it makes me sick to hear New England men talk on the subject of the negroes here and all who would aid them. Such prejudice and narrow bigotry I never met in Southerners. There is no abolitionism or, I fear, even emancipation in the army here. The ultras in their eagerness have spoilt all. It is all right, you know, and for the best; but is n't it enough to make an equine laugh to see a man like Sumner, so convinced that he alone sees the clear way, so absolute in his opinions and wholly devoid of charity to others, withal such an utterly blind instrument in the hand of Providence. The plot thickens and I hope this war will spare me, as I don't want to die, until I see how all this turmoil, confusion and disaster, is, on pure philosophical principles, to result, as we know it will, in the advancement of the human kind. How much and how long must you and I suffer that that advancement may be worked out.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, August 1, 1862

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WE have been much prejudiced here by the unfortunate turn things took at Richmond. It is impossible

for a non-military man to form any judgment of the events of the campaign, but one thing seems to be certain, that General McClellan must have made some egregious miscalculation of the strength of his right wing. Otherwise the attack of Stuart could not have been successful. As to the future I dare not count upon anything. From this point I should hardly suppose that we had any forces left anywhere. The only accounts we get are of the multitudes on the other side. Our newspapers and quidnuncs delight in counting them with additions of many ciphers, until I am bound to infer that the census of 1860 is all a northern forgery, and that the slave states have had the fertility of the northern hordes that overran the Romans in the days of the lower Empire. So far as foreign countries are concerned I am very much of opinion that our press does more harm than good to our cause. It discloses all our own position, whilst it exaggerates that of the rebels of which it knows really nothing. As a consequence evil minded people here take every advantage of both practices, to our harm. . . .

If you are still with General Williams I beg you to express to him my thanks for his remembrance of me in the commendation he was disposed to give you. Nothing could have been more grateful to my feelings. Much as I deplore this unfortunate war, brought on by the infatuation of men who are only sealing their own fate in persevering in it, I see and admit the necessity which forces you to take your share in it. And such being the fact, it is consoling to me to reflect that you are doing your duty with credit and with honor. Should

the time arrive when you are released in safety and with propriety I shall hail it with joy. Redeunt saturnia regna. In the meantime I look to the emancipation of the slaves as the veritable solution of the problem. After that is accomplished I care comparatively little what may be the determination of the southern states, or of their people. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

Hilton Head, S.C., August 10, 1862

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AFFAIRS here are as dull as dull can be. We have had a little excitement about your old friend the Fingal, which has turned up in Savannah harbor as an iron-clad of much force, but that seems to be dying out now, though I can't help thinking that we shall some day hear from her when we least expect or desire to.

General Hunter's negro regiment was disbanded yesterday and now they have all dispersed to their old homes. Its breaking up was hailed here with great joy, for our troops have become more anti-negro than I could have imagined. But, for myself, I could not help feeling a strong regret at seeing the red-legged darkies march off; for, though I have long known that the experiment was a failure, yet it was the failure of another effort at the education of these poor people and it was the acknowledgment of another of those blunders which have distinguished all and every our experiments on slavery throughout this war. When did an educated people ever bungle so in the management of a great issue! I feel sick and almost discouraged at

what I see and hear. What God made plain we have mixed up into inextricable confusion. We have had declarations of emancipation ingeniously framed so as not to free a slave and yet to thoroughly concentrate and inflame our enemy. We have wrangled over arming the slaves before the slaves showed any disposition to use the arms, and when we have never had in our lives 5000 of them who could bear arms. Why could not fanatics be silent and let Providence work for awhile. The slaves would have moved when the day came and could have been made useful in a thousand ways. As it is, we are Hamlet's ape, who broke his neck to try conclusions. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

*At Sea, Steam Transport McClellan
August 22, 1862*

HERE I am at sea once more and heading north, but not as I had hoped I might be going north about this time, leaving this conflict literally settled behind me, but only on my way to the dark and bloody ground in Virginia. Our regiment most unexpectedly received orders for the north one day last week at about the same time that I received my orders to report to General Pope. Accordingly I go north with them. As to my future, this unexpected change has set it all afloat. The war is evidently going to continue some time longer and my regiment is now going into active service. Is it wise for me now to separate myself from a Massachusetts regiment, and shall I not be more useful where I am than on an ornamental staff? These reflections

puzzle me much and I do not know what will become of me. I shall try to decide for the best and I do know that we now seem to be going into the thick of the conflict. . . .

We left the shores of South Carolina on Wednesday last, just seven months to a day from the time when I first set foot on them. I don't think any of us felt much regret at leaving the State and certainly none of us at leaving Hilton Head. Of all the places it has ever been my fate to set foot on Hilton Head is by many degrees the meanest. Of Beaufort and Port Royal island I retain many pleasant memories, particularly of the last, than which I have never seen a more delightful island. But Hilton Head — dust, sand, government warehouses and fleas, constitute all its attractions. Thus ends my first campaign, and has n't it been a failure! — a failure personally and publicly, nothing in itself and leading to nothing. Here I am just where I was when I started. I have seen nothing but the distant spires of Charleston and have not been promoted. I have had a bitter contest with my Captain and seen little active service. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

*Willard's Hotel, Washington
August 27, 1862*

HERE I am once more in the city of Washington. Since I last wrote the first detachment of our regiment has arrived at Fortress Monroe, and is now in camp at Acquia Creek, while I have come up here to see about this business of Pope's staff. I find the old city much

as usual, but still not the same. It was indeed pleasant for me to get here and at least to see something familiar once more, and I looked at all the public buildings and even at Willard's as at old friends. Once more I have really slept in a bed and I really never enjoyed anything in my life, in its kind, more than the delicious little supper which Gautier got up for me. You don't know how much eight months of coarse fare improve one's faculties for gastronomic enjoyment, and last evening I experienced a new sensation.

Here I am though, and what next? Shall I go onto Pope's staff? I think not. This is a very different place from Hilton Head and here I am learning many strange things which make me open my eyes very wide, which make me sorrow over our past and do not encourage me for the future. Here I have access to certain means of information and I think I can give you a little more light than you now have. Do you know that just before leaving the Peninsula McClellan offered to march into Richmond on his own responsibility? Do you know that in the opinion of our leading military men Washington is in more danger than it ever yet has been? Do you know that but for McDowell's jealousy we should have triumphantly marched into Richmond? Do you know that Pope is a humbug and known to be so by those who put him in his present place? Do you know that today he is so completely outgeneraled as to be cut off from Washington? Yet these are not rumors, but facts, doled out to me by members of McClellan's and Halleck's staffs.

Our rulers seem to me to be crazy. The air of this city

seems thick with treachery; our army seems in danger of utter demoralization and I have not since the war begun felt such a tug on my nerves as today in Washington. Everything is ripe for a terrible panic, the end of which I cannot see or even imagine. I always mean to be one of the hopeful, but just now I cast about in vain for something on which to hang my hopes. I still believe in McClellan, but I *know* that the nearest advisers of the President — among them Mr. Holt — distrust his earnestness in this war. Stanton is jealous of him and he and Pope are in bitter enmity. All pin their hope on Halleck and we must do as the rest do; but it is hinted to me that Stanton is likely to be a block in Halleck's way, and the jealousies of our generals are more than a new man can manage. We need a head and we must have it; a man who can keep these jealousies under subordination; and we must have him or go to the wall. Is Halleck going to supply our need? I hope he is, but while the question is in doubt we may lose Washington. You will think that I am in a panic and the most frightened man in Washington. I assure you it is not so. I do consider the outside condition of affairs very critical, but it is my glimpse behind the scenes, the conviction that small men with selfish motives control the war without any central power to keep them in bounds, which terrifies and discourages me.

Take the history of the Peninsular campaign. My authorities are one aid of McClellan's and Halleck's Assistant Adjutant General, but the facts speak for themselves, and the inferences any man may draw.

Stanton, contrary to the first principle of strategy and for motives not hard to comprehend, divides Virginia into four independent departments. McClellan takes charge of one and a column is taken from him to form another under charge of McDowell. It is solemnly promised McClellan that McDowell shall join him before Richmond, and meanwhile he is retained where he is to protect Washington. Mark the result. McClellan fights the battle of Hanover Court House, with all its loss of life and time, simply to open the road for McDowell to join him and he does open it. McDowell's advance guard hears his cannon on that day, but McDowell does not stir, and McClellan, still looking for him, forms that fatal Chickahominy front of twenty miles. Doubtless McDowell was kept back by orders, but in how far was he instrumental in procuring these orders to suit himself? McClellan's staff do not hesitate to say that he dictated them on pretence of danger to Washington, in reality because his advance would have absorbed his command in that of McClellan. Take the pretence. Jackson makes his raid in the valley of the Shenandoah, and again McDowell's advance hears the sound of his guns. Washington is in danger now. As before he does not move and Jackson escapes and returns to attack McClellan. Had McDowell done his duty either for McClellan or against Jackson, we should now have Richmond and McClellan would now be the conquering hero. He did neither and is now in disgrace, as subordinated to Pope; but McClellan is not the conquering hero. Not half an hour ago Halleck's nephew and private secretary told

me that I could not imagine the trouble these jealousies gave his uncle. Said he, "McDowell and Sigel will not fight under Pope. McClellan and Pope are not in sympathy"; and he added an intimation that McClellan was most restive under Halleck.

Under these circumstances what can we expect? What can we hope for? Sigel stands well, but all our army officers are bitter and jealous against him. In Burnside there is indeed hope. He has been true and generous and, what is much, successful. He did not hesitate to award to McClellan the credit of planning his Carolina campaign, and, unlike McDowell, when told to send to McClellan all the troops he could spare, he at once sent him twenty-eight regiments and six batteries, leaving himself and the Major General under him some 3000 men in all. We have some grim old fighters who do their work and do not scheme. Such they tell me are Sumner and Heintzelman; but even of these the last is outspoken against McClellan because he will not fight with more energy. The simple truth is the man has not come and now we mean to supply his place with vast numbers of undrilled recruits. Shall we succeed? You can judge as well as I.

Thus the war is gloomily enough approaching its last and bloodiest stage. Unless Halleck is the man of iron who can rule, it will be discordant numbers against compact strategy. We must face the music, though we do not like the tune. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO JOHN QUINCY
ADAMS

Willard's Hotel
Washington, August 28, 1862

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THINGS here look badly enough and amid this atmosphere of treason, jealousy and dissension, it requires good courage not to despair of the republic. As I said, I am going back to my regiment instead of onto Pope's staff, and you must take it out in cursing my instability. My reasons are manifold. The regiment and Colonel think I ought to come back or resign; we are about to see active cavalry service; and finally, between ourselves, I am ashamed at what I hear of Pope. All army officers say that he is a humbug and is sure to come to grief; "as big a liar as John Pope" is an old army expression; he has already played himself out in the army of Virginia and he has got himself into such a position that he will be crushed and Washington lost, unless McClellan saves him. He may come out with colors flying, for he a lucky man; but if he does, he is a dangerous one, and I am advised not to connect my fortunes with his. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, September 5, 1862

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YOUR appointment reached us some time ago and I was rejoiced at it, because I think such a place as this gives more room for expansion than that of a regimen-

tal officer. I doubt whether the atmosphere of Lieutenants is healthy, or of Captains or Majors. I think you have grown rusty at Hilton Head and I want to hear more vigorous talk. As to your speculations about the end of the war and a peace, I won't say that I would n't consent to argue about it some day, but you know perfectly well that until we've driven the South into their cotton fields we have no chance even to offer those terms. Perhaps on the broad national question I look at the matter differently from you. Apart from other causes, I am here in Europe and of course am influenced by European opinion. Firmly convinced as I am that there can be no peace on our continent so long as the Southern people exist, I don't much care whether they are destroyed by emancipation, or in other words a vigorous system of guerilla war carried on by negroes on our side, or by the slower and more doubtful measures of choaking them with their own cotton. Perhaps before long we shall have to use both weapons as vigorously as we are now using the last. But one thing is clear to my mind, which is that we must not let them as an independent state get the monopoly of cotton again, unless we want to find a powerful and bitterly hostile nation on our border, supported by all the moral and social influence of Great Britain in peace; certain in war to drag us into all the European complications; sure to be in perpetual anarchy within, but always ready to disturb anything and everything without; to compel us to support a standing army no less large than if we conquer them and hold them so, and with infinite means of wounding and

scattering dissension among us. We must ruin them before we let them go or it will all have to be done over again. And we must exterminate them in the end, be it long or be it short, for it is a battle between us and slavery.

I see that your regiment is ordered to Virginia which shows a gleam of reason in the War Department. What it was ever sent to Port Royal for, the Lord he knows. At any rate, however, it has spared you some hard fighting, and with the prospect you have now before you, I think you need n't be sorry for that. For my own part I confess that I value human life at a pretty low price, and God knows I set no higher value on my own than on others. I always was a good deal of a sceptic and speculator in theories and think precious small potatoes of man in general and myself in particular. But I confess to feeling very badly when the news comes of our disasters and losses. Poor Stephen Perkins. I have a kind of an idea that Stephen thought much as I do about life. He always seemed to me to take rather a contemptuous view of the world in general, and I rather like to imagine him, after the shock and the pain was over, congratulating himself that at last he was through with all the *misères* of an existence that had bored him and that offered him little that he cared for; and now he could turn his mind to the exploring of a new life, with new duties and a new career, after having done all that man can do to discharge his debt to his God and his fellow-men in the old. There are men enough in Europe who hold these ideas with more or less variation, but Stephen and

perhaps Arthur Dexter are the only ones among us whom I should call bitten with them — with Stephen, his eyes excused them. With Arthur, his digestion.

Our life here is quiet but very busy. No more is heard of intervention. Six hundred thousand men have put an end to that, and the English think besides that the South need no help. Of late the troubles in Italy have drawn people's minds away from us and as their harvest is very poor, our grain is too necessary to joke about. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, September 19, 1862

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ENGLAND is at peace, and in spite of the drawback occasioned by the failure of the cotton crop is prosperous. During the last twenty years the great development of the manufacturing policy has poured vast sums into her lap, whilst the outlets furnished to her poor populations in the colonies and in America have prevented the growth of any discontent at the unequal distribution of that wealth. In all my different journeys through the interior I find every evidence of substantial thrift. No dilapidated houses, or neglected lands or broken windows or ruinous barns. Even the oldest dwellings seem cared for and elaborately put in order. The question naturally arises are there no very poor people? It must be answered, not in the agricultural districts, but you must look for them in the populous towns. Go through many parts of London and you will be at no loss to understand where they are.

And so it will be in the great manufacturing centres in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Thus it appears as in England showed two distinct faces — one of happiness and one of misery, the first owing to the last. For however great may be the prosperity of the manufacturer, it appears to be resting only upon the extent to which the share in it of his operative can be reduced to a minimum. Were it not for the resource of emigration I doubt whether this condition of things could last long. As it is, I see no prospect of any change. The rich are growing richer, and conservatism gains rather than loses in its struggles for power. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS MOTHER

Sharpsburg, Md.
September 25, 1862

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NEXT morning my only good horse was fairly done up and in the name of humanity I had to leave her at Frederick to take my chance of ever seeing her again, and with her, as I could not burden my other horse, I had to leave all my baggage and left everything including my last towel, my tooth-brush, my soap and every shirt and this, alas! was a fortnight ago! As soon as I left her I followed the regiment and had hardly left the town when the sound of artillery in the front admonished me that now we were practically in the advance. I pressed forward and rejoined the column some three miles from the town at a halt and with sharp artillery practice in front. Here we stood three hours resting by the side of the road and waiting for it to be

opened for us. Now and then the shot and shell fluttered by us, reminding me of James Island. Some of them came disagreeably near and at last some infantry came up and for a moment sat down to rest with us. I told a Captain near me that the enemy had a perfect range of the road and he'd better be careful how he drew their fire and just as I uttered the words, r-r-r-h went a round shot through the bushes over my head, slid across Forbes and Caspar as they lay on the ground some thirty yards further on and took off the legs of three infantry men next to them. After that it did n't take long for the infantry to deploy into the field and leave us in undisturbed possession of the road. Still the infantry did it and the enemy soon limbered up and were off, having delayed our pursuit some three hours.

Then we followed and pushed over the hills wondering at the strength of the enemies' position. As we got to the top we pushed on faster and faster until we went down the further side at a gallop. The enemy were close in front and now was the time. Soon we took to the fields and then, on the slope of a hill, with the enemy's artillery beyond it, formed in column. More shelling, more artillery, and the bullets sung over our heads in lively style, and then "forward" as fast as we could go, over the hill, pulling down fences, floundering through ditches, struggling to outflank them. But the fences were too much for us and we had to return to the road, all losing our tempers and I all my writing materials, the one thing I had clung to. We made the road, however, in time to witness some of the humbug of the war. As we clattered into the town the Illinois

cavalry, commanded by Colonel Farnsworth, not unknown to my father, were in front of us and, having hurried into the town were cracking away with their carbines and giving to me, at least, the idea of a sharp engagement in process. We followed them and got our arms all ready, but, as I rode through the single street of the pretty little town, a little excited and pistol in hand, I was somewhat surprised at the number of women who were waving their handkerchiefs, hailing us with delight as liberators and passing out water to our soldiers. For now we were in the truly loyal part of Maryland and everywhere were greeted with delight. It certainly did n't look to me much like a battle, and yet there were those carbines snapping away like crackers on the 4th of July. In vain I looked for rebels, nary one could I see and at last it dawned on my mind that I was in the midst of a newspaper battle — "a cavalry charge," "a sharp skirmish," lots of glory, but n'ary reb.

Here we paused, while I thought we should have pressed forward, and our artillery battered away from the hill to see if any one was there. Meanwhile the rebels burned the bridge before us and made off for the range of hills on the other side of the valley. Presently we followed, forded the stream and followed them up the road, through the most beautiful valley I ever saw, all circled on three sides with lofty wooded ranges surrounding a beautiful rolling valley highly cultivated and blooming like a garden. A blazing bridge and barn in the middle of it suggested something unusual. We hurried through the valley and up the hills on the other

side and there we made a pause, brought to a dead stand. It did n't look like much, but we did n't like to meddle with it. It was only a single man on horse-back in the middle of the road some few hundred yards before us, but it stopped us like a brick wall. We stood on the brow of one hill, with a straight road running through the valley below and disappearing in a high wooded range on the other side. We did n't know it then, but we were looking on what next day became the battle field of South Mountain. In the road below us were a few rebel videttes and on the hill beyond were posted, hardly to be distinguishable even with our glasses, a battery of artillery. We stood and looked and debated and at last our leaders concluded that it was n't healthy to go forward, and so we went back. We went into camp on a hill-top and passed a tedious night. It was very cold, and we were hungry, but still we slept well and in the morning feasted on an ox we killed the night before.

At seven o'clock we moved forward to our position of the day before, struggling along to the front through a dense advancing army corps. We got there and took up our position in support of a battery and soon our artillery opened and after about an hour the enemy began to answer. Presently we were moved far to the front and of course a blunder was made, and we found ourselves drawn up in a cornfield in front of our most advanced battery and between it and the enemy, with the shells hurtling over us like mad, and now and then falling around us, but fortunately doing us no harm save ruffling our nerves. Here we sat on our horses for

two hours, doing no good and unpleasantly exposed. At last we were moved from there and sent round to our left to support some infantry and there we passed the afternoon, listening to the crackle of musketry and the roar of artillery till night, when it ceased and the men lay down in ranks and slept, holding the bridles of the horses. This was all we saw of the battle of South Mountain, which at the time we supposed to be a heavy skirmish. . . .

Here we lay all that day and I think the next, with a continual spattering of shells around, some of which injured other commands adjoining but all spared ours, and, at last, one day we were ordered early to the rear and we knew there was to be a big fight. Then came the battle of Antietam Creek and we saw about as much of it as of that at South Mountain. We were soon brought hurriedly to the extreme front and posted in support of a battery amid the heaviest shelling and cannonade I ever heard. It was a terrific artillery duel, which lasted where we were all day and injured almost no one. At first, as we took up position, we lost a horse or two, and the storm of artillery, the crashing of shells and the deep reverberations from the hills were confusing and terrifying, and yet, so well were we posted and so accustomed to it did we become, that ten minutes after the imminent danger was over and we were ordered to dismount, I fell sound asleep on the grass and my horse got away from me.

In fact this whole subject of battle is misunderstood at home. We hear of the night before battle. I have seen three of them and have thought I saw half a

dozen when the battle did n't come off, and I have never yet seen one when every officer whom I saw did not seem, not only undisturbed, but wholly to fail to realise that any thing unusual was about to occur. In battle men are always frightened on coming under fire, but they soon get accustomed to it, if it does little execution, however heavy it may be. If the execution is heavy they're not nearly so apt to go to sleep, and I can't say I have ever yet fallen in with that lust for danger of which I have read. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, September 26, 1862

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LATTERLY indeed we have felt a painful anxiety for the safety of Washington itself. For it is very plain that the expedition of the rebels must have been long meditated, and that it embraced a plan of raising the standard of revolt in Maryland as well as Pennsylvania. It has been intimated to me that their emissaries here have given out significant hints of a design to bring in both those states to their combination, which was to be executed about the month of September. That such a scheme was imaginable I should have supposed, until the occurrence of General Pope's campaign and the effects of it as described in your letter of the 29th ulto. . . .

Thus far it has happened a little fortunately for our comfort here that most of our reverses have been reported during the most dead season of the year, when Parliament was not in session, the Queen and Court

and ministry are all away indulging in their customary interval of vacation, and London is said to be wholly empty — the two millions and a half of souls who show themselves counting for nothing in comparison with the hundred thousand magnates that disappear. It is however a fact that the latter make opinion which emanates mainly from the clubhouses. Here the London Times is the great oracle, and through this channel its unworthy and degrading counsels towards America gain their general currency. I am sorry for the manliness of Great Britain when I observe the influence to which it has submitted itself. But there is no help for it now. The die is cast, and whether we gain or we lose our point, alienation for half a century is the inevitable effect between the two countries. The pressure of this conviction always becomes greatest in our moments of adversity. It is therefore lucky that it does not come when the force of the social combination is commonly the greatest also. We have thus been in a great degree free from the necessity of witnessing it in society in any perceptible form. Events are travelling at such a pace that it is scarcely conceivable to suppose some termination or other of this suspense is not approaching. The South cannot uphold its slave system much longer against the gradual and certain undermining of its slaveholding population. Its power of endurance thus far has been beyond all expectation, but there is a term for all things finite, and the evidences of suffering and of exhaustion thicken. The war now swallows up the children and the elders. And when they are drawn away, what becomes of the

authority over the servants? It may last a little while from the force of habit, but in the end it cannot fail to be obliterated. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, October 17, 1862

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GENERAL McCLELLAN's work during the week ending the 18th has done a good deal to restore our drooping credit here. Most of the knowing ones had already discounted the capture of Washington and the capitulation of the Free States. Some had gone so far as to presume the establishment of Jefferson Davis as the President instead of Lincoln. The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* has a wise prediction that this is to be effected by the joint labors of the "*mob*" and of "*the merchants*" of the city of New York. This is the guide of English intelligence of the nature of our struggle. Of course it follows that no sensible effect is produced excepting from hard blows. If General McClellan will only go on and plant a few more of the same kind in his opponent's eyes, I shall be his very humble servant, for it will raise us much in the estimation of all our friends. Mr. Gladstone will cease to express so much admiration of Jefferson Davis, and all other things will begin to flow smoothly again.

We are all very quietly at home. Last week I made a flying trip into the north to pay a visit to a good friend of America in Yorkshire.¹ It gave me an opportunity to see a very pretty region of country, and

¹ William E. Forster.

the ruins of Bolton Abbey and Barden Towers in the picturesque valley of the river Wharfe. If they only had a little more sunlight, it would be very exquisite. But the excessive profusion of verdure unrelieved by golden rays, and only covered with a leaden sky, gives an aspect of sadness to quiet scenery which I scarcely relish. On the whole I prefer the brilliancy of America, even though it be at the cost of a browner surface.

My friend is a Colonel of a volunteer regiment, after the fashion of almost everybody here. For the fear of Napoleon has made the whole world turn soldier. Whilst I was with him he had some exercise at target practice with two sections of his riflemen. I went up to witness it, and thought it on the whole very good. The distances were three, four and five hundred yards. The best hits were nineteen in twenty. Three tied at eighteen, and then all the way down to eleven, which was the poorest. It seemed to me excellent practice, but I do not profess to be a judge. I suppose our people in the army by this time are able to do full as well if not better. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, October 24, 1862

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YOUR account of the campaign in Maryland was exceedingly interesting to us all. It contrasted admirably with those of the newspaper writers in telling only what you saw; whereas they, with far less of opportunity, undertake to say they see many things which did not happen. I have lost all confidence in any accounts

which do not come with responsible names attached to them. I am not sure since General Pope's time that I always credit official statements. His mistakes have however had one good effect in reducing the tone and style of our other generals. They now do not overstate their success, nor boast of gains they have not made. Still the war drags on. I scarcely know what to think of the prospect. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HENRY ADAMS

Washington, D.C., November 19, 1862

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I AM certainly very well and in very good spirits, though the downfall of McClellan was a heavy blow to all below the rank of a General. The army believed in McClellan, but the Generals are jealous and ambitious and little, and want to get a step themselves, so they are willing to see him pulled down. We believed in him, not as a brilliant commander, but as a prudent one and one who was gradually learning how to handle our immense army, and now a new man must learn and he must learn by his own mistakes and in the blood of the army. It is all for the best and the Lord will in his own good time bear witness for us; but oh! the blunders and humbug of this war, the folly, treachery, incompetence and lying!!! They tell me here that Halleck is a very strong man, and that his touch is already felt in the West and soon will be in the East, and that the winter will restore our fortunes. I hope it may prove so, but my theory is that there will be much more fighting this year in Virginia, but that while we are



GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN

to hold the enemy here, the war is to rage on the Mississippi and the sea-board. But who knows — not
Keep up your heart.

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, November 21, 1862

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My work is now limited to a careful observation of events here and assistance in the manual labor of the place, and to a study of history and politics which seem to me most necessary to our country for the next century. The future is a blank to me as I suppose it is also to you. I have no plans nor can have any, so long as my course is tied to that of the Chief. Should you at the end of the war, wish to take my place, in case the services of one of us were still required, I should return to Boston and Horace Gray, and I really do not know whether I should regret the change. The truth is, the experience of four years has done little towards giving me confidence in myself. The more I see, the more I am convinced that a man whose mind is balanced like mine, in such a way that what is evil never seems unmixed with good, and what is good always streaked with evil; an object seems never important enough to call out strong energies till they are exhausted, nor necessary enough not to allow of its failure being possible to retrieve; in short, a mind which is not strongly positive and absolute, cannot be steadily successful in action, which requires quietness and perseverance. I have steadily lost faith in myself ever since I left college, and my aim is now so indefinite that

all my time may prove to have been wasted, and then nothing left but a truncated life.

I should care the less for all this if I could see your path any clearer, but while my time *may* prove to have been wasted, I don't see but what yours *must* prove so. At least God forbid that you should remain an officer longer than is necessary. And what then? The West is possible; indeed, I have thought of that myself. But what we want is a *school*. We want a national set of young men like ourselves or better, to start new influences not only in politics, but in literature, in law, in society, and throughout the whole social organism of the country — a national school of our own generation. And that is what America has no power to create. In England the Universities centralize ability and London gives a field. So in France, Paris encourages and combines these influences. But with us, we should need at least six perfect geniuses placed, or rather, spotted over the country and all working together; whereas our generation as yet has not produced one nor the promise of one. It's all random, insulated work, for special and temporary and personal purposes, and we have no means, power or hope of combined action for any unselfish end.

One man who has real ability may do a great deal, but we ought to have a more concentrated power of influence than any that now exists.

For the present war I have nothing to say. We received cheerful letters from you and John today, and now we have the news of McClellan's removal. As I do not believe in Burnside's genius, I do not feel

encouraged by this, especially as it shakes our whole structure to its centre. I have given up the war and only pray for its end. The South has vindicated its position and we cannot help it, so, as we can find no one to lead us and no one to hold us together, I don't see the use of our shedding more blood. Still all this makes able men a necessity for the future, and if you're an able man, there's your career. I have projects enough and not unpromising ones for some day, but like most of my combinations, I suppose they'll all end in dust and ashes.

We are very comfortable here in London fog. Some sharp diplomatic practice, but, I hope, not very serious. People don't overwhelm us with attentions, but that is excusable.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO JOHN QUINCY
ADAMS

Potomac Bridge, Virginia
November 28, 1862

HERE we are back with the Brigade at last. I hope you yesterday remembered us at home in your cups, for not a drop to drink, save water, had we, and our eating was of the toughest and slimmest. Here we are though, through mud and mire and rain, up with the army at last. A winter campaign here, by the way, is just impossible, no more and no less, and you who sit so snugly at home by the fire and round the hearth, and discuss our laziness in not pressing on, may as well dry up. We will allow everything to please you, waste of life, loss of labor, extreme exposure without tents,

existence in a foodless country and all you will, and yet any movement is just simply impossible on account of mud. Horses can't walk, artillery can't be hauled, and ammunition can't be carried through this country after this season. Of course, we don't expect to get any forage, rations or tents through, but it is simply impossible to go ahead and carry the arms and ammunition to enable us to fight, though we should consent to starve and freeze cheerfully. So I look on it after the experience of a few days' march. I may be wrong and hope I am. But Lord! how it vexes and amuses me to think how easy it is, after a full dinner, to sip your wine in the gas light, and look severely into a fine fire across the table, and criticise and find fault with us poor devils, at that very time preparing to lie down before our fires, mud to the middle, wet through, after a fine meal of hard bread and water, and with nothing between us and the sky but November clouds. I don't complain of these little incidents of our life myself, and only I do wish they found less fault at home. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

*Potomac Bridge, near Falmouth, Va.
November 30, 1862*

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HERE we are once more with the army, but not on the move. We passed six days in Washington and it stormed the whole time, varying from a heavy Scotch mist to a drenching rain. Our camp was deep in mud, at times a brook was running through my tent, and altogether we were most unfortunate as regarded

weather. Still we succeeded in completing our equipment and I started out on our new campaign tolerably prepared to be comfortable in future. Nor did I, I am glad to say, waste my time while there, but I fed on the fat of the land, feasting daily, without regard to expense, at Buhler's. I no longer wonder at sailors' runs on shore. Months of abstinence and coarse fare, cooked anyhow and eaten anywhere off anything, certainly lead to an acute appreciation of the luxuries of city life. It seems to me now as if I could n't enjoy them enough. While here I saw Aunt Mary repeatedly and she seems much the same as ever. She was very kind and hospitable. I also saw Governor Seward for an instant. He invited me to dinner and was very cordial; but he looks pale, old and careworn, and it distressed me to see him.

Here we remained till Friday evening, on which day the two Majors and myself succeeded in getting paid off, after immense exertion and many refusals, when we had our last dinner at Buhler's and on Saturday, when we saw the sun for the first time for a week, we struck camp and moved over to Alexandria, on our way to join the brigade. We got into Alexandria by two o'clock and went into camp on a cold, windy hill-side. We were under orders to join our brigade at Manassas, but when we got to Alexandria we found Manassas in the possession of the enemy and we did not care to report to them. Accordingly we sent back for orders and passed Sunday in camp, a cold, blustering, raw November day, overcast and disagreeable. The damp and wet, combined with the high living at Washington,

had started my previous health, and now I not only was n't well, but was decidedly sick and lived on opium and brandy. In fact I am hardly well yet and my disorder followed me all through our coming march.

Sunday afternoon we got our orders to press on and join the brigade at the earliest possible moment near Falmouth, so Monday morning we again struck camp and set forth for Falmouth. It was a very fine day indeed, but the weather is not what it was and the country through which we passed is sadly war-smitten. The sun was bright, but the long rains had reduced the roads almost to a mire and a sharp cold wind all day made overcoats pleasant and reminded us how near we were to winter. Our road lay along in sight of Mt. Vernon and was a picture of desolation — the inhabitants few, primitive and ignorant, houses deserted and going to ruin, fences down, plantations overgrown, and everything indicating a decaying country finally ruined by war. On our second day's march we passed through Dumfries, once a flourishing town and port of entry, now the most God-forsaken village I ever saw. There were large houses with tumbled down stairways, public buildings completely in ruins, more than half the houses deserted and tumbling to pieces, not one in repair and even the inhabitants, as dirty, lazy and rough they stared at us with a sort of apathetic hate, seemed relapsing into barbarism. It may be the season, or it may be the war; but for some reason this part of Virginia impresses me with a sense of hopeless decadence, a spiritless decay both of land and people, such as I never experienced before. The very dogs are curs

and the women and children, with their long, blousy, uncombed hair, seem the proper inmates of the delapidated log cabins which they hold in common with the long-nosed, lank Virginia swine.

To go back to our march however. Our wagons toiled wearily along and sunset found us only sixteen miles from Alexandria, and there we camped. During the latter part of the day I was all alone riding to and fro between the baggage train and the column. I felt by no means well and cross with opium. It was a cold, clear, November evening, with a cold, red, western sky and, chilled through, with a prospect of only a supperless bivouac, a stronger home feeling came over me than I have often felt before, and I did sadly dwell in my imagination on the intense comfort there is in a thoroughly warm, well-lighted room and well-spread table after a long cold ride. However I got into camp before it was dark and here things were not so bad. The wind was all down, the fires were blazing and we had the elements of comfort. The soup Lou sent me supplied me with a hot supper — in fact I don't know what I should have done if it had not been for that, through this dreary march; and after that I spread my blankets on a bed of fir-branches close to the fire and slept as serenely as man could desire to sleep.

The next morning the weather changed and it gradually grew warmer and more cloudy all day. Our road lay through Dumfries and became worse and worse as we pushed along, until after making only eight miles, we despaired of our train getting along and turned into an orchard in front of a deserted plantation house

and there camped. Our wagons in fact did get stuck and passed the night two miles back on the road, while we built our fires and made haste to stretch our blankets against the rain. It rained hard all night, but we had firewood and straw in plenty, and again I slept as well as I wish to. Next day the wagons did not get up until noon and it was two o'clock before we started. Then we pushed forward until nearly dark. An hour before sunset we came up with the flank of the army resting on Acquia Creek. We floundered along through the deep red-mud roads till nearly dark and then, having made some five miles, turned into a beautiful camping ground, where we once more bivouacked. One thing surprises me very much and that is the very slight hardship and exposure of the bivouac. Except in rains tents are wholly unnecessary — articles of luxury. Here, the night before Thanksgiving and cold at that, I slept as soundly and warmly before our fire as I could have done in bed at home. The reason is plain. In a tent one, more or less, tries to undress; in the bivouac one rolls himself, boots, overcoat and all, with the cape thrown over his head, in his blankets with his feet to the fire, which keeps them warm and dry, and then the rest will not trouble him. A tent is usually equally cold and also very damp.

The next day was Thanksgiving Day — 27th November. It was a fine clear day, with a sharp chill in the little wind which was stirring. I left the column and rode forward to General Hooker's Head Quarters through the worst roads I ever saw, in which our empty wagons could hardly make two miles an hour. I saw

General Hooker and learnt the situation of our brigade, and here too we came up with our other battalion. We passed them however and came over here to our present camp, where we have pitched our tents and made ourselves as comfortable as we can while we await the course of events.

As to the future, you can judge better than I. I have no idea that a winter campaign is possible in Virginia. The mud is measured already by feet, and the rains have hardly begun. The country is thoroughly exhausted and while horses can scarcely get along alone, they can hardly succeed in drawing the immense supply and ammunition trains necessary for so large an army, to say nothing of the artillery which will be stuck fast. The country may demand activity on our part, but mud is more obdurate than popular opinion, and active operations here I cannot but consider as closed for the season. As to the army, I see little of my part of it but my own regiment. I think myself it is tired of motion and wants to go to sleep until the spring. The autumn is depressing and winter hardships are severe enough in the most comfortable of camps. Winter campaigns may be possible in Europe, a thickly peopled country of fine roads, but in this region of mud, desolation and immense distances, it is another matter.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS MOTHER

*Potomac Run, near Falmouth, Va.
December 9, 1862*

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AFTER a day or night of duty, it is strange what a sense of home and home comfort one attaches to the bivouac

fire. You come in cold, hungry and tired and I assure you all the luxuries of home scarcely seem desirable beside its bright blaze, as you polish off a hot supper. And such suppers! You've no idea how well we live, now we've added experience to hunger. This evening, I remember, I had army-bread fried in pork — and some day I'll let you know what can be made of that dish — hot coffee, delicate young roast pig, beefsteak and an arrangement of cabbage, from the tenement of a neighboring mud-sill. This, with a pipe of tobacco, a bunk of fir branches well lined with blankets and a crackling fire before it left little to be desired. There is a wild luxury about it, very fascinating to me, though I never realise the presence of danger and that excitement which some men derive from that; to me camp always seems perfectly secure and my horses kick and champ on the other side of my fire, and my arms hang on the ridge of my bunk, practically as little thought of by me as though the one were in the stable at Quincy, and the other hanging over my mantelpiece in Boston. My enjoyment springs from the open air sense of freedom and strength. It's a lawless sort of feeling, making me feel as if I depended only on nature and myself for enjoyment.

This is all very well when the weather is fine, even in December; but next morning a change came o'er me, for early in the morning it began to rain and snow and, by the time we were relieved, at noon it snowed most heartily, so that I sincerely pitied the miserable creatures who relieved us. Home we rode, wet and cold, and as I walked sulkily along, I tried to think of one

crumb of comfort awaiting me when I got back into camp. I couldn't think of one, unless indeed the commissary might have procured some whiskey. Wrong again! I got into camp and found Colonel Sargent there with three companies from Hooker's headquarters and things looked lively enough, though far from cheerful, and as luck would have it Henry Davis was there, established in the midst of discomfort in his usual comfort. So I passed the evening with him, cursing Colonel — (in which chorus we all unanimously concur), smoking the best of tobacco, drinking hot whiskey punch and eating plum-cake fresh from Washington. . . .

The next time Henry passes a bookstore let him stop and buy for her [Mary] a little volume called "Ten Years of Soldiers' Life in India." It contains the life of Major Hodson taken from his own letters and is one of the most touching and charming books of these later days, to say nothing of the character of Hodson himself — my ideal of a Christian gentleman and soldier. I wonder none of you ever heard of him.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

*In the woods, near Falmouth, Va.
December 15, 1862*

MY DEAR MOTHER:

*Potomac Run, Va.
December 21, 1862*

MY DEAR FATHER:

I LEAVE the above heading to my letter for two reasons. In the first place to show you that I did n't forget you while we were at the front; and in the second because

this is my last sheet of paper and when this is gone I must borrow or be silent.

My last was written on Tuesday the 9th and while we were under orders for the front. The orders however did not come until Thursday and on Wednesday we had nothing to contend with but our new Colonel. He, however, was a host in himself and worried us very thoroughly. You've no idea what a nuisance such an ass as — is at the head of a regiment. Ignorant to the last degree of his supposed profession, his ignorance is only surpassed by his conceit and vanity and his love of display. He has two and only two of the qualities of an officer of cavalry: he is a good and daring horseman and a man of great personal courage. At the same time he is the most cruel man on horses I ever saw in my life, and his courage, combined with his plenteous lack of judgment, only endangers the lives of those under his command. He prides himself on being a disciplinarian, knowing nothing of discipline, and so wears out his officers and men by an inordinate attention to useless trifles. He considers himself a tactician and yet he could not drill a corporal's guard without making ludicrous blunders. His mistakes on the drill ground, his theories of war and his absurdities in camp are, as John will tell you, the laughing stock of the regiment. He is universally disliked as well as ridiculed. He has already cost us the best officers in our regiment, and we all fear that he will ultimately ruin it. We of course can do nothing, but I assure you we keep up a devil of a thinking. This particular day certain horses were to be condemned and he nearly drove the commanders of

companies wild. Their horses were led out and then led back again, and then led out and kept standing. Then some blanks were made out and then some more horses were ordered out, and then some were inspected and ordered to be shot or turned over to the Quarter Master, and then some messages were sent round and then we were ordered to pick out our worst horses to hand over to another regiment, and the Majors laughed and cursed, and the Captains cursed and swore, and the men grumbled and looked sullen, and he strutted round, overwhelmed with a sense of his own importance and utterly unaware with what a hearty contempt the general camp, pioneers and all, were cursing him and laughing at him. We see how ridiculous he makes us in the army and what a tool he becomes in the hands of others; and yet, discuss it as we will among ourselves, to the world we must put our tongues between our teeth and bear it as best we may. As for me, I have no great trouble with him. I am in command of my company and go near him only when I can't help doing so. My company is a very good one and so I'm not often drawn into scrapes. . . .

Early Thursday morning, clear and cold, the brigade got into line and began to advance to the front. While we were at the stable call a heavy cannonade had opened towards Fredericksburg and it was clear that work was before some one. Our column was not formed until nine o'clock and then we began to move towards the front, but very slowly. It was at first very cold, and our fingers and feet felt it sharply; but as the sun rose this passed away and the weather moderated.

Then the battery in front of us got stuck and delayed us an hour, during which we listened to the firing and discussed the prospects. For, instead of going out to operate on the right flank as we had expected, it was now clear that we were going straight towards Fredericksburg. Finally we passed the battery by a path through the woods, leaving it fairly mired and then pushed rapidly forward. Presently we came to a large field, about I should say a mile and a half from the point of cannonading, and there the brigade drew up, dismounted and began to wait. Around us were deserted infantry camps. On our left, on a rising ground, was an infantry line of battle, beyond and above them was a cloud of white smoke, and this was all I saw of Thursday's fighting.

For ourselves, we waited. The warm sun had started the frost and converted our field into a fine mire, and in that we stood from eleven o'clock to sunset. As long as I could I stood by my horse and eat hard-bread and smoked. When that was played out, I found the driest place I could, spread the cape of my overcoat on the mud, laid down on it and went to sleep. So the day passed tediously and disagreeably away. Rumors of doings at the front reached us from time to time; our pontoons were knocked to pieces and the engineers killed and we were not getting ahead very fast. Finally it became clear that we were to do nothing that day, so we watered our horses and presently the column started for a camp. It was dark before we reached it, but finally we found ourselves packed away in a pine wood, full of camp fires and pine smoke. I

have ceased to be a believer in any necessity for discomfort under any circumstances. On this occasion Davis and I at eight o'clock, with the horses groomed and fed, had had a very comfortable supper ourselves and then with blankets unrolled were lying before our fire and smoking the pipe of great content. The weather too had moderated and though it froze stiff during the night, in the woods we rolled ourselves in our blankets and were as comfortable as need be.

Friday the 12th, instead of moving as was expected, we lay all the morning in the camp, listening to the artillery firing which still continued, but we noticed no musketry. The day was warm and bright and we found picnicing in the woods in December not so bad. To be sure the Colonel worried the officers all he could — among other trifles in one morning threatening the Lieutenant Colonel, Major and Adjutant with arrest; but I was fortunately at the extreme further end of the camp and took good care not to lessen my distance. As it was I began to enjoy myself very much. I am growing more and more attached to out of door life, so that it is pleasant even in December. We found that our camp was most prettily situated in a little strip of pine wood surrounding a little hollow in which the 4th Pennsylvania was encamped. The weather was delightful and we had nothing to do but to while away the time watching our neighbors and listening to the cannonade. The Pennsylvanians were a source of endless delight to Davis and myself — they were so ragged, so independent, and so very peculiar. No officers troubled their repose, and stable calls worried them not.

They were grave and elderly men and very, very old campaigners. They were curiously clad in defiance of all rule whether military or civil, and we pondered long as to where they could have got their clothes, until Davis happily suggested that, having all started as civilians, they had been picking up old soldier clothes ever since, until they had arrived at their present degree of uniformity. They had strange ways of leaving camp whenever they saw fit and returning ladened with well filled haversacks; whereat the faces of their comrades would light up with grim satisfaction. Water they had not now and soap they had evidently never known; but they were old soldiers, for they cooked strange messes and when boots and saddles sounded, undisturbed by the cannonade they would saddle their horses carefully, slowly and meditatively, evidently with respect for the beast if not in the fear of God. They compared so curiously with our own men so comparatively young, clean and well dressed, full of intelligence and yet subject to such rigid and never ending discipline. Then as the afternoon crept on the most beautiful lights and shadows I ever saw crept over the little hollow in which our friends were encamped, the smoke of the camp fires rising among the pines, while the sunlight played round the horses and riders among them gave effects which in pictures we should declare unnatural. At two o'clock orders came for us to saddle. We did so and got all ready to start and then, anxious and waiting for orders, we killed away the time until dusk, when again we watered and unsaddled, and again Davis and I after a comfortable supper lay

before our fire enjoying the charms of tobacco and December moonlight.

Saturday the 13th, we did not change our position at all, but, as before, our horses were kept saddled the greater part of the day; but learning by experience I made myself comfortable, reading Holmes and observing the preparation of our dinner. Still, at best, this comfort was a very relative term that day, for all day long, from before day-break to long after dark, the heavy cannonade was broken only by long and terrific volleys of musketry, now before us, now on the right, now far away to the left. Evidently a terrible battle was going on, but with what result we could only guess, for we could only hear, and during all these days did not see an enemy or hear the whir-r-r of a single shot. There we lay, cold, idle and anxious, aware only of the severity of the contest, expecting soon to take part in it and knowing nothing of the result. The day passed slowly away, ending in the heaviest musketry fire by all odds that I ever heard, and again we passed a moonlight evening over our camp-fires. . . .

An order has just come for me to go out with two days' rations and twenty pounds of forage on some unknown job. If we meet an enemy God save us, for I understand Colonel —— is to command.

Wednesday, 24th. We got back from our scout yesterday at about noon, having accomplished nothing and now, as Colonel Sargent has kindly put me under arrest, I hope to be able to quietly finish my letter. Where did I leave off? I had accounted for Saturday I believe. Sunday the 14th found us still in the woods

and still the weather continued clear and warm. At daybreak the usual firing began and at times there seemed to be explosions of musketry and cannon, but it was not at all the fire of yesterday. Our horses were still kept saddled and all our traps packed, but I had ceased to believe that we should move, and lay peaceably before my fire, enjoying the soft air and the strange lively scene and reading Browning's poems.

Towards evening rumors of some great success were rife and made us all very cheerful, and we again hoped soon to be in the saddle and following the enemy briskly up on the road to Richmond. I put less faith in the rumors than most and accordingly next day my disappointment was less. For next day our hopes most suddenly collapsed. There was a desultory firing going on all day, but not amounting to a great deal as compared with what had been going on. We lay in the woods as usual and I started this letter, but was suddenly cut short by an order to shift all the picket ropes, which, while it increased my comfort, took up the rest of the day and cut off your letter.

Tuesday the 16th, they actually took us out to drill, to exercise the horses and occupy the time. We skirmished round a hilly field opposite the camp for a couple of hours, and then the Colonel blundered us into camp. It began to grow clear that we should not immediately be wanted. When I got in I was informed that I was to be officer of the day and was to go out and post some pickets to protect the rear of the camp. I should just as soon have thought of posting pickets in State Street, as we were all surrounded by the camps of our friends;

but I did as I was told and posted at least half a dozen miserable men in positions in which they seemed least likely to be ridiculous and returned to camp to be worried by my Colonel. That night it rained smartly and, as usual, the drops pattering on my face reminded me that we were in bivouac. Like a knowing campaigner I called to my servant to throw my rubber poncho over me, pulled my boots under the blankets and my cape over my head and chuckled myself to sleep, as the rain came down harder and harder, to think how comfortable I was and how very much I had got ahead of the elements this time. The next morning it cleared away at about the time when decent people get up. I suppose, of course, that you bear in mind that eight o'clock P.M. is our bed time and that the regular hour of *réveillé* is half past six — one hour before sunrise — which we vary on special occasions by having it at three o'clock and so down. I assure you I have seen all the sun-rises I ever want to see and I thoroughly believe in lying abed until the earth is dry.

Hardly was the sun out when the announcement seemed to run at once all through the camps that our whole army had recrossed, that the bridges were all up and the campaign was a terrible failure — in a word, all our cake was dough. Even Colonel Sargent concluded that his regiment would not advance for a few days and left camp. Hardly was he gone when “The General” sounded and it was announced that we were to go back whence we came. It was a muddy, sullen, discouraging march home. The sky was cloudy

and threatening and the mud deep, liquid, and slippery. It was rapidly growing cold and the wind was rough and chilling. We had been to the front and had not been under fire or seen an enemy, and we were going back with a campaign ruined and winter quarters before us. For myself I did hope that now we should put through this winter campaign and not sit down under this blow. I never had any confidence in this advance, but we had tried it and now I, and I think all, felt that it would not do to give it up so, and we did earnestly hope that we might be called upon to face and be able to surmount all the exposures, dangers and obstacles of a winter campaign. At any rate we felt willing to try and I do so now, but I understand this feeling does not extend to the body of the army which crossed the Rappahannock. We got into camp by three o'clock, finding it dirty, unprepared, bleak and cold, and there finished as quietly disheartening a day as I care to pass, with a miserable and insufficient dinner and a night passed wretchedly cold in a wet overcoat and frozen blankets. I had n't got ahead of the elements the night before as I had calculated.

A change of weather had taken place and we had got back to our tents just in time to meet it. It was cold, very cold, ice an inch and a half thick and now and then men frozen to death — only stragglers and serve them right; but then you know "a soldier's life is always gay." As for us, again we went shivering round camp, frozen out of our tents and miserably grouping round first one fire and then another. Our camp is the coldest, bleakest, most exposed place in the whole

surrounding country, and we wanted to move into the woods; but our Colonel, fully impressed with the idea each day that tomorrow we are going to advance in triumph to Richmond, did n't think it worth while to make us comfortable just for a day, and, as he has a large tent with a fireplace in it, he is n't frozen out as we poor devils are. Anyhow, the next three days until Sunday passed uncomfortably enough, clear and bitter cold, the water in our blankets freezing even at noon. They drilled us Friday and Saturday, and that was a bore; but on Friday my patience gave out and I resolved to be comfortable if only for a day. So I set men to work and had a fireplace built behind my tent, of rough stone. The seam in the rear of the tent was then opened and closed around its mouth, and lo! in one corner of my tent was a mean, ugly little open fireplace. Then I had a shelf put up on one side, on which I am now writing, and a bed of fir-tree branches on the other side on which I spread my blankets. Thus I become more comfortable than I had ever been before and, though the wind sweeps and the rain drips through my tent, and Davis in abject despair calls it a "dirty kennel," in it I can be comfortable and I can write in the coldest weather, and there I am writing now, and tomorrow in it Davis and I will have our Christmas dinner, if we can raise one, which seems doubtful; but your dinner in London and John's in Boston will not taste better than ours, though we do eat tough beef and drink commissary whiskey out of battered and campaign worn old tin plates and cups. And even if it does, I am very sure that my health will

be drunk and I shall be remembered in Newport and Boston and London and that if it lay in the power of my family, I should eat and drink of the fat of the land.

However, to go back to my letter. I left off, I believe, just where I began this letter — at Sunday noon. We got our orders — 250 men from the command, with two days rations and twenty pounds of forage, and were to report in an hour. It struck hard, for though the weather had moderated it was cloudy and threatened rain and it was still rough and we were just comfortable. However, out it was and my fifty-six men were in line at the time the fifty-six horses having had two quarts of oats and no hay, thanks to the shortcomings of the brigade Quarter Master, that day. We got out and joined other details from the brigade, making 1000 cavalry all told, and somewhat after dark took up our line of march for Hartwood Church. We reached our advanced pickets at about nine o'clock and then encamped in the woods, lighting fires and feeding our horses and before eleven we were all asleep. At three o'clock Monday morning an orderly came round and woke us up, though why we did n't exactly see, as our horses were neither fed nor cleaned, and all we had to do was to get our breakfasts. I fed my horse and got myself up a fine breakfast of four hard-breads and was ready for a start, but the start did n't come until day-break, and the sun rose, weak and cloudy, while we were still within our pickets, but yet on the road. Then came a long killing march, ending in nothing. We rapidly pushed directly forward, at times at a gallop, until after noon, when we pushed forward

through some fields and woods as fast as our horses could go, using many up and finishing a man or two by tumbles and accidental shots. Here we drove in pickets, but I saw no signs of any force of the enemy having been in that vicinity. We then turned to the South and towards the river and ended by meeting Sigel's corps and marching home to our camp of the night before, having made a dashing reconnaissance with no results. . . . We got into camp about five o'clock having covered I should say not less than thirty-five miles. We cleaned and fed the horses, cooked some supper and then went to sleep. Yesterday (Tuesday, 23d) at day-break we were roused and got ready to come home. To show you how government kills horses, I will say that my fifty-six from twelve o'clock Saturday night to twelve o'clock Tuesday noon — sixty hours — travelled nearly sixty miles and had no hay and just thirteen quarts of oats apiece. I am glad to say only one gave out, and that one has since been brought in. We came leisurely in on a pleasant, warm, winter morning, and here befel my most lamentable arrest by my Colonel. He thinks himself a disciplinarian and is great on "marching orders," and leaving the column on a march. Now we were within sight of our camp and the brigade had stopped to water at a stream, and watering a thousand horses is a matter of time. As we were waiting I happened to hear that Colonel Buchanan was quartered just a hundred yards or so on our right in plain sight. I wanted to see him and said so to Major Higginson, with whom I was riding. He replied: "Why don't you go now? I would." I said I would come over

again, there 'was n't time, 'etc.; but he still advised me to go until at last I said I thought I would and cantered over there. I found the Colonel in front of his tent and had a pleasant talk of about ten minutes with him. I then started to rejoin my column and found it had gone forward. I followed and came up just after my company had watered and found Colonel Sargent just finishing some unknown manoeuvre through which he discovered my absence. As I calmly took my place, he summoned me before him and inquired where I had been. I pleasantly informed him, in that airy manner which makes me a universal favorite, and he immediately put me under arrest. Upon which, winking pleasantly at his orderlies, I retired to the rear of my company. I believe now he is debating in his own mind as to whether he will have me dismissed the service without a hearing or court martialed and cashiered. He is too ignorant to know that my having had the consent of my immediate superior to what I did covers me completely. So now I look upon this as a little vacation and to my release from the weary monotony of company duties you owe this letter. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, December 19, 1862

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To change the subject let me tell you of a pleasant little experience which diverted my thoughts from home last evening. The Queen's Advocate, Sir Robert Phillimore, learning that I had accepted an invitation of the Westminster School to attend their annual performance



SURGEON LUCIUS MANLIUS SARGENT

of a Latin play, asked me to join him at his own house to dinner, and proceed from there. I accepted very thankfully. The company I met was small but choice. It consisted of the Lord Chancellor (Lord Westbury), the Brazilian Minister, Lord Harris, now attached to the new household of the Prince of Wales, and a brother of the host. We had a lively dinner, as the Chancellor is a very ready talker, and has great resources, and soon after proceeded to Westminster School which is in close proximity to the famous old abbey. It dates from the time of Elizabeth and has produced many eminent men from Ben Jonson downward to Gibbon and Southey. The stage is set up in what is called the dormitory, a large hall, the bare walls of which are marked with the names in large letters of those who have been scholars with the date attached, apparently done by themselves without any order or method. The popularity of the school has declined of late years, whilst that of Eton has developed beyond all legitimate bounds. Nevertheless those who are attached to it cling with pride to its usages, and of these the most notable and peculiar is the performance about Christmas time every year of some old Latin play.

This year it happened to be the *Andria* of Terence. The scene was well got up. It represented Athens in the distance, as it may be presumed to have looked in its sunny days. The costumes were rigidly Grecian according to the best authority. The only modern things were the prologue and epilogue, and these were likewise in Latin.

I had seen the same thing done at Ealing in my boy-

hood. But now that I could understand it better I wanted to see it again. Not having read the piece for twenty years I had bought a copy of Terence previously and refreshed my memory with a careful perusal. The result was that I enjoyed it exceedingly. The boys articulated well and acted with spirit, one or two with power, so that I could form a very fair notion of the secret of the charm of old Menander. The audience, composed mostly of old Westminster scholars familiar with the play, was quiet and sympathetic, so that it really gave a good illusion. On the whole I must say that this is the pleasantest evening I have yet passed in England. The Queen's Advocate, Sir Robert Phillimore's son was what is called the Captain of the school, and played the part of Pamphilus very well. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

*Mount Felix, Walton on Thames*¹
December 25, 1862

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PUBLIC matters remain yet in a profound state of repose, and probably will continue so for another month. The publication made by the Secretary of State of large portions of my Despatches for the past year has rather stirred a hornet's nest in the press, but I fancy it will prove only a nine days' wonder. I have said merely what everybody knows. The great body of the aristocracy and the wealthy commercial classes are anxious to see the United States go to pieces. On the other hand the middle and lower class sympathise

¹ Russell Sturgis' place.

with us, more and more as they better comprehend the true nature of the struggle. A good deal of dust was thrown into their eyes at first by the impudent pretense that the tariff was the cause of the war. All that is now over. Even the Times has no longer the assurance to repeat that fable. The true division now begins to make itself perceptible here as elsewhere in Europe — the party of the old and of the new, of vested rights and of well regulated freedom. All equally see in the convulsion in America an era in the history of the world, out of which must come in the end a general recognition of the right of mankind to the produce of their labor and the pursuit of happiness. Across all these considerations come occasionally individual and national interests which pervert the judgment for a time, but the world moves onward taking little note of temporary perturbations, and whatever may betide to us of this generation, the end is sure. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, December 26, 1862

. . . THE telegrams announce a battle on the 13th and from the scanty items I infer that it was another Antietam, only worse. In short I am prepared for a complete check and am screwing my courage up to face the list of killed and wounded. . . .

We have our hands full and things are in a very lively state. The notes are becoming savage, but we have a clear case and are making headway. I find myself, I think, of use, and am well content to be here. My former restlessness was caused by the Pope campaign

which upset us all. On the whole I would infinitely prefer to be here to going into the army, and it is only when there really seems to be a superior call to the army that I feel disposed to move.

Anxiety has become our normal condition and I find a fellow can dance in time on a tight rope as easily as on a floor. It is harder to keep one's temper, but even that I now contrive to do in very trying cases. A steady pressure tells better here than anything else, and if our people will be cool, I think we can set England straight. . . .

I have been staying several days at Monckton Milnes' place in Yorkshire where we had a very jolly little bachelor party. . . .

Even the stoic steadiness of nerve that I am trying to cultivate, shakes under the apprehension of the next news.

1863

1863

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS MOTHER

*Potomac Run, Va.
January 2, 1863*

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DURING the day [29th] two details of one hundred men each were ordered from our regiment, to join other details from other regiments in the brigade at eight o'clock the next morning. One of these details was to consist of picked men and horses, carefully armed, with three days' rations and twenty pounds of forage, and of these Colonel Curtis had command and Channing Clapp went with him as Major. I had command of the other detail, which was provided with ten pounds of forage and three days' rations. Both details got off at eight o'clock the morning of the 30th, Colonel Curtis reporting to General Averell in person and I to Major White of the 3d Pennsylvania. Evidently something was on foot. General Averell's force could not have been less than a couple of thousand picked men and horses under chosen officers and it was evident that work was cut out for them. Our force was about 325, far inferior men and horses, and I imagined we were merely to act as a reserve or to support a battery. It took us a long time to get off and it was while waiting in the saddle, on a chilly, cloudy December morning, that I received all your letters of November 21st, informing me of Sallie Hampton's death among other facts.

About ten o'clock we began to move, our detachment following General Averell's and taking the road towards our advanced pickets at the Hartwood Church. We got there at about noon and after a few minutes' rest Major White received his orders. We again mounted, passed Averell's force and took the westerly road. Here Major White sent me back word that he wished to see me, and I went forward and joined him and he proceeded to develop to me the plan of our scout, as it appeared I was next in command to himself. We were to march with the utmost despatch and caution to Warrenton Junction, there rest and feed, and start at the proper time to arrive at Warrenton at daylight, "where," the orders went on, "you will find two companies of rebel cavalry. You will capture these and return at once, reporting in person to Major General Hooker." White winked at me and I winked at White, and immediately I went to the rear, changed my mare for my heavy old working brute, and sent her, my servant and all my possessions back within the picket and then rejoined White and we went on our way rejoicing in the cold, heavy, rainy December afternoon. For once I really believed we were going to do something and my spirits rose accordingly.

We pushed briskly along, stopping only once for a few moments until nine o'clock, when we found ourselves close to Warrenton Junction and then turned into the woods to wait, for the next six hours. It had been raining, but not heavily, and now the air was very heavy and cold — damp. It was a sort of cold drizzle. Of course fires were not safe, so we fed our

horses and then, after sharing Major White's supper, I smoked for a while and then lay down at the foot of a tree and slept as *uncomfortably* as I care to, waking up chilled through and very disconsolate. At three o'clock we again got on the road and pushed on well enough, except that our guides once or twice lost the road, until we came to the Junction. There, the moon having gone down, it suddenly became intensely dark, our guides lost the road, we got wandering through the woods and morasses, and, for a time, things looked black enough. I never saw such darkness. I could not see a man and horse three feet before me, but blindly followed the jingling of the column, relying on my horse not to fall and to keep the road. We lost our advance guard, a message came up that the rear squadron had not been seen for a long time, and we lost our rear-guard and did n't find it until next day. We had finally to retrace our steps to the Junction and there, at least, we found our missing squadron, got back our advance guard and re-discovered the road and then pressed on once more.

Then came one of those disgusting night marches; cold and disgusted, one's only desire is to be in bed; so sleepy that to keep one's eyes open is impossible. You sleep and doze in wretched discomfort while your horse presses on. Good Lord! how for two hours I did wish myself comfortably back under arrest. Day broke at last and I woke up. We were late and pressing on fast, but it was eight o'clock before we entered Warrenton. White was to drive in the pickets and charge through the town with one squadron and I was to fol-

low in the rear and support him with mine, while the third was to be left as reserve. As we approached the town I began to smell a rat. In vain I listened for the first shots telling that we were on their pickets. It did n't come, and I began to feel that we were sold. Still it had to be done. On a bright, cool morning in December, feeling like a fool, I charged through the quiet town of Warrenton at the head of my squadron, with their carbines advanced, making a devil of a racket, barked at by curs and astonishing and delighting peaceful citizens. They flocked out and looked at us, not exactly with admiration, but much as if it had been the great American Circus or Van Amburg's Menagerie, or any other show got up for their edification. They were very civil and certainly exhibited no signs of distrust or fear, and we justified their confidence; for, as soon as we had rushed through the town and sent our men up all manner of streets, satisfying ourselves that there was no organized body of rebels in that town, we turned round and left the town according to our orders on our way home. We felt, as I have said, like fools.

I have told you what was, now for what might have been. As we marched away we heard bells ringing and wondered what it was. It was a little signal. Two hours after we left, Stuart entered the town on his way back from Dumfries and was there joined by Lee and a few hours after he left Averell entered it in pursuit and thus Warrenton saw plenty of cavalry that day. On the one hand we just missed defeat and captivity, death or flight, and on the other, brilliant success. Had Stuart been there when we arrived we would savagely have

assaulted his whole force, under the impression that they were the two companies we were after and now, the probabilities are, I should not have been writing this letter. Had Averell gone with us, instead of taking the road he did, Stuart would have been caught at last. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS MOTHER

*Camp of 1st Mass. Cav'y
Potomac Run, Va., January 8, 1863*

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It was clear that we were not going to the bridge, as Chamberlain of our regiment had charge of that party. I had the rear of the column and a ripping head-ache, otherwise I should have enjoyed the thing immensely, for it was a clear, cold, moonlight night and we went floundering through the marshes at a tremendous gait. All I could see was dissolving views of the rear of the column as we pelted through woods and across broad white marshes, intersected by creeks which we had to ford. Presently Ben [Crowninshield] came down the column and informed me that we were going up the railroad to destroy some smaller bridges and, if it took us long, we were to let the column go and find our own way home. Of course we lost the way and after riding up the road two miles and finding no bridge, we rode down two miles and a half, cutting down the telegraph poles as we went along, and then there was a halt and I heard the sound of the axes. "Ah," thought I, "here is the bridge," and my head-ache felt better.

So I rode up and looked at a miserable little culvert,

about three yards long, on which some twenty destroyers were at work. This was, then, the greatest humbug of all. We had come with artillery and cavalry and infantry, through rain and snow and ice, without shelter or forage, all the way up here to cut up a miserable little culvert which ten men could rebuild in five hours. It would have been very amusing had I felt well. There we were a hundred of us, some eighty in line and ready to fire into any unsuspecting train which might come along, and the other twenty, without direction, or system or tools, tugging away at a remarkably well-built railroad which resisted their utmost efforts. Ye Gods! how the mismanagement did stick out!! Our tools were six axes and the ground was hard frozen. Every one directed and every one worked on his own hook. My second Lieutenant, a son of Judge Parsons, was ordered to do the work and he bellowed and swore, and the men laughed and minded him or not as they chose. White, quite nervous and anxious to get through, complained that too many orders were given and did nothing to remedy it. Ben Crowninshield, very anxious to get the job done while yet there was time, seeing that the men had worked an hour without getting up a single rail, encouraged them by dancing round in high excitement, exhorting them somewhat generally to "do *something* to turn the whole thing over at once, *somehow*," and I sat on my horse in amused despair.

At length with immense effort we got up one rail and threw it into the creek, and White at once declared the bridge used up and we started back along the railroad.

It was eleven o'clock now and the last half hour we had heard a spattering fire of carbines and musquetry towards the river, indicating that Chamberlain was at work, but no artillery, which seemed to indicate that it was n't much of a job after all. As for us we went rapidly along the track and the first thing we knew we came to a bridge, as was a bridge. It was clear at once we had been at work on the wrong bridge hitherto, so we went to work again. It was the same old story, only a little better, for this time we made cleaner work, pulling up the track, cutting through the uprights and main beams and finally setting the middle pier on fire; having done which we mounted and went off better pleased.

Through the whole thing I must confess I felt like a fool. It was a small job and badly done; slight resistance would have turned us back and I have n't as yet gotten over an old prejudice against going round destroying property which no one tries to protect. Anyhow it was done and the fire of the burning bridge threw a bright light across the marsh as we rode away. We rejoined the main body and waited for Chamberlain, who had been at work on the main bridge and had, after some slight resistance, resulting in nothing, destroyed about one hundred and twenty feet of it. The whole party was in by three o'clock, and we at once started back and, as I rode along in the clear, cold moonlight, I very soon made up my mind as to the whole affair.

I don't know, but I imagine a newspaper success — "dashing raid" and all that — will be manufactured

out of this. If it is I can only say it is a clap-trap and a humbug and was intended as such. It is, I fear, pure Joe Hookerism and wire pulling. The bridge was of no real value to the rebels or to us and was not protected. Even if it had been, Ned Flint, who is an engineer, said he would contract to repair with forty men all the damage done in four days. Anyhow, value or no value, two hundred cavalry could have done it twice as surely and effectually and in just half the time, and so Chamberlain had previously reported. But no! that would n't answer for political effect, and so the sledge is brought out to crush the fly, and infantry, artillery and cavalry are paraded out in the depth of winter to burn a bridge which no one used or means to use, and I expect to see an immense pow-wow over it. If there is, rest assured it's all a humbug. The thing amounted to nothing, was very badly done after no end of blunders and mismanagement, and was and is intended solely for political effect and has about as much bearing on the ends of the war as would the burning of Neponset Bridge or our barn at Quincy. . . .

At last, at half past one, we marched into camp and were dismissed. This was Saturday afternoon. I had been on continuous duty for thirty-four hours and in the saddle twenty-eight; my horse had not eaten for thirty hours. I had last washed my face and hands on Wednesday morning, and in this week, the first in January and by far the most severe of the winter, I had passed two nights in my tent and five in bivouac. I got something to eat and washed my face and hands and then went out to see that the horses were cared for,

but that night my blankets felt like a bed of down and I slept like an infant.

I have been specific about this trip as I regard it as finishing my education. I had tried most kinds before, dry and wet, hot and cold. We have steadily been at it for months and I have thought that terrible discomfort was yet to come. This combined cold and wet and hunger and sleeplessness and fatigue and all that men regard as hard to bear. We had slept in melting snow and rain, had passed days in the saddle with soaking feet and freezing clothes, had waited hours in a pelting rain, and yet I had enjoyed it all, and not for an instant had wished myself away. I do not now believe in outdoor hardships. None of us are sick, we have no colds and no diseases, we are all far better than we were at home, and yet there is but one greater hardship than we have felt. A long continued, disastrous winter retreat would be worse and in the line of exposure this alone I now fear. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, January 9, 1863

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I AM deep in international law and political economy, dodging from the one to the other; and as I see nothing of the world and am much happier when I see nothing of it, I have no news to tell you. In point of fact I am better satisfied with my position now than ever before, and think I am of use.

At this moment public affairs are becalmed, but Parliament is soon to meet and then we shall all be put

on the gridiron again. Luckily one's skin gets callous in time. We are pretty strong, however, and *very* active; that is, our party here is; and I hope we can check any hostile plots on this side. Of course we expect to come in personally for a good share of abuse and social annoyance, but I suppose we can stand that. Some day *et haec meminisse juvabit*. I'll make you laugh with our little passages at arms. As a general thing, however, we are simply avoided. By the way, if you can get Fred. Seward to send you down the volume of Diplomatic Documents just published, I think it will amuse you. It has made a great sensation here, and our opponents have paraded it about as though it were a collection of choice blasphemy, or a compilation of bawdy stories. You would think that the unpardonable sin was in that volume. Unfortunately it is seriously open to ridicule, but apart from that there is really nothing to cry out at and much to praise and admire.

I congratulate you on your Captaincy, if it is a cause of congratulation. You know I look on the service merely as a necessary duty, and my highest ambition would be reached by seeing you honorably and safely out of it. When that event arrives, I will resign you my place and retire to private life. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS MOTHER

Potomac Run, Va.
January 20, 1863

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I SEE a great deal of Buchanan now and find him extremely pleasant and most unexpectedly kind and disposed to assist me. Did n't we formerly consider

Buchanan a little pompous? And were not we a little disposed to laugh at him? If we did a most surprising change has come over him, for he certainly is in his own quarters and in his intercourse with younger men by all odds the most genial and pleasant officer of rank I have ever met. You know he has been very badly used and bears it like a man. General Sumner alone of all the Army officers in this Department ranked him when the war began and now Lieutenants and Captains of his regiment are Brigadiers and Major Generals and he is still a Lieutenant Colonel commanding the 1st Brigade of Regulars. Yet he is universally respected as one of our best officers and most reliable men; as a soldier none stand higher and scarcely one would be trusted in a tight place as soon as he. He has been recommended for promotion over and over again and no man in the army doubts his loyalty. But Wilson does and he has not yet succeeded in working his way through the Military Committee of the Senate. Now he is coming up and will soon get what he most desires, the office of Inspector General. At any rate he is a good friend of mine, and I count his rise as in a good degree my own. I contrive to get over and see him very frequently and he advises me to leave this regiment and go into a staff. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, January 23, 1863

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OUR customary midweek intelligence has not arrived, owing I suppose to the violence of the storms delaying

the steamers, so that we are now fifteen days back. In the meantime the President's proclamation is doing much for us on this side. That is put in contrast to the paper of Jefferson Davis, much to the advantage of the former. The middle classes generally see and comprehend the existence of a moral question apart from all political disquisitions. The effect is to bring out an expression in popular meetings which is doing something to neutralise the opposite tendency of the governing people. Mr. Seward has printed so largely from my Despatches of last year, that there is now no misunderstanding here of what I think on this matter. I fear that I have forfeited the favor of my aristocratic friends by performing my duty of disclosing their tendencies, but as I have had not unsimilar experiences heretofore at home, perhaps I take it with less uneasiness. There are always great exceptions to be made. And after all, the position of a foreign minister must necessarily be one to inspire caution in making intimacies. My acquaintance is already quite as extensive as I can keep up with.

The profound quiet of the months which intervene during the absence of Parliament is almost at an end. On the 5th of February the respective forces in the political campaign will be marshalled, and the war of ins and outs will begin. Although they are nearly equal in numbers I do not find much expectation of an overthrow of the ministry. Lord Palmerston is very popular, and he means to hold on to power as long as he can. If the opposition throw him in the House, he will only appeal to the people, and the chances are that he may sustain himself. For though the special vacan-

cies have been filled rather favorably to the opposition, it is singular that the successful candidates generally pledge themselves to support Lord Palmerston. Thus is shown the singular spectacle of a leader who mounts two parties at the same time and yet having the entire confidence of neither. Such a state of things will not survive his Lordship. And he is nearly eighty years old! So it is not unreasonable to presume that a change cannot be far distant. The question what might be the effect on American affairs is that which gives us an interest in the result. I trust that before it happens we may be so far on our way to a result at home as to save all risk of trouble. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HENRY ADAMS

Potomac River, Va.

January 23, 1863

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I do wish you took a little more healthy view of life. You say "whether my present course of life is profitable or not I am very sure yours is not." Now, my dear fellow, speak for yourself. Your life may be unprofitable to you, and if it is, I shall have my own ideas as to why it is so; but I shall not believe it is until I see it from my own observation. As to me my present conviction is that my life is a good one for me to live, and I think your judgment will jump with mine when next we meet. I can't tell how you feel about yourself, but I can how I feel about myself, and I assure you I have the instinct of growth since I entered the army. I feel within myself that I am more of a man and a better man than I ever was before, and I see in the behavior

of those around me and in the faces of my friends, that I am a better fellow. I am nearer other men than I ever was before, and the contact makes me more human. I am on better terms with my brother men and they with me. You may say that my mind is lying fallow all this time. Perhaps, but after all the body has other functions than to carry round the head, and a few years' quiet will hardly injure a mind warped, as I sometimes suspect mine was, in time past by the too constant and close inspection of print. I never should have suspected it in time past, but to my surprise I find this rough, hard life, a life to me good in itself. After being a regular, quiet respectable stay-at-home body in my youth, lo! at twenty-seven I have discovered that I never knew myself and that nature meant me for a Bohemian—a vagabond. I am growing and developing here daily, but in such strange directions. Let not my father try to tempt me back into my office and the routine of business, which now seems to sit like a terrible incubus on my past. No! he must make up his mind to that. I hope my late letters have paved the way to this conviction with him. If not, you may as well break it to him gently; but the truth is that going back to Boston and its old tread-mill is one of the aspects of the future from which my mind fairly revolts. With the war the occupation of this Othello's gone, and I must hit on a new one. I don't trouble myself much about the future, for I fear the war will not be over for years to come. Of course I don't mean *this* war, in its present form: *that* we all see is fast drawing to a close; but indications all around point out to me

a troubled future in which the army will play an important part for good or evil, and needs to be influenced accordingly. I shall cast my fate in with the army and the moment reorganization takes place on the return of peace and the disbandment of volunteers I shall do all I can to procure the highest grade in the new army for which I can entertain any hope. I now lament extremely my early education and life. I would I had been sent to boarding school and made to go into the world and mix with men more than my nature then inclined me to. I would I had been a venturous, restive, pugnacious little black-guard, causing my pa-r-i-ents much mental anxiety. In that case I should now be an officer not at all such as I am. But after all it is n't too late to mend and enough active service may supply my deficiencies of education still. Meanwhile here I am, and here I am contented to remain. The furlough fever has broken out in our regiment, and the officers, right and left, are figuring up how they can get home for a time. Three only of us are untouched and declare that we would n't go home if we could, and the three are Greely Curtis, Henry Higginson and myself. Our tents and the regimental lines have become our homes. . . .

I've all along told you, you ought to remain in London, and I say so still; for that is your post and, pleasant or unpleasant there you should remain. I have told you all along, however, that I did n't like the tone of your letters. Your mind has become morbid and is in a bad way — for yourself — both for the *mens sana* and *corpus sanum*. A year of this life would be most

advantageous. Your mind might rest and your body would harden. My advice to you is to wait until you can honorably leave your post and then make a bolt into the wilderness, go to sea before the mast, volunteer for a campaign in Italy, or do anything singularly foolish and exposing you to uncalled for hardship. You may think my advice absurd and never return to it again. I tell you I know you and I have tried the experiment on myself, and I here suggest what you most need, and what you will never be a man without. If you joined an expedition to the North pole you might not discover that *terra incognita*, but you would discover many facts about yourself which would amply repay you the trouble you had had. All a man's life is not meant for books, or for travel in Europe. Turn round and give a year to something new, such as I have suggested, and if you are thought singular you will find yourself wise.

Tuesday, 26th

I suppose you in London think it strange that I do not oftener refer to the war in my letters and discuss movements. The truth is that you probably know far more of what is going on than I do, who rarely see papers, still more rarely go beyond the regimental lines and almost never meet any one possessed of any reliable information. As a rule, so far as my knowledge goes, the letters of correspondents of the press are very delusive. They get their information from newspaper generals and their staffs and rarely tell what they see. Now and then, very rarely, I see a plain, true, outspoken letter of an evident eye-witness. The small

means of observation I have are enough, however, to convince me that the army of the Potomac is thoroughly demoralized. They will fight yet, but they fight for defeat, just as a brave, bad rider will face a fence, but yet rides for a fall. There is a great deal of croaking, no confidence, plenty of sickness, and desertion is the order of the day. This arises from various causes; partly from the defeat at Fredericksburg and the failure, but mostly from the change of commanders of late. You or others may wonder or agree, as you choose, but it is a fact that McClellan alone has the confidence of this army. They would rally and fight under him tomorrow and under him only. Burnside has lost, and Hooker never had their confidence.

Under these circumstances my mind recurs more and more to the plan of the war which I suggested to you in my last letters from Hilton Head, after the seven days' fight. This army I now think should be broken up and the bulk of it at once transferred to the South West, where it could seize and hold against everything the territory west of the Mississippi. This would give us that river and its tributaries, including the States of Tennessee and Kentucky; it would circumscribe and ultimately destroy the Southern confederacy, and would settle forever the slavery question in the young South West. One measure alone would decide all this: let the army know that they are to have the territory they occupy and Congress pass liberal laws encouraging the army to settle where they have fought. I think that at least 100,000 fighting men would

become *coloni*, would send for their families or marry and there settle; and this would at once insure to that immense country inhabitants, defenders and free labor. This would be now, as it was then, my plan of the war, and I would abandon at once the moral effect of the capture of Richmond in favor of the great material fact of an open Mississippi. That this will be the future plan of the war there are already indications, but I hardly hope that we shall throw our whole strength into it, as we should to insure success. I have given up philosophising and do not often, except in very muddy weather indulge in lamentation. I think indeed you in London will all bear witness that my letters, under tolerably adverse circumstances, have been reasonably cheerful, and I hope they will remain so, even if the days become blacker than these blackest days I ever saw. We all feel that we are right and that being right, there is for us good in this plan of Providence, if our philosophy could but find it out. Do you remember the first lines of the last chorus in *Samson Agonistes*? They begin, "Though we oft doubt," and I have often tried to recall them lately, but cannot get them all. I hope to live to see the philosophy of this struggle, and see the day when the Lord "will to his faithful servant in his place, bear witness gloriously." Meanwhile, if it is your place to wield the pen, to my no small astonishment I find the sword becoming my weapon and, each in his place, we are working off our shares of the coil. Let us try to do it in our several ways to the best of our ability and uncomplainingly receive whatever fate betides us.

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, January 23, 1863

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THE Emancipation Proclamation has done more for us here than all our former victories and all our diplomacy. It is creating an almost convulsive reaction in our favor all over this country. The London Times furious and scolds like a drunken drab. Certain it is is, however, that public opinion is very deeply stirred here and finds expression in meetings, addresses to President Lincoln, deputations to us, standing committees to agitate the subject and to affect opinion, and all the other symptoms of a great popular movement peculiarly unpleasant to the upper classes here because it rests altogether on the spontaneous action of the laboring classes and has a pestilent squint at sympathy with republicanism. But the Times is on its last legs and has lost its temper. They say it always does lose its temper when it finds such a feeling too strong for it, and its next step will be to come round and try to guide it. We are much encouraged and in high spirits. If only you at home don't have disasters, we will give such a checkmate to the foreign hopes of the rebels as they never yet have had. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, January 27, 1863

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SPRING has come again and the leaves are appearing for the third time and we are still here, nor does there

seem any immediate probability of our moving. In fact we are now one of the known and acknowledged units of the London and English world, and though politics still place more or less barriers in our path, the majority of people receive us much as they would Englishmen, and seem to consider us as such. I have been much struck by the way in which they affect to distinguish here between us and "foreigners"; that is, persons who don't speak English. The great difficulty is in the making acquaintances, for London acquaintances are nothing.

After a fortnight's violent pulling, pushing, threatening, shaking, cursing and coaxing, almost entirely done through private channels, we have at least succeeded in screwing the Government up to what promises to be a respectable position. How steady it will be, I don't know, nor how far they will declare themselves, do I know. But between our Government at home and our active and energetic allies here, we seem to have made progress. I went last night to a meeting of which I shall send you a report; a democratic and socialist meeting, most threatening and dangerous to the established state of things; and assuming a tone and proportions that are quite novel and alarming in this capital. And they met to notify Government that "they would not tolerate" interference against us. I can assure you this sort of movement is as alarming here as a slave insurrection would be in the South, and we have our hands on the springs that can raise or pacify such agitators, at least as regards our own affairs, they making common cause with us. I never quite appreci-

ated the "moral influence" of American democracy, nor the cause that the privileged classes in Europe have to fear us, until I saw how directly it works. At this moment the American question is organizing a vast mass of the lower orders in direct contact with the wealthy. They go our whole platform and are full of the "rights of man." The old revolutionary leaven is working steadily in England. You can find millions of people who look up to our institutions as their model and who talk with utter contempt of their own system of Government. Within three months this movement has taken a development that has placed all our enemies on the defensive; has driven Palmerston to sue for peace and Lord Russell to proclaim a limited sympathy. I will not undertake to say where it will stop, but were I an Englishman I should feel nervous. We have strength enough already to shake the very crown on the Queen's head if we are compelled to employ it all. You are not to suppose that we are intriguing to create trouble. I do not believe that all the intrigue in the world could create one of these great demonstrations of sympathy. But where we have friends, there we shall have support, and those who help us will do it of their own free will. There are few of the thickly populated districts of England where we have not the germs of an organisation that may easily become democratic as it is already anti-slavery. With such a curb on the upper classes, I think they will do little more harm to us.

The conduct of the affairs of that great republic which though wounded itself almost desperately, can yet threaten to tear down the rulers of the civilised

world, by merely assuming her place at the head of the march of democracy, is something to look upon. I wonder whether we shall be forced to call upon the brothers of the great fraternity to come in all lands to the assistance and protection of its head. These are lively times, oh, Hannibal.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

*Camp near Potomac Run, Va.
January 28, 1863*

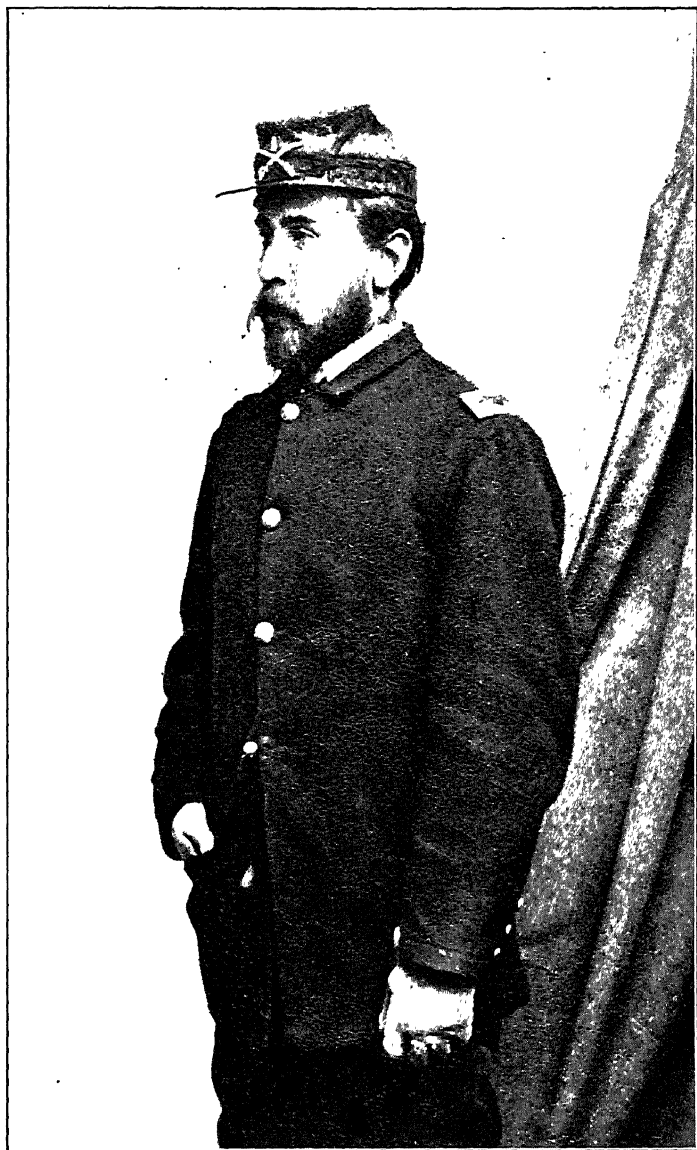
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THE fine weather seems fairly to be over and the wet season to have set in. In addition to the week of rain before, which played Burnside out, it rained steadily all last night and this morning set in from the N.E. with sleet and snow, and is at it now very lively. The results of this you may imagine, but I dare not. For myself it is of little consequence. My tent is logged up, I have a good fire-place, a pretty complete outfit and am as comfortable as I have any wish to be; but I feel for my men and dare not go and look at my horses. I know just how they look, as they huddle together at the picket-ropes and turn their shivering croups to this pelting north easter. There they stand without shelter, fetlock deep in slush and mud, without a blanket among them, and there they must stand — poor beasts — and all I can do for them is to give them all the food I can, and that little enough. Of oats there is a sufficiency and the horses have twelve quarts a day; but hay is scant, and it is only by luck that we have a few bales just now when most we need them. I have

them fed four times a day — at morning, noon, night and midnight — and if they have enough to eat, they do wonderfully well, but it comes hard on them to have to sustain hunger, as well as cold and wet. It is all over, however, with any horse that begins to fail, for after a few days he either dies at the rope, or else glanders set in and he is led out and shot. I lose in this way two or three horses a week. The men do better now, as they too have logged in their tents and built fire-places, and, as a rule, they are well clad and shod; but, after all, it comes hard on them, this being wet and always sleeping on damp ground, and we have had five funerals this month, one from the fall of a horse and four from sickness, one of which was in my company — a boy, named Pierce, from the central part of the State.

I had two men desert the other day also, and under peculiar circumstances. They were two of our recruits and did not properly belong to my Company, but were assigned to it for duty. They had cost the Government some three hundred dollars each and were good for nothing, as by far too many of these “bounty-boys” are. They were sent out as part of a detail for picket duty from my Company, under Lieutenant Merrill. On the night of the 8th of January they were posted at an important point on the extreme front of our lines, and in the immediate vicinity of Hartwood Church. When the patrol came round they had disappeared. The case was reported and I supposed that they had grown cold and drowsy and been ingeniously spirited away by guerrillas — for such things are done. At

the end of ten days however one of our men accidentally found their horses tied to a tree in the woods near their posts, all saddled, just as the men had left them, and on the saddles were hanging all the men's arms, except their pistols. There the poor brutes had stood for ten days, without food or water, until one had died in the agonies of starvation, and the other, having gnawed up all the trees around him, was reduced to a walking skeleton. This last, however, is alive and now at my picket-rope. (P. S. He died of exposure the next morning after I wrote this.) Meanwhile the human brutes, this brace of \$300. men, had, I find, quietly deserted their posts as videttes and walked off, enquiring their way to Warrenton and leaving their horses and arms, except pistols, as too likely to lead to their being caught — their design evidently being to get through our lines near Alexandria and so North. Meanwhile I am doing all in my power to catch them by notifying the authorities in Washington and at home. Should I succeed, their fate is not to be envied. They will be court martialed and probably shot. If not shot, they will suffer some terrible military punishment at the Tortugas. . . .

Meanwhile peace reigns once more in our domestic affairs — a very lively storm has purified the air. Colonel Sargent went on in his career until one day he put Lieut. Col. Curtis under arrest and then the storm burst. I rode over and stated our case to General Buchanan and he advised me as to the proper course to pursue, and the next day Sargent found his head in a hornet's nest. Curtis forwarded a complaint on his



MAJOR HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

arrest to General Averell. Major Higginson as next in command forwarded a paper in behalf of his brother officers to General Hooker, through Colonel Sargent, setting forth the Colonel's utter ignorance and glaring incompetence, and prepared a similar paper for Governor Andrew; and Dr. Holland was brought up to the point of preferring charges against him for unwarrantable interference with the sick. At first the Colonel showed signs of bulling ahead to his destruction, but General Averell sent for him, Curtis and Higginson, and the last two stated the regimental grievances to General Averell in Sargent's presence, glossing nothing. Sargent asked: "On account of what vice am I incompetent to command this regiment?" To which Curtis answered: "On account of no vice, Sir; you are simply utterly incompetent," and so on, and referred him as authority to the Company officers. Averell was very anxious that "an arrangement" should be effected, and requested them to consult together. Sargent came back to camp and sent for some of the officers — his peculiar favorites. They all came up to the mark and plainly informed him that he was not able to run the machine. He then sent for Curtis and Higginson and the three had a long discussion, the result of which was that Curtis was released, Higginson withdrew his papers and peace was restored. . . .

Friday, the 30th

I think you may as well make up your mind to passing the remaining two years of your term abroad. The war is on its last legs and it would hardly pay for

England to abandon her neutral policy now, simply to get into a quarrel and revive our dying spirit. We are playing her game better ourselves. Whatever Cabinets and correspondents may say to the contrary, I feel persuaded that *unless* we have rapid and brilliant successes in the southwest soon, and *those leading to something*, the fighting in Virginia is over. The New York Herald may say what it pleases, but the Army of the Potomac is at present fearfully demoralised. Even I can see that, small means of observation as I have. You can have no idea of the disgust felt here towards the Government. Unable to run the army themselves, they take away McClellan, and when that leads to terrible disaster, they cashier Fitz John Porter, one of the best general officers we have; and now relieve Burnside, one of our best corps commanders, ridiculously displaced by these very men; Sumner, the hardest fighter and best man to take or hold a position in the whole army, and Franklin, on the whole considered the ablest officer we have — all this that Hooker may be placed in command, a man who has not the confidence of the army and who in private character is well known to be — I need not say what. This army, now, does not know under whom it is fighting. Government has taken from it every single one of its old familiar battle names, save Hooker's. I most earnestly hope it will now break up the army, else some day it will have it marching on Washington. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, January 30, 1863

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POLITICALLY things go on swimmingly here. The anti-slavery feeling of the country is coming out stronger than we ever expected, and all the English politicians have fairly been thrown over by their people. There was a meeting last night at Exeter Hall which is likely to create a revolution, or rather to carry on a complete revolution in public opinion which was begun by the great Manchester Meeting on the 31st December. Last night's meeting was something tremendous, unheard of since the days of reform. The cry was "Emancipation and reunion" and the spirit was dangerously in sympathy with republicanism. The Strand was blocked up in front of Exeter Hall by those who could n't get in, and speeches were made in the street as well as in another hall opened to accommodate a part of the surplus. As for enthusiasm, my friend Tom Brown of Rugby school-days, who was one of the speakers, had to stop repeatedly and beg the people not to cheer so much. Every allusion to the South was followed by groaning, hisses and howls, and the enthusiasm for Lincoln and for everything connected with the North was immense. The effect of such a display will be very great, and I think we may expect from Lancashire on the arrival of the George Griswold, a response that will make some noise.

Next week Parliament will meet. Of course it will bring hot water, but the sentiment of the country will

not tolerate any interference with us. I breathe more easily about this than ever. My main anxiety is about the Alabama case, which has been the subject of the sharpest kind of notes between the Chief and Lord Russell. As these notes will probably now be published, I can say that in my opinion my Lord has been dreadfully used up, and if you don't howl with delight when you read the Chief's note to him of 30th December, you won't do what I did. But our cue is still friendship, and we don't want to irritate. The strong outside pressure that is now aroused to act on this Government will, I hope, help us to carry through all we want in time and with patience.

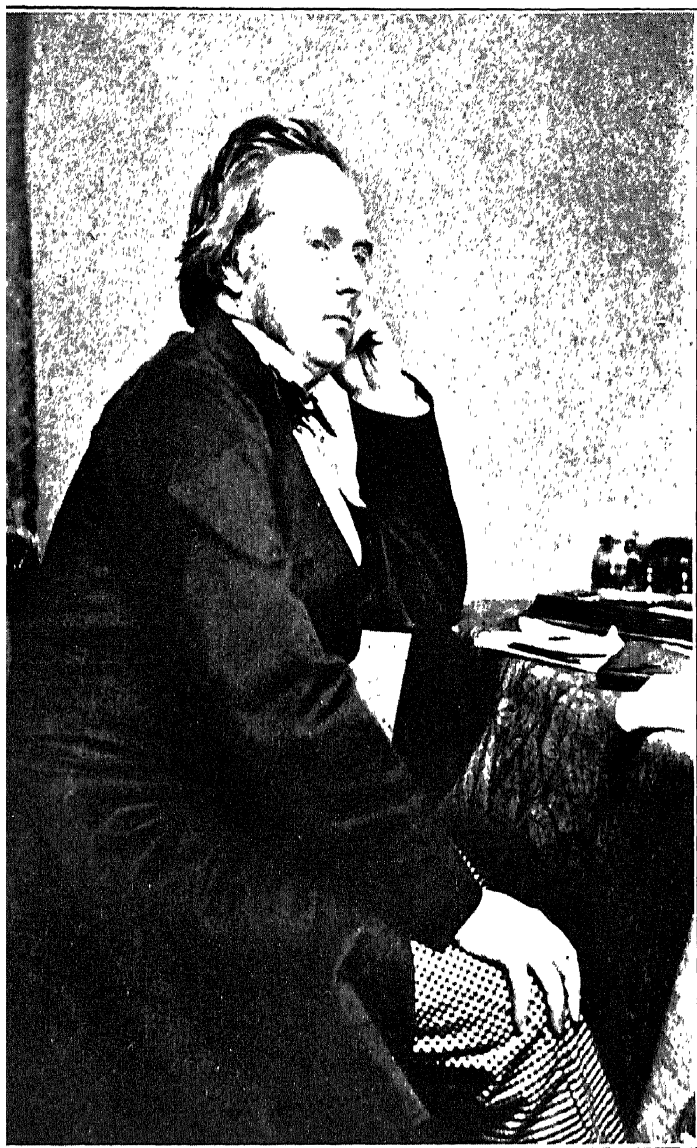
HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, February 13, 1863

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THE last week here has been politically very quiet. I am surprised at it, for I thought that the meeting of Parliament would set the floods going. Lord Derby, however, put his foot on any interference with us, on the first night of the session, and so we have obtained a temporary quiet. But the feeling among the upper classes is more bitter and angry than ever, and the strong popular feeling of sympathy with us is gradually dividing the nation into aristocrats and democrats, and may produce pretty serious results for England.

Society is beginning. As it is almost certainly the last season I shall pass in London, I intend to see all I can. Society in London certainly has its pleasures, and I found an example of this, the other evening. We



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

were asked to dinner at the Duke of Argyll's, who is a warm friend of ours, as well as the Duchess who is daughter of the anti-slavery Duchess of Sutherland. The party was evidently asked on purpose to meet us. There was Lord Clyde, who always has his hair on end and never seems to talk; Charles P. Villiers, a friendly member of the Cabinet; Charles Howard, a brother of Lord Carlisle; John Stuart Mill the logician and economist, a curious looking man with a sharp nose, a wen on his forehead and a black cravat, to whom I took particular pains to be introduced, as I think him about the ablest man in England; very retiring and embarrassed in his manner, and a mighty weapon of defense for our cause in this country. Then there was the famous physician, Dr. Brown-Séquard; then Professor Owen, the famous naturalist, geologist, palæontologist and so on, whom I have met before. Then came Lord Frederick Cavendish whom you know. . . . You know your friend "Lord Fwedewick's" style of costume in America. It's not much better here. If a man chooses to neglect rules he can do it in London though not with impunity. As for example, our friend and cousin the phenomenon who has just graduated at the university with much lower honors than we had hoped for him. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, February 27, 1863

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 HAVE you ever seen the narrative by the Prince of Joinville of the events of the campaign of McClellan

against Richmond? It seems to me remarkably well done. I think he touches as with a needle's point the radical defect of our military system. They have always impaired the efficiency of our troops. I can see clearly the reason why we have not made an adequate use of the multitude we have summoned to the field. Two armies of a hundred thousand men each, properly officered, would have done more than our million.

In the meantime the people of this country have so far changed their views as it respects our share in the strife, as to give me a fresh source of occupation in the work of transmitting addresses and resolutions of crowded meetings everywhere. The anti-slavery feeling has been astonishingly revived by the President's proclamation and the kindly disposition by the supplies furnished to Lancashire. It is however to be noted that all this manifestation comes from the working and middle classes. The malevolence of the aristocracy continues just as strong as ever. Every item of news that favors the notion of division and disintegration is eagerly caught up. I only wish our people could be here a little while and see what is hoped from their differences of opinion. If it did not have the effect of smoothing them all down into the pursuit of a common object, then there is not a particle of patriotism left among them. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

*Camp of the 1st Mass. Cav'y
Potomac Bridge, Va., March 8, 1863*

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At nine o'clock on the 25th we set out for Hartwood,¹ which is the somewhat famous centre of our Brigade picket line, and some ten miles from here. Our lines run from the Rappahannock to Acquia Creek, a length of some eighteen miles and covering the whole right flank of our army. The morning was bright and sunny, the roads very heavy and the snow melting fast. We looked on our business as rather a lark and rode leisurely along enjoying the fine day and taking our time. At half past twelve we entered the woods within half a mile of our picket reserve, and just then Major Robinson of the 3d Penn., who, with Captain Blood, a curious nondescript from the 4th Penn. made up of whiskey and dullness, and myself, constituted our board, said: "Oh! there's a carbine shot," and we trudged along. Like Bull Run Russell, I am now about to tell you things which I myself saw. A few paces further on we were challenged by a vidette and Robinson rode forward and explained our business. He spoke to the man, and just then I heard a few more shots and Robinson shouted to me: "Hurry up, there's a fight going on," and began to press on through the road, knee deep in mud. I was picking my way through the woods and, in my disbelief, replied: "Well, I can't hurry up in these roads, even if there is." The words

¹ To assess damages done to property of loyal men near Hartwood Church. Three officers constituted the board.

were scarcely out of my mouth when I saw good cause to jam the spurs into my horse and hurry up indeed. Pell-mell, without order, without lead, a mass of panic-stricken men, riderless horses and miserable cowards, our picket reserve came driving down the road upon us, in hopeless flight. Along they came, carrying helpless officers with them, throwing away arms and blankets, and in the distance we heard a few carbine shots and the unmistakable savage yell of the rebels.

We drew our sabres and got in the way of the fugitives, shouting to them to turn into the woods and show a front to the enemy. Some only dashed past, but most obeyed us stupidly and I rode into the woods to try and form a line of skirmishers. But that yell sprung up nearer, and in a twinkling my line vanished to the rear. Nor was this the worst. The panic seized my horse and he set his jaw like iron against the bit and dashed off after the rest. Oh! it was disgraceful! Worse than disgraceful, it was ludicrous!! My horse dashed through the woods — thick woods — both feet were knocked out of the stirrups, I was banged against the trees, my hat was knocked over my eyes, I could not return my sabre, but I clung to the saddle like a monkey, expecting every instant to be knocked out of it and to begin my travels to Richmond. This went on for a couple of hundred yards, when at last I got my horse under, and out of the woods into the road, when I found myself galloping along with the rear of the fugitives, side by side with Major Robinson. "My God! Adams," said he, "this is terrible! This is disgraceful." "Thank God," I replied, "I am the only

man of my regiment here today." "Well you may," said he.

Something had to be done to rally the men however at once, else we should soon find ourselves rushing, a mob, onto the infantry pickets two miles behind. I said I would go ahead and try to stop and rally the last of the column, and I let my horse out. The fresh powerful animal shot by the poor worn out government brutes and did some tall running through the Virginia mud and soon brought me out of the woods into a broad field. Here I turned and blocked the road, and pulled and stormed and swore. Some hurried by through the woods and across the fields, but a number stopped and Robinson began to form a line, such as it was. Here at once I learned the cause of the panic. Nearly all the men belonged to a new and miserable regiment, the 16th Penn. They had never been under fire before, were Pennsylvanians and — ran like sheep. We got some thirty men in one line and I was busy forming another, but what lines! No two men knew each other, their officers were gone, God only knew where! Not one face had I ever seen before, and a glance showed me not one man could be relied on. They were all squinting behind them. In less than two minutes the enemy was on us.

Meanwhile Robinson had sent Lieut. Colonel Jones, an old incompetent of his own regiment who had had command of the pickets, to the rear to rally the fugitives and had taken command. I had sent Blood off on the same errand. Meanwhile the hompesun coats dashed out of the woods, or we could see them riding

through them, and instantly Robinson's line began to vanish, to dissolve. He shouted to them to fire and an abortive volley was the result. Poor as it was it did the work. A few saddles were emptied and the rebs grew at once more prudent. But alas! If it scared the rebs, it scared my line also, which was forming a little to the right and rear and I saw the rascals wavering on the verge of a panic, while I heard Robinson calling on them to come up, for his men were leaving. "I clearly can't drive them," thought I, "perhaps they'll follow me," and I spurred my horse forward and shouted, "Come on, follow me, there they are," waving my sword — all in the most improved patterns; but the disciples of Penn did n't see it in that light, and as I looked over my shoulder I saw my line vanishing from both flanks and the centre on the road home. Then wrath seized my soul and I uttered a yell and chased them. I caught a hapless cuss and cut him over the head with my sabre. It only lent a new horror and fresh speed to his flight. I whanged another over the face and he tarried for a while. Into a third I drove my horse and gave him pause, and then I swore and cursed them. I called them "curs," "dogs," and "cowards," a "disgrace to the 16th Pennsylvania, as the 16th was a disgrace to the service," and so I finally prevailed on about half of my line to stop for this time.

Meanwhile the firing had ceased and no more rebs were in sight. I joined Robinson and we debated what was to be done. The enemy's fire had done us no harm and one dead body was in the road before us. Our men were utterly surprised by the effect of their one

wretched volley, but alas! they were no more reliable, and as I glanced at those feeble undecided faces, I trembled lest the enemy should attack us again. Oh! thought I, for my own company! I felt rejoiced that they were out of that scrape, but I realized how good and reliable they were. In a few minutes we had settled on a sort of plan and I went into the woods with a dozen men to cover our flank and skirmish. I scattered my men along and encouraged them with the information that at the first sign of wavering I should shoot the first man I came to, and I portentously flourished my pistol. In fact I think I should have done so then, for it could have done no harm at this stage of the game. Before I had not dared to, as I felt that if I did, these men, so green and undisciplined, would only run away from me as well as the enemy, and what we wanted was to get them to stand and stop running. Anyhow I deployed my skirmishers, such as they were.

We saw nothing of any enemy and presently I returned to Major Robinson to settle on some plan of operations. I told him I was ready to take the offensive and charge of the skirmishers, if he was ready to advance, and finally he gave me some more men and we began operations. I extended my line through the woods to the open fields beyond and began to advance. The ground was covered with snow, but the woods were so thick that I could not see more than a third of my line at once. However I pushed steadily forward and in a short time heard some one calling to me. I rode up and found two or three of my men standing round a veritable grey coat, with an officer's chevrons

on, near a tree, by which two horses were standing and at the foot of which lay a man, one glance at whom satisfied me that his course was run. As I came up the unhurt man approached me and told me he was a Captain and my prisoner; that the wounded man was his Lieutenant and friend, and that he had remained to look after him, and, adding with much agitation: "We have always tried to have your men who have fallen into our hands well treated, and we hope you will do the same. At least, let me have a surgeon for my friend." The poor fellow was lying in the snow at the foot of the tree, shot through the abdomen and now and again writhing in pain. And how could I look on him wholly without feeling? And yet I did just that. No one who has not felt it knows what a brutaliser war is! My duty was clear and I did n't feel an instant's hesitation. I assured the prisoner that I did not doubt he had always behaved with humanity, that his friend should receive all possible care; asked him a few hurried questions and then told him he must leave his friend and go to Major Robinson as a prisoner. I took away their arms and parted them. They shook hands, the dying man begging his friend to tell his family of his death, and his friend almost crying as he wrung his hand and left him expiring there on the snow in the woods — alone — for my men could not stop. I went back to Robinson with the prisoner to see how his information would affect our plans, and in a few minutes went back to my men in the woods and have not seen the prisoner or the wounded man since. The last Robinson had carried into a neighboring house where he died in a few

hours, I believe and hope with his Captain by his side; but I have since often thought of that scene in the woods and it has brought very near to me the horrors of war.

Now however I was very busy pushing forward my line and trying to discover where the enemy were. We could see them in force on the left across some fields, but not in the woods in front. I sent Blood into the fields with six men to observe them and cover my flank and have n't seen him since. Somehow, no one knows how, the cuss contrived to get captured about an hour later. I can't imagine how he did it, but he has n't been heard of since. Well, I pushed steadily on and presently came to our old line of picket and found myself with about twenty men left. I sent three by the road to the right, three to the left, leaving the rest as reserve. I went a few hundred yards and saw a body of men drawn up on the skirts of the woods. Were they friends or foes? I halted my men and rode forward and called to them, but they made no answer. My men insisted on it they were rebels. If so, I was way ahead of our forces and in a dangerous place, but I could not believe it. They soon settled my doubts, for I heard an order given for a party to go down and drive me back, and down they came. They had carbines and we had not, and they called on us to surrender. As they approached I told my men to fall back, and two of them at once vanished into the woods, while one advanced, stood stock still, as if fascinated, and, I suppose, surrendered.

As for me, finding myself alone, after in vain calling

on the man to fall back and not shooting him at once, as I should have done, I fell back myself. I knew I could rely on my horse and cared little for the enemy, keeping just so far in front watching them. Presently the one in advance of the rest saw my reserve and pulled up, and then took a long, deliberate aim and sent a bullet after me. I had never had a bead drawn on me before and the sensation was now not disagreeable. I was cantering slowly along watching my well-wisher over my shoulder and, as he aimed away, I pleasantly reflected: "You're mounted, I'm in motion, and the more you aim the less you'll hit"; and then the ball whistled harmlessly by, and we both stopped and he went back and molested me no more. Then came moments of doubt. A skirmish began with yelling and shooting where he came from. Who could be there and fighting? And I saw skirmishers coming up in my rear. Oh Lord! thinks I, I have got ahead of our forces with twelve men and here are the rebels in my rear. Where *is* Blood? and I cast anxious glances into the woods for a line of retreat and began to fall back. But the advancing line proved to be the 1st Rhode Island and at last light began to dawn on me. Our picket reserve had been divided and I had fallen in with one portion, while of the existence of the other on my left all day I had been wholly ignorant and had so blundered ahead of them and onto the enemy's flank. Now they had come up and a skirmish was in progress. I turned back and again advanced, but when I reached my old place the skirmish was over. Fitzhugh Lee had accomplished his object, left us his compliments by the

widow Coakley, and gone off with, as it now appears, about 120 horses and prisoners. I rode forward and again had a prisoner announce himself as at my disposal. This one had been left behind with two more wounded men at the widow Coakley's, and from her fair daughters I grimly received General Lee's compliments.

It was now evening and my thoughts fondly turned on home and the delights of my tent. I saw the officers who had that day come out on picket, and deeply compassionated them, but did n't offer my assistance for the night. I found Major Robinson and, at last, as night was falling persuaded him that it was just as well to go home and not to pass the night there, meddling with other people's business and giving orders to our superior officers, and so we started back. The weather had changed and the sky was full of rain, and we met the brigade coming out, now that the bird had flown and was hours away. We wished them joy of their thankless job and got home to a late dinner and that night you may well believe I revelled in my blankets, as I reflected how my share of this job was over, and the next morning I revelled the more as I thought of that miserable brigade when the patter of the rain on my tent woke me and I folded my hands for slumber anew. . . .

In coming in [on the 4th] I found myself Judge Advocate on a Court Martial called to try the fugitives of the 25th and that has busied me ever since. My only variety has been morning drills and on Sunday last a Brigade review, at which our regiment by its appear-

ance and general excellence, not only called forth much remark, but alone in the Brigade was most highly commended by the Division Commander. In fact, at last we are coming up and winning that place in public estimation which we have always felt belonged to us of right. We have long been under a cloud, but at last we have been found out and now every day adds to our reputation. . . . I am high in favor with all the remaining powers that be, and, having confidence in me, they allow me full swing with my Company and never molest me and, though I say it who perhaps should not, there are few better companies in this regiment or army. Promotions with us are rapid and already I find myself one of the four senior Captains, and consequently a chief of Squadron, which command I, a short time since, considered as filling the measure of my ambition; but we are never contented and now I find myself lusting after a staff appointment with its increased rank on a larger sphere. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HENRY ADAMS

Camp of 1st Mass. Cavly
Sunday, March 22, 1863

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 I AM glad you have come to my conclusion as to the best basis for an end to this war. Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and all west of the Mississippi was my theory, I think, in my letters from Hilton Head last July and was, I recollect, stigmatized by you as "English." I am glad you have come round to it and wish the Administration would do the same. Meanwhile

things are improving here, though the weather continues abominable, beastly, unbearable. I wish I could go to Boston just to get rid of the east winds, which are increasing and bring with them almost daily snow, rain and sleet, or, now and then, watery, cold, blue sky. But the army is *decidedly* improving, and is, I imagine, in a far better condition than ever before. It will improve daily too, and if Hooker acts as judiciously as indications would warrant us in hoping, we shall, I think, by the first of June be again within sight of Richmond with no very serious loss. The plan of the campaign, I think I see, and, if I do, it is only the execution of McClellan's mutilated scheme of a year ago. When the roads permit, a large column will be rapidly pushed forward from Fortress Monroe, to cut off the army on the Rappahannock from Richmond, thus necessitating its capture or the abandonment of the line of the Rappahannock. But Lee will not be caught; he will fall back on Richmond and, perhaps, on his way, try to crush the army of the Peninsula. This army here will push him back with great rapidity and regardless of loss and try to force an engagement, and will crush him if it succeeds. If it fails, as I think it will, it will join the Peninsula column and push on Richmond, and be before that city in one week after leaving its camp here. None of the delays of last year will be tolerated. The march on Richmond will be such a rush as was ours of last fall to Antietam. The distances are about the same, and now all preparations are made before hand, which they were not then. At Richmond will come the tug of war, and God spare the

Infantry! As for the Cavalry, I think that we shall do one of two things: either push after Lee, if he allows himself to be caught in a tight place; or, which to my mind is more probable, if he slips off, be sent up towards Culpepper to operate on his left flank and annoy him. Anyhow we shall have work enough and fighting enough, and you may well wish us well through with it. Such are my views and theories and time will show how correct they are. As I understand it, they cover only McClellan's old plans corrected in the light of a year's experience. Of course the army will do something else, and meanwhile we'll see how wrong I am.

As to your and my futures, they will probably work themselves out in their own way, and I trouble myself little about them. You a little misunderstand me however. My plans for life are altered little if any; it is only my way of coming at them. All my natural inclinations tend to a combination of literature and politics and always have. I would be a philosophical statesman if I could, and a literary politician if I must; but to command attention as either I must have a certain position of my own. A lawyer's would have done, if I could have won it, but I failed in that and that is all over, for I *could* not go back to it. I must look about for another. Why should not the army serve my turn — if I hang to it? Here is support, leisure for reflection and promotion — two years would make me a Colonel almost surely and my very faculty with the pen will give me reputation as such, besides my chance of distinction as a soldier. Here then would be support and position for ten years, and then, at thirty-seven

I may hope to have reached that position of my own which will enable me to leave the army and to devote the rest of my life to those pursuits in which I can best play my part in the plan of the universe. This is all that my "avowal of belligerent intentions for life" amounts to, and why is not the plan a good one? You do not say it is not. So far as I *now* see, it is my only alternative with a long period of aimless indolence. I can't think of coming abroad to stay without some definite plan for the future. I see only this. I am twenty-eight years old in two months and at that age a man cannot afford to say "I will devote four years to seeing the world and thinking of what I will do." At that age my father had a son named Charles. . . .

I begin to realize that I have made a mistake in not getting a furlough, for I find myself most thoroughly played out with the army and camp life — out of spirits, desponding and blue, and all for the sake of a few days' change. It is in this mood, always brought on me by monotony and camp life, that I continually imagine that I am going to be hit in the next fight. When we move the mood passes away and my faith in my luck and future revives. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HENRY ADAMS

Camp of 1st Mass. Cav'y
Sunday, April 5, 1863

No wonder that I began to write March instead of April, for there is nothing of April in the weather. Your last told me of the delightful weather you were having in London. Here it has been and still is beastly

and unbearable. Last night, or April 4th and in Virginia, we had a violent and pelting snow storm and this morning the country is again under water, and hills, forts and camps are white with snow. Yesterday the wind was north all day and cold and violent — such as we remember in early March in Washington — accompanied with clouds of dust. I was out in it all day, for I was sent out to inspect the pickets, and starting at nine A.M. did not get in until half past three P.M. Cold, dreary, uninteresting work, riding from post to post and putting the same questions and receiving the same answers from all manner of stupid men. My escort, as is usual in such cases, consisted of twenty-five men, who served finely to impede my progress, were of no use to any one; and also my bulldog Mac, who frisked along with the column in a state of high enjoyment — in fact he would n't fight and submitted to insults from divers curs, great and small, with almost abject deprecation of a row. You see Mac's only idea of fighting is taking hold and then holding on, and as he stands in great fear of being left behind he calculates he won't have time to finish up the job and make a really neat piece of work before I'm out of sight. So he dares not take hold at all. We finished our work at half past three and at four o'clock Major Higginson and myself rode off to dine with General Griffin and George Bancroft (Tacitus). And hereby hangs a tale.

Friday evening last, as Colonel Curtis, Major Higginson and myself were crooning over the fire in their tent and mourning over the loss of so many old friends,

and wondering dismally what was to become of us, I was called on by Captain Bliss — George Bancroft's step-son — and took him into my tent. He was in company with a Captain Batchelder and soon opened his business. He was sent by General Griffin, on whose staff they both were, to offer me the position of aid on the same staff. General Griffin is a well known officer of the old army, a Brigadier now in command of a Division, a young man and highly reputed. An officer of the old army, he never drinks, and he married one of our old Washington acquaintances, the Carrolls. So much for General Griffin, whom I had never seen but whose staff I should consider one of the most desirable in the army. I intimated to Bliss what my answer would be, and told him that I would express my acknowledgments to the General in person next day. Accordingly Major Higginson and I rode over at four o'clock to dine. Before dinner I had my audience and politely declined the proffered situation. I found Griffin a young, rather handsome man, with a face expressive of a good deal of resolution and energy, pleasant manners and a good deal of conversation. I told him that I was fully sensible of the great advantages and yet greater comforts which the proposed situation offered me. I did not deny that I was uncomfortable and ill at ease where I was, and that my chances of rising and of knowing what was going on would be much greater with him; but I told him I could not accept his offer for two reasons. First, if I did so I must yet retain my commission in my regiment. For a captain to do this I did not consider right. He knew

what cavalry service was and how it differed from the other arms. In it all officers had to act for themselves and on their own responsibility. We were always in the face of the enemy and generally in small force. Our responsibility was great both for men and property and we were paid additionally for assuming it. I could not think it right that I should retain my rank and commission, receive the pay and stand in the way of those below me, while I shoved onto them the danger and responsibility, left my men to take care of themselves and went off and enjoyed myself looking only to my own advancement. This objection might however be removed by my receiving a new commission as aid. This he could not offer me, but even if he could, my second objection would still be in the way. He knew how essential in the cavalry officers of experience were and I told him how in our regiment our officers had been weeded out, so that now actually we could not boast of one officer, considered really reliable, to each of our four squadrons and that I was now the third line officer in this part of the regiment. I could not tell him of the sort of indirect appeal Curtis had made to me a few days before when Clapp had decided to leave us. I sustained Clapp in his course and said, that so far as the good of the regiment was concerned no officer had a right to consider himself so valuable to it that he ought to stay. Curtis replied: "That is very well to say, but you *know* the facts. You know whom we have and you *know* that if I went, and Higginson went, and yourself and one Captain more, the regiment would be stripped of its reliable officers. You know well enough

that we can't officer our companies, and then what do you want us to say?"

Now I do know all this and unfortunately for me I have not only the highest opinion of Curtis' judgment and common sense, but the greatest admiration for his pluck and courage and the greatest fear of his censure. I know that he values me more than any line officer he now has left, and, finally, he fairly set it before me as a question of duty. Did I pretend that I could be of more use and service in this war on a staff than in my present position? If so, he disagreed with me. Would I allow myself to be driven from the post of usefulness by a man as radically wrong and dangerous as ——? If so, he could not sympathize with me. Did I go into this war as a soldier to enjoy and benefit myself or to contribute all in my power to a great result? If the last, would I not contribute most by remaining where I was, where I was of use and really essential and respectable in rank, rather than by appending myself to a General, no matter how agreeable or able? He argued in this way, and, while he preached, I felt that he himself was living up to his doctrine. I knew that he was the life and soul of this regiment, that he was doing his share in the war in his place; that Sargent could not drive him from it, and that he himself would not leave it. I felt that among us all he was the one strong, determined, formidable man. All this had its influence on me. Four months ago I should have felt differently and replied that there were better men than I here and my loss will not be felt; but now they are so all gone that I felt that the loss of each one was irreparable.

All this I could not tell Griffin without appearing conceited, and as I spoke in a general way, saying that, under existing circumstances, I felt that I was of more service in this stage of the war where I was than I could be with him and so — a miserable sense of duty triumphed over pleasure, comfort, advance, knowledge and excitement, and I gave up in favor of exposure, discomfort, danger, a contemptible superior, tyranny and hopeless obscurity, all the wished for pleasures and advantages of a Head Quarters' life. I hope I decided wisely; I know I did honestly, unwillingly and according to my lights. It will cost me all my comfort and most of my pleasures; it may cost me my life, and that too grossly blundered away. It certainly consigns me to hopeless obscurity in this war, but I meant it for the best. When the moment came I did not want to leave my post and I have thought to remain where I believed I could be of most use. Certainly I ought to love this regiment, for certainly first and last I have undergone and sacrificed enough in its behalf.

Such was my decision. Griffin listened and agreed to the force of my reasoning and did not try to dissuade me. He only expressed regret, as he assured me that he had been in it and was well enough aware that mine was the hardest, most trying and most thankless branch of the service in existence. Colonel Williams, he told me, had recommended me to him strongly and had induced him to make the offer; but apart from all I said he evidently considered that he rather offered me a fall from a senior captaincy of cavalry to a position as personal aid to a Brigadier.

Having finished business we went in to dinner. Ah! is n't it pleasant, this dining at Head Quarters! Line life is indeed beastly and one learns to appreciate glass, crockery and a table cloth. Old Bancroft was there and, as usual, I thought [him] a bore. The General was immensely civil to me and altogether I enjoyed myself very much. It was well I did, for some enjoyment was needed to compensate me for a ride home at nine o'clock, through a pelting, driving snow storm. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, April 23, 1863

TROUBLED times! troubled times! My own opinion is that our bed here is getting too hot for comfort and I don't much care how soon we are out of it.

The last storm really amounts to very little, but serves to show the temper of the people here, or rather, of the business men. I had not sent my last to you when it burst, and you would have thought the devil was loose. Ecoute, mon chéri.

The cursed blockade-runners got up a lovely scheme of trading to the Rio Grande, a few months ago, and to insure success they made a contract with J. D. at Richmond to furnish cotton at half price on the spot, etc., etc., and in accordance with the program, a steamer called the Peterhoff was sent out, which Admiral Wilkes very properly bagged, and deserves the thanks of the Government for doing so. But the owners had covered the transaction under the appearance of a trade with Mexico and Matamoras, and finding their whole game spoiled and the officers refusing at

any price to insure their ships or any ships to Matamoras, they set up a tremendous cackle, and the Times and the Telegraph and all the newspapers cackled, and deputations of blockade runners went to the Foreign Office and in short the whole blockade-breaking interest, the insurance Companies and underwriters, the ship-owners, and all and every their relations, friends and acquaintances, were exasperated and acrimonious.

Meanwhile two Americans named Howell and Zerman had been some time here engaged in purchasing articles on account of the Mexican Government, but mostly with British money. The capture of the Peterhoff suddenly destroyed their chance of insurance. In great disgust they went to the Minister and asked him for a certificate of loyalty, on which they might act. The Minister saw his chance of hitting the Peterhoffers a hard blow, and at the same time of helping Mexico, and so wrote the letter which you have probably already seen in the newspapers. Of course it was secret, for its publication would necessarily destroy the insurance, but it was intended for the gentlemen at Lloyd's. It had the intended effect. The policy was to have been executed the next day, when one of the very underwriters made public a copy of the letter which his clerk had surreptitiously taken in short-hand as he himself read it aloud to the other four underwriters; within an hour a deputation had gone up with it to Earl Russell; the Exchange was raving mad; the Times next day thundered at the Minister for his insolent attempt to license British trade; the Standard cried

for his dismissal; the public cursed and threatened; even our friends were frightened, and all thought that at last salt had been deposited upon the caudal appendage of a very venerable ornithological specimen.

The Minister was grand. I studied his attitude with deep admiration. Not all the supplications of his friends could make him open his mouth either to put the public right on his letter or on the gross falsehoods told about the Peterhoff. The time had not come. Of course he was cursed for his obstinacy, but he is used to that. We remained perfectly silent while the storm raged and laughed at it. But you can't conceive how bitter they were in the city, and the matter was twice brought up in Parliament, though nothing was said there, nor shown, except a strong desire to get hold of the Minister. Luckily Lord Russell was firm and his course irritated the Peterhoffers so as to draw off a large portion of indignation upon him. Meanwhile the man who betrayed the letter in the hope of getting revenge for being called "dishonest and fraudulent," and of stirring up hostility to our Government, honorably refused to proceed with the insurance and was blackguarded in his own office like a thief by Howell. To complete their discomfiture, a letter of the Minister to a London firm is published this morning, coolly putting it right as to the licensing business, and referring British subjects to their own Government for protection. When the whole Peterhoff story is told we shall reverse everything and overwhelm these liars, I hope, but meanwhile the storm seems to have blown itself out and we are still steady and going straight

ahead. But England is not comfortable with such Irish rows.

April 24

You may judge the state of feeling here by the debate in Parliament last night, where much bad temper was shown, but no case. You will observe that our friends kept silence and left the Government to manage the matter. As to Lord Russell's declaration about the Minister's course and the complaint at Washington, it is of course annoying and hurts us here, but I believe it to be only the result of the outside pressure, and I do not believe he expects really to affirm that the American Government has no right to protect its own citizens against its own fleets. One thing however is certain. There is great danger in this feeling of irritation on both sides and a rupture is highly probable. But then, if we can weather it and turn the current, as I hope we may do, if the Peterhoff case is a strong one, we shall have plain sailing for another spell. Meanwhile we still bear up and steer right onward. Another debate comes on tonight and our friends will have their innings on the Alabama case. You will probably see this in our papers, but I shan't be able to send it to you. . . .

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS TO HIS SON

London, April 24, 1863

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WE go here much as usual. The American question excites more fever than ever. The collisions that inevitably take place on the ocean in the effort to stop

all the scandalous voyages to help the rebels, that are made from this island, necessarily created much bad feeling. I have got a little mixed up in it of late, so that my name has been bandied about rather more than I like. But such is the fate of all men who are in situations of difficulty in troubled times. I hope and trust I shall survive it. My rule is, so far as I know how, to follow a strict rule of right. As long as I keep myself within it, I trust in God and fear no evil. My endeavor will be to prevent things from coming to a rupture here, not from any particular goodwill to the English, but from a conviction that quarreling with them just now is doing service to the rebels. So far as I can judge from their own reports of their condition, the suffocating process is going on steadily to its end. On the other hand the position of the loyal part of the country is more dignified and imposing than ever. In spite of lukewarm generals and a defective and uneven policy, the great body of the people and the army are true to their duty which is to *save the country*. I feel more hopeful of that result than ever before. Presently our people will fight with the same energy that animates the rebels. Whenever that happens, the struggle will be soon brought to an end.

We have of late quite an influx of Americans, more than have been here all the winter before. First, there is Mr. Robert J. Walker, the quondam Secretary of the Treasury and Governor of Kansas. I am amused to find him changed into a thorough anti-slavery man, determined upon emancipation as the only condition of pacification. Then we have Mr. W. H. Aspinwall

of New York and Mr. John M. Forbes. And in addition, Mr. John A. Kasson of Iowa, late Assistant Postmaster General, and now member of the next House of Representatives, who is out here as a delegate to a convention to settle postal matters between nations. I wish he could succeed in getting a reduction of ocean postage. Over and above these we have my old colleague in the Massachusetts Legislature, Mr. Alvah Crocker of Fitchburg, and George Morey, whilom the great factotum of Whig politics, in days of yore. So we cannot be said to be solitary or without sympathisers. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, May 1, 1863

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AND so two years have passed over and gone, and still I am abroad and still you are a Captain of cavalry. You meanwhile are near twenty-eight years old. I shall never on this earth see my twenty-fifth birthday again. Does not this fact suggest certain ideas to you? Can a man at your time of life be a cavalry captain and remain a briefless solicitor? Can a man of my general appearance pass five years in Europe and remain a candidate for the bar? In short, have we both wholly lost our reckonings and are we driven at random by fate, or have we still a course that we are steering though it is not quite the same as our old one? By the Apostle Paul, I know not. Only one fact I feel sure of. We are both no longer able to protect ourselves with the convenient fiction of the law. Let us quit that now useless

shelter, and steer if possible for whatever it may have been that once lay beyond it. Neither you nor I can ever do anything at the bar. . . .

You don't catch me entering the army now. It would be like entering college Freshman when all one's friends were Seniors. I have a trick worth twenty of that. My friend General Zerman, who has been the means of kicking up such a row around us here, and who is an old Dugald Dalgetty; a midshipman under the French at Trafalgar; a *sous-officier* at Waterloo; a captain at Navarino; a Russian admiral; a Turkish admiral; a Carbonaro; a companion of Silvio Pellico in the prisons of Spielberg; a South American officer by land and sea; and lately a general in the army of the United States; now a Major General in the Mexican service; and I've no doubt a damned old villain, though a perfectly jovial old sinner of seventy odd; this distinguished individual offers to take me on his staff with the rank of major to Mexico. Would n't I like to go! The chances are a thousand to one that my bones would bleach there, but for all that the chance is worth having, for it would be a great step for a young man to secure for himself a control even to a small extent over our Mexican relations. But such magnificent dreams, worthy of the daring of those heroes, Porthos, Athos, Aramis and D'Artagnan, are not for me. By the by, though, what a good Porthos Ben Crownyn would make; you could do D'Artagnan, I would put in for Aramis, and no doubt you could hunt up some one that might pass equally badly for Athos. Then we could all go to Mexico together. . . .

I left off by sending you the debate of last Friday night which contained Earl Russell's brilliant remarks on the celebrated letter of our Minister to Admiral Dupont. In those remarks Earl Russell was indignant at the idea of his speaking to Mr. Adams about it. No! No! He should go straight to Washington! But my Lord, having thus pledged himself in order to please the English copper-heads, to go straight to Washington, amused himself the next morning by sending straight to Mr. Adams. Of course I know nothing of the conversation that followed. That is all a secret with Mr. Seward. But I think it is not difficult to guess. It had suited Lord Russell to yield a little to the copper-head pressure on Thursday night; it suited him to allow Mr. Adams to triumphantly purge himself of misdemeanor on Friday morning. It suited him to make the American Minister think that he (Lord R.) thought him to be in the wrong — moderately. It also suited him to make the British public think that Mr. Adams had confessed his error and contrition and had received pardon. English statesmanship consists in this sort of juggling and huckstering between interests.

Such was the position when I wrote to you, or rather, immediately after I wrote to you. Since then nothing has been heard of complaining at Washington. But now see the resources of a British Minister. Last Tuesday morning the *City Article*, what we call the money article, of the Times, in which most of the attack has been directed, contained the following paragraph:

“The public will be glad to learn that the difficul-

ties occasioned by the recent issue by Mr. Adams of the certificate or pass to Messrs. Howell and Zerman, are likely to be smoothed down. It is reported that Mr. Adams is conscious of having acted in the matter upon imperfect representations and with undue haste, and that consequently he raises no pretensions such as would necessitate any absolute protest from one Government to the other on the subject. It is therefore believed that the relations between our Cabinet and the United States Legation in London will continue on a friendly footing — a result which in a personal sense will afford unmixed satisfaction, since the individual and historical claims of Mr. Adams to respect and esteem have never been disputed in any quarter.”

Now, is not this a remarkable State Paper? Did you ever see a case in which the butter was laid on so curiously over the interstices of the bread? The real fact is that you should read “Earl Russell” instead of “Mr. Adams” in the fifth line. That would be the correct thing. But this statement has received universal currency and is accepted as a conclusion of the difficulty. It now remains for Lord Russell to make the explanation which no doubt Mr. Adams must demand, at some time when the whole affair shall be forgotten, and then I hope this curious chapter will be closed. . . .

Our own position here does not change. We lead a quiet and not unpleasant life, and I pass my intervals from official work, in studying De Tocqueville and John Stuart Mill, the two high priests of our faith. So I jump from International Law to our foreign history,

and am led by that to study the philosophic standing of our republic, which brings me to reflection over the advance of the democratic principle in European civilization, and so I go on till some new question of law starts me again on the circle. But I have learned to think De Tocqueville my model, and I study his life and works as the Gospel of my private religion. The great principle of democracy is still capable of rewarding a conscientious servant. And I doubt me much whether the advance of years will increase my toleration of its faults. Hence I think I see in the distance a vague and unsteady light in the direction towards which I needs must gravitate, so soon as the present disturbing influences are removed.

We are surrounded by assistants. Mr. Aspinwall, Mr. J. M. Forbes, Mr. Robert J. Walker and Mr. Evarts are all here.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., TO HIS FATHER

Hartwood Church, Va.

May 8, 1863

THIS is indeed a twice told tale and of the weariest at that. Here am I once more picketing Hartwood Church after another battle of Fredericksburg, just as I did last December! I did on the fifteenth of last month confidently hope never again to see this modest brick edifice, but the wisdom of Providence differently ordained and here I am once more and, from here, go on with my broken story.

I left off with Sunday, 26th April, and an order to send me out on picket. I got off at about ten o'clock

and reached my position on the road to Sulphur Springs at about four. I had only about sixty men and my line was very long. The officers whom I relieved looked disgusted enough when I told them what my force was, and said that they had twice as many and had sent for more. However I was sent to relieve them and went to work to do so. There are few things more disgusting I imagine than being called upon to establish a line of pickets at night and in a strange country, and then having night shut down on you just when you realize how difficult your task is. It took me four hours to ride over my line, and when I returned I was in an awful maze. Major Covode, whom I relieved, had taken me through the fields instead of over the roads, and I no longer knew where the river ran, which was north or south, or indeed where I was. My mind was a jumble of fords, hills and roads, with a distinct recollection of a rapid brook called "the river," and the immense desolate ruins of the huge hotel at the Springs, burnt by Pope last summer and through which I had ridden by moonlight. Major Covode left me with the encouraging information that I need n't fear much until the river went down, but then I'd have to look sharp and I proceeded to secure myself.

As for guarding the army, I gave that idea up at once and perforce ran for luck; but I was n't going to be surprised myself, so I made my arrangements to protect myself and concluded that they were eminently unsatisfactory. Flint with twenty men was posted about four miles to my right and in a very exposed and dangerous place, and my force was too weak to keep

up communication with him. He might be swallowed whole and I not know it. I was near Sulphur Springs and tolerably secure until the river fell. The enemy left us alone, however, and in the morning one of my men crossed the river and found it fordable. I sent in my report and at nine o'clock — as I was not likely to be on duty three days — went out to study the country. At two o'clock I had gotten through and set my mind at ease, for I understood the position and knew how to go to work for the next night, and at three o'clock I was notified that I was relieved. Our picket duty is made immensely more difficult here by the state of the population. The enemy know the country and we don't, and every man is a citizen or a soldier, as the occasion offers. We feel no single man is safe and so our posts have to be double, and we feel at any time that these may be picked off and thus our reserves and the army exposed to surprises. I was glad to be relieved, although now I felt that I knew what I was about, and at seven o'clock got off and got into camp at nine. At eleven Flint got in and we turned in for a good night.

Monday the weather had changed again and all day it rained and was threatening rain, but we nevertheless went to work and made ourselves very comfortable. We moved our squadron camp to the top of the hill and had the tents pitched in line and our own head quarters fenced in with brush. When evening came all was finished, swept up and clean, and I looked round on the pleasantest camp I had ever seen in a bivouac. Teague, Flint's 2d Lieutenant, had constructed a rustic bench

and the bright fire in front of it threw its light into the shelter tents where Mac had ensconced himself on our blankets. It was very pretty and Flint and I sat down to a pipe of deep contentment, preparatory to a sleep of supreme comfort.

While we were simmering over these pleasant sensations an orderly blundered by inquiring the way to Colonel Curtis' quarters, and a cold shiver went through me. In a minute more orders came for me to get ready to march at once. It was then eight o'clock, and a night march was before us, and we so comfortable and tired! It went very hard, but it had to go, and at nine o'clock we were in the saddle and our comfortable camp was nowhere. It was a general move. We marched down to Bealeton and struck the railroad and kept along until we came to within a mile of the river when we turned off into the woods, and Mac lost us and disappeared. It was then about two o'clock in the morning. We dismounted, unsaddled, built some fires and went to sleep before them. The night was cloudy, damp and warm. We were called and saddled at daylight and the men got their breakfasts — mine being a cup of coffee and at eight we started. In vain had I whistled and inquired for Mac. He seemed gone and I gave him up; but just as our column was formed out in the fields my heart was rejoiced by seeing him poking down the ranks, evidently looking for me. He caught sight of me at last and evinced his satisfaction by at once laying down and going to sleep. Since that he has pegged steadily along with the column and is now placidly sleeping in my tent. I did n't expect to

keep him so long, but now I think he's got the hang of it and has a chance of coming through.

We marched towards the river and halted. It was a cold, cloudy, dismal east wind morning. Apparently the ford there was impracticable, for presently we started again and moved rapidly down the river. I now felt pretty sick of this running round after a ford and began to doubt whether we ever should get across that miserable little river. My doubts were solved, however, when at noon we got down to Kelly's Ford and I saw a pontoon bridge thrown across and the cavalry fording. Here at last we crossed the river at a point which we reached at the end of our first day's march, and we left camp on April 13th and this was April 29th. After crossing we dismounted and let our horses graze and lay there, doing nothing, or mounting, moving and accomplishing nothing, until nearly evening, when just as we were thinking of going into camp, the column began to defile into the woods and we followed in our turn. We had had nothing to eat since the evening before and were getting cross; but luckily, just then Flint's man came up with a canteen of coffee and a plate of meat, and at the same time the skirmishing began in front. So we rode forward feasting and ready to fight.

We pressed rapidly forward in line of battle through the woods with a rapid skirmishing fire in front and a few shells now and then going or coming and, presently, about sunset, emerged onto an immense open country, on the farther side of which could just be seen the enemy's cavalry. Here we formed line, but it was

too late to attack and so presently we fell back to the edge of the wood to pass the night. Of course we could have no fires and our ranks were not broken; but the men dismounted, the horses were fed part at a time, and the men lay down and slept in front of them, holding the bridles. Presently it began to rain and kept it up smartly pretty much all night, but we slept none the less and I know I slept well. We certainly calculated on a fight that morning, but when morning came the rumor crept round that the enemy was gone and so it proved. It had stolen away like a thief in the night and left open to us the road to Culpepper. This we took at once and again breakfasted in the saddle, glad enough to see Davis, Flint's man, with his coffee and tin dish of fried beef.

This was Thursday and we had one of the most delightful and interesting marches I ever enjoyed. The morning was cloudy, but it cleared bright and warm at noon, and the afternoon and night were charming, with a few slight drawbacks. The country towards Culpepper is open and we approached the town in order of battle — five columns or squadrons, marching straight across the country and all manœuvring together. We saw nothing of Lee or Stuart, however, except his dead horses, which lay along our course thick and unburied, and by noon we were close to Culpepper. The country looks old, war-worn and wasted, but not so bad as the other side of the river. Most of the houses along the road were deserted and apparently had been so for a long time. Some of them were evidently old Virginia plantation houses, and

once had been aristocratic and lazy. Now they are pretty thoroughly out of doors. We marched rapidly through Culpepper and out on the other side, exciting the especial notice of the negroes and curs of the town and the lazy attention of the few whites left. It's quite a Yankee looking place and, with Warrenton, very unlike most Virginia towns. Hardly were we dismounted when I was sent scampering out to the front to attend to a party of rebels who were said to be threatening our advance guard, but when I had pounded my horses up hill and down dale for a mile and a half, I found no enemy to attend to and was told I might come back and feed my men and horses. I did so and we lay off for a couple of hours in the woods. Presently the column came up and we fell in and continued our march until we came to the battlefield of Cedar Mountain, where we halted while the column was passing an obstacle in the road. Here you know our 2d Regiment was so cut up and Stephen Perkins was killed. We looked over the field and saw the graves of our troops, but there are few signs of a battlefield left. I noticed that our horses would not eat the grass and, as we passed one ditch, some of my men hit upon a skull, apparently dug up and gnawed by the swine. Such it is to die for one's country!

While resting here a tremendous shower came up and, before it was over, we were again on the road. As night came on and we approached the Rapidan things got worse. The afternoon was clear and was followed by a full moonlight evening, but the roads were heavy enough and the head of the column passed on at a gait very unmerciful to the rear. I once got a mile to the

rear of the squadron in front of me and was kept at a trot the whole time. At sunset we entered a thick marshy wood of heavy timber, between Cedar Mountain and the Rapidan, and pressed on, through perfectly fearful roads, until about eight when the river brought the column up standing. Then came one of those nights which try the temper and patience. After dark, with exhausted horses, tired, wet and hungry, we were first kept waiting and then marched into the woods, and then more delay, and then marched back in search of a camp. But the whole wood for miles was literally a marsh, and so after bungling round for some time, at ten o'clock we were dismounted and told to "make ourselves comfortable." It was the worst camping ground I ever saw. The mud and water stood everywhere up to the horses' fetlocks and our ankles and it seemed a dead flat; but the moon was in our favor. Had it rained, it would have been very trying. The men picked out the dry spots, or those least wet, and Flint, Teague and I had some young trees cut and, resting one end on a dead trunk and the other in the mud, made a sort of inclined plane bed on which we spread our blankets, had some coffee and beef and went to sleep.

The next day was the 1st of May — the day two years that you sailed for Europe, as I did not fail to remember. It was a delightful day, bright and sunny. We did not leave our charming camp, christened by the men the water-cure establishment — until about nine, and then went slowly forward to where we could hear some skirmishing and artillery practice along the line

of the river. Presently we halted and our carbineers went to the front and there we waited all day. I don't know what the plan was, but I cannot think that it included our crossing the river. The enemy had a few pieces of artillery on the hills beyond and the sharpshooters lined both banks. No attempt was made by us to cross and our plan seemed rather to be to make a feint and to distract the enemy's attention from some other point. Once or twice during the day we changed our position, but otherwise we killed time only and finally when evening came and when we were in a very comfortable position orders came for us to go into camp and to our unspeakable disgust we were marched straight back to the water-cure establishment, and dumped down into the mud again. This time I could n't stand it and at eleven o'clock, after wading round and looking at my horses wholly unable to lay down, I got permission to move my company and went to bed satisfied that men and horses were high and dry.

Saturday we started at eight o'clock and, to our immense surprise, found ourselves on the back track. They said that we had accomplished all we came for, but we could n't see it, and we did n't relish our march. As for me, I did n't relish the reticence about high quarters. There seemed to be an air of solemn silence which omened badly and I felt sure that evil tidings had come from Hooker. Still the day was very fine and the spring young and full of life and at this season, in this open air life, one can't be dull long, so I soon brightened up and was all ready for the first rumor which told us of a battle and a great victory of Hooker's the day

before. After that we lived in anxiety and rumors, now victory, now defeat, now all up and again all down, until the final acknowledgment came. We did not hear the guns of the battle until that afternoon, but as we approached the Rapidan near Ely's Ford they began to boom faintly up and when we reached the ford at sunset they sounded loud and fast. Here we halted and went into camp with a notice that we should go on again at midnight; but just as we were getting ready to lay down there came a most tremendous volley of musketry close to us, causing us to saddle with the least possible delay. Our camps were knocked to pieces and the regiments moved off as soon as possible and my squadron was ordered to support Tidball's battery. I reported and all the dispositions were made and things were prepared for a night attack, and then our commanders concluded that there would n't be any after all. It proved that a rebel regiment had fired across the river into our camp and had then subsided into silence. So I was told that I might unsaddle and go to sleep, which I did, and at one o'clock we lay down in the hospitable furrows of a corn field to be called at four.

Saturday was a lazy, anxious disagreeable day. Heavy firing in the direction of Chancellorsville, about five miles off, began at daybreak and was kept up until nearly noon without intermission. We anxiously watched the direction and distance and tried to draw inferences from it. We listened to all sorts of rumors which came flowing in, most of them encouraging, and tried to believe them, and, in fact, we did and that

afternoon I, for one, was sanguine and confident. At noon the battery left and I was relieved, so, to pass the time, I was ordered to go and strip an old secesh farmer of his corn, for our horses were well-nigh starving. I did so in most approved style and in reply to his long story of losses, plunderings and impending starvation turned the deaf ear of duty, and, as I swept off his last ears of seed corn, told him that Virginia had brought this on herself and need expect no mercy. I think that that old pod realises that the ordinance of secession was a mistake. After finishing this job I took my squadron into the woods and we lay off for a few hours under the trees in the pleasant spring afternoon until the column started to cross the river, when I fell in.

We crossed and came into our lines a couple of miles on the other side. Though I did not know it, those two miles were very dangerous to us, for it was through thick woods, of which we did not hold possession, and in which a few felled trees and a small force of infantry could have driven us back. We got through safely however and came into our lines. We found our forces throwing up defences, as busy as bees, already strongly protected and apparently in excellent spirits. They looked fresh, clean and confident. We went on to U.S. ford and soon struck the main road with its endless confusion — reinforcements, supply and ammunition trains and messengers going to the front; stragglers, ambulances and stretchers with the loads of wounded and dying men toiling to the rear; cattle, horses and mules; wounded men resting, tired men sleeping, all here looking excited and worn out with fatigue. The

news here was not so good, but the 11th Corps had fought here and had not fought well, and we thought it was probably colored by their reverses.

We got to the ford at dusk and encamped, and in the evening we had a shower or two and in the morning we woke by a brisk discharge of artillery and bursting of shells. At ten o'clock we moved and came across the river and encamped on this side in a wood, a mile or so from the river, and received a new issue of forage or rations. The rumors were very good and very bad. At first, the enemy was surrounded, Sedgwick held the heights and we were getting ready to follow in pursuit. Then Sedgwick had lost the heights and Hooker was coming to grief, and night fell on rumors of an unpleasant aspect. Still our quarters were comfortable and we turned in for a good night's sleep; but at two o'clock we were called and ordered to be ready to move in ten minutes and three found us on the road. We marched down towards Falmouth, utterly ignorant of our destination or of what was going on; but as day broke through a thick heavy fog we found various stragglers, etc., and picked up scraps of news. It was all bad, not decisive, but bad; things evidently were going wrong. At last I met a Captain from Sedgwick's Corps who gave me the gross results, and in a few minutes I rode through Falmouth as dejected a man as you would care to see. I felt sick of the war, of the army, almost of life. I thought of you and of this result abroad; it seemed too much and I felt despairing. We presently halted beyond Falmouth and there passed the day trying not to believe news which we felt to be

true. The morning was very hot, but in the afternoon a tremendous rain-storm came up ending in a north-easter, wetting us through, driving us out of our tents and freezing us nearly to death, and in this we passed the night.

Wednesday was cheerless to a degree. Wind north-east, cold and rainy, and we wet and shivering; but it wore away by degrees and our spirits kept rising, until at last we actually believed that the army had not retreated; but in the afternoon came the crusher. The news of the retreat of the army came upon us at once with the order to saddle and return to our old camp. We did so and returned to Potomac Run Bridge. It was a cold, cheerless afternoon. The rain fell by showers in torrents and we had been wet through twenty-four hours. We found our old camp deserted, burned up, filthy and surrounded with dead horses. We tied up our horses and stood dismally round in the pouring rain. Presently shelters were rigged up and we crawled into them and passed a supperless, wet night, by no means uncheerfully, for things were too bad to be trifled with now and woe to a grumbling man, or one who intimated that things might be more agreeable.

Thursday, just as we were getting ready to clear away the wreck and to discover what our four weeks of active service had left of our companions an order came for us at once to go out on picket. I was not sorry to do it, for the old camp is not pleasant. We did so and here I am now, doing the lightest possible picket duty and sitting in the woods. To be sure it rained again last night and we are still wet; but we are out of

that confounded filthy camp which oppresses us with defeat.

Potomac Bridge, Va.

May 9, 1863

BACK at Potomac Run and so ends today the four toughest weeks campaigning that I have ever felt — mud and rain, rain and mud, long marches and short forages. It is strange how I like the life though, in spite of its hardships and beastly slavery. I no longer care for a leave of absence, or wish to go home. I am satisfied to stay here and see the thing through. Still we are now clearing away the wreck and can see what damage is done. We got in from picket last night at nine o'clock, and today it has cleared off and we can take account of stock. The trip has used up about twenty of my sixty horses and done no good to the men, but we have seen no fighting. Our regiment has lost one officer, poor Phillips, picked off by a sharp-shooter on the Rapidan. He was a promoted sergeant and came from Springfield. Our division has lost its General — Averell — placed under arrest, why, I do not know. I think they'll have to release him, as, good or bad, he's the best we have. Stoneman turned up last night and what he has done the newspapers will tell you; I can't. As for the Army of the Potomac, it's loss is great, but not irreparable. The men do not seem cast down or demoralised and the enemy cannot afford to diminish their forces opposite. The real trouble, I imagine, is the mustering out of the two year men. If it were not for that I should feel confidence in immediate movement. As for Hooker, I think the army feels con-

fidence in him. He ran his head against a stone wall here, but that is his tendency and the lesson will be of great service. I think he'll do much better next time. On the whole things might be much worse; but the army must be kept in motion and the enemy engaged. If Hooker rests, he's lost, and so I look to being in the field again at once. . . .

HENRY ADAMS TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

London, May 8, 1863

My bulletin is calmer this week than has been usual of late. The little squall has passed and instead of pressing on the Minister, people here feel that Lord Russell was in the wrong in his attack that I sent you some weeks ago, and the Times has this week administered a second pacifier in the shape of a flattering leader on Mr. Adams' speech to the Trades Unions delegation. I send you a newspaper containing this speech. Notice also the Royal Academy dinner and Lord Palmerston's remarks. They are not political, but are a noble specimen of lofty sentiment and brilliant rhetoric, worthy of the experienced statesman to whose power and wisdom this vast nation bows. And these men call Seward shallow and weak!

A much quieter feeling and a partial reaction against the blockade runners have generally prevailed here for a week past. Our successes on the Mississippi, too, and the direct advices from the South are having a quieting effect here on the public, and the Polish question is becoming so grave that we are let up a little. On the whole we have made progress this last week.

Meanwhile we have a complete Cabinet of Ministerial advisers and assistants. I wrote you their names in my last. Of them all Mr. Evarts is the only one whom I put very high. Dana too has written to call on my services for him. So I have done and shall do everything I can to make him comfortable and contented. Last Sunday I took him down to Westminster Abbey in the afternoon, where we listened awhile to the services, and then trotted off and took a steamboat up the river. We had a two hours' voyage up to Kew, where we arrived at half after five, and had just time to run over the gardens. Then we took a cab and drove up to Richmond Hill, where we ordered dinner at the Star and Garter, and then sat in the open air and watched the view and the sunset until our meal was ready. Much conversation had we, and that of a pretty confidential nature. We discussed affairs at home and philosophic statesmanship, the Government and the possibility of effectual reform. He is much like Dana in his views, but is evidently a good deal soured by his political ill-luck.

Another evening I took him out to see London by night. We visited, as spectators, various places of popular resort. He was much interested in them, and seemed to enjoy the experience as a novelty in his acquaintance with life. London is rather peculiar in these respects, and even an experienced traveller would find novelty in the study of character at the Argyll Rooms and at Evans's. At any rate, I consider that I have done my part there, and you may imagine that I do not much neglect opportunities to conciliate men

like him, like Seward and like Weed. I would like to get further west, but the deuce of it is that there are so few distinguished western men.

With this exception I believe the last week has been quiet. I was rather astonished last Monday by one of Seward's jocose proceedings. The Minister had sent me down to the Trades Unions meeting three weeks ago to make a report on it to him, for transmission to Washington. I did so and wrote a report which I had no time either to correct or alter, and which was sent the next day to Seward officially, appended to a despatch. Now Seward writes back as grave as a Prime Minister a formal despatch acknowledging the other, and thanking "Mr. Henry B. Adams" in stately and wordy paragraphs for his report and "profound disquisition," etc., etc. I propose to write a note to Fred Seward on his father's generosity. . . .

END OF VOLUME I

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